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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

Contents.

	Page
THE DEAD DRUMMER: A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN. BY THOMAS, INGOLDSBY, ESQ.	
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK	113
THE SULTAN MAHMOUD, AND THE GEORGIAN SLAVE.	
BY ISABELLA F. ROMER	122
BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST,	143
THE RED-BREAST OF AQUITANIA: AN HUMBLE BALLAD.	
BY FATHER PROUT	144
THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRINKING,	
EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL	148
THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA,	159
THE FEBRUARY SAINT—NOT ST. STEPHEN, BY THE DOCTOR	160
THE STANDARD FOOTMAN: A DOMESTIC SKETCH,	
BY ALBANY POYNIZ	161
JONAS GRUBB'S COURTSHIP. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS,	
BY PAUL PINDAR	171
RICHARD SAVAGE: A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE. BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD, ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH,	179
SOME ACCOUNT OF A GREAT SINGER. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEECH, ENGRAVED BY CRUIKSHANK THE YOUNGER,	196
THE BULLET. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASALE," ETC. WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE, ESQ.	200
PHIL FLANNIGAN'S ADVENTURES, BY J. STERLING COYNE	217
STANLEY THORN, BY THE ACTY OF "VALENTINE VOX,"	223
M/LACHI MEAGRIM, THE TEATOTALL	
EDITED AND ILLUS. BY PAUL PINDAR	228

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of many contributions, too numerous to mention individually. Of these he intends to avail himself largely in future numbers of the Miscellany. Others, which are not deemed eligible, are left at the Publisher's.

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY,

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

OH, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—
At least so I've heard many people declare,
For I fairly confess I never was there:—

Not a shrub, nor a tree,
Nor a bush can you see;

No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house, or a cottage, for miles;
It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
When night's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.



Now, I'd have you to know
That, a great while ago,—

The best part of a century, may be, ~~ago~~
Across this same plain, so dull and so dreary,
A couple of Travellers, wayworn and weary,
Were making their way;

Their profession, you'd say,
At a single glance, did not admit of a query;
The pump-handled pig-tail, and whiskers, worn then,
With scarce an exception, by seafaring men,
The jacket,—the loose trousers "bows'd up" together,—all
Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,—
The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking motion,
Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean,
And show'd in a moment their real characters,
(The accent 's so placed on this word by our Jack Tars.)

The one in advance was sturdy and strong,
With arms uncommonly bony and long,
And his Guernsey shirt
Was all pitch and dirt,
Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.

He was very broad-breasted,
And very deep-chested;
His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,
Except as to height, for he could not be more
At the most, you would say, than some five feet four,
And if measured, perhaps had been found a thought lower.
Dame Nature, in fact,—whom some person or other,
A Poet, has call'd a "capricious step-mother,"—

You saw, when beside him,
Had somehow denied him
In longitude what she had granted in latitude,
A trifling defect
You'd the sooner detect
From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude,
Square-built and broad-shoulder'd, good-humoured and gay,
With his collar and countenance open as day,
The latter—'twas mend with small-pox, by the way,—

Had a sort of expression good will to bespeak ;
 He'd a smile in his eye and a quid in his cheek !
 And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,
 He was just such a man as you'd say, at first sight,
 You would much rather dine, or shake hands, with than fight.

The other, his friend and companion, was taller
 By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller ;

From his air and his mien
 It was plain to be seen,
 That he was, or had been,
 A something between

The regular "Jack" and the "Jolly Marine."
 For, though he would give an occasional hitch,
 Sailor-like, to his "slops," there was something, the which,
 On the whole, savoured more of the pipe-clay than pitch.—
 Such were now the two men who appeared on the hill,
 Harry Waters the tall one, the short "Spanking Bill."

To be caught in the rain,
 I repeat it again,
 Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain ;
 And when with a good soaking shower there are blended
 Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter's not mended ;
 Such was the case
 In this wild dreary place,
 On the day that I'm speaking of now, when the brace
 Of trav'lers alluded to quickened their pace,
 Till a good steady walk became more like a race,
 To get quit of the tempest which held them in chace.

Louder and louder
 Than mortal gunpowder
 The heav'ly artill'ry kept crashing and roaring,
 The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,
 While they, helter-skelter,
 In vain sought for shelter

From what I have heard term'd "a regular pelter ;"
 But the deuce of a screen
 Could be anywhere seen,
 Or an object except that on one of the rises,
 An old way-post show'd
 Where the Lavington road

Branch'd off to the left from the one to Devizes ;
 And thither the footsteps of Waters seem'd tending,
 Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,
 To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,
 Is content, for the most part, to follow his nose ;

While Harry kept "backing
 And filling" and "tacking,"—

Two nautical terms which, I'll wager a guinea, are
 Meant to imply
 What you, Reader, and I
 Would call going zig-zag, and not rea'ly linear.

But here, once for all, let me *beg* you 'll excuse
 All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use
 'Mongst themselves, on a cruise,
 Or ashore with the Jews,
 Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,
 Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women
 Known in our navy as oddly-named boat-women.
 The fact is, I can't say I 'm vers'd in the school
 So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole;
 (See the last-mentioned gentleman's "Admiral's Daughter,"
 The grand *vade mecum*
 For all who to sea come,

And get the first time in their lives in blue water :)
 Of course in the use of sea terms you 'll not wonder
 If now and then I should fall into some blunder,
 For which Captain Chamier or Mr. T. P. Cooke
 Would call me a "Lubber" and "Son of a Sea-cook."

To return to our muttons—This mode of progression
 At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression.
 "Hello, messmate, what cheer?
 How queer you *do* steer!"

Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.
 "Why, what 's in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?"
 For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
 His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

—“Fear?” stammer'd out Waters, “why, HIM! — don't you see
 What faces that Drummer-boy 's making at me?

How he dodges me so
 Wherever I go?—
 What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?”

—“What, Drummer-boy, Harry?” cries Bill, in surprise,
 (With a brief exclamation, that ended in “eyes,”)
 “What, Drummer-boy, Waters?—the coast is all clear,
 We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here!”

—“Why, there!—don't you see
 How he 's following me?
 Now this way, now that way, and won't let me be?
 Keep him off, Bill—look here—
 Don't let him come near!

Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!
 What, the dead come to life again!—Bless me!—Oh, dear!”

Bill remarked in reply, “This is all very queer—
 What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh!—well, I never—
 I can't see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever!”

“Not see him!—why, there;—look!—he 's close by the post—
 Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he 's a Ghost!”

“A what?” return'd Bill,—at that moment a flash
 More than commonly awful preceded a crash
 Like what 's call'd in Kentucky “an Almighty Smash.”—
 And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
 While the sound, though prolong'd, died away by degrees;

In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum.

"Hello! Waters!—I says."

Quoth he in amaze,

“ Why, I never see’d *nuffin* in all my born days

Half so queer

As this here,

It's time here,
And I'm not very clear

But that one of us two has good reason for fear—

You to jaw about drummers, with nobody near us!—

I must say as how that I thinks it 's mysterus.'

"Oh, mercy!" roared Waters, "do keep him off, Bill,

And, Andrew, forgive!—I'll confess all!—I will!

I'll make a clean breast,

And as for the rest,

, You may do with me just what the lawyers think best ;
But haunt me not thus !—let these visitings cease,
And, your vengeance accomplish'd, Boy, leave me in peace
Harry paused for a moment,—then, turning to Bill,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,
Began “ spinning ” what nauticals term “ a tough yarn,”
Viz. : his tale of what Bill call'd “ this precious *consarn*.”

“ It was in such an hour as this,
On such a wild and wintry day,
The forked lightning seem’d to hiss,
As now, athwart our lonely way,
When first these dubious paths I tried—
Yon livid form was by my side! —

" Not livid then—the ruddy glow
Of life, and youth, and health it bore !
And bloodless was that gory brow,
And cheerful was the smile it wore,
And mildly then those eyes did shine—
Those eyes which now are blasting mine !

“ They beam’d with confidence and love
Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand
Had sooner fear’d yon frighten’d dove,
Than harm from Gervase Matcham’s hand !

—I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

“ And Matcham, though a humble name,
Was stainless as the feathery flake
From Heaven, whose virgin whiteness came
Upon the newly-frozen lake ;
Commander, comrade, all began
To laud the Soldier — love the Man.

"Nay, muse not, William,—I have said
I was a Soldier—staunch and true.

I was a Soldier—staunch and true,
As any he above whose head

As any lie above whose head
Old England's lion banner flew;
And duty done, her claims apart

• And, duty done, her claims apart,
'Twas said I had a kindly heart.

“ And years roll’d on,—and with them came
 Promotion—Corporal—Sergeant—all
 In turn—I kept mine honest fame—
 Our Colonel’s self,—whom men did call
 The veriest Martinet—ev’n he,
 Though cold to most, was kind to me!—

“ One morn—oh! may that morning stand
 Accursed in the rolls of fate
 Till latest time!—there came command
 To carry forth a charge of weight
 To a detachment far away,—
 It was their regimental pay!—

“ And who so fit for such a task
 As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
 Who spurn’d the inebriating flask,
 With honour for his constant guide?—
 On Matcham fell their choice—and He,—
 “ Young Drum,”—should bear him company!

“ And grateful was that sound to hear,
 For he was full of life and joy,
 The mess-room pet—to each one dear
 Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy.
 The veriest churl in all our band
 Had aye a smile for Andrew Brand.—

“ —Nay, glare not as I name thy name!
 That threat’ning hand, that fearful brow
 Relax—avert that glance of flame!
 Thou seest I do thy bidding now.
 Vex’d Spirit, rest!—twill soon be o’er,—
 Thy blood shall cry to Heav’n no more!

“ Enough—we journey’d on—the walk
 Was long,—and dull and dark the day,—
 And still young Andrew’s cheerful talk
 And merry laugh beguiled the way;
 Noon came—a sheltering bank was there,—
 We paus’d our frugal meal to share.

“ Then ’twas, with cautious hand, I sought
 To prove my charge secure,—and drew
 The packet from my vest, and brought
 The glittering mischief forth to view,
 And Andrew cried,—No! ’twas not He!
 It was THE TEMPTER spoke to me!

“ But it was Andrew’s laughing voice
 That sounded in my tingling ear,
 ‘ Now, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,’
 It seem’d to say, ‘ are gawds and gear,
 And all that wealth can buy or bring,
 Ease, wassail, worship—every thing!

“ ‘ No tedious drill, no long parade,
 ‘ No bugle call at early dawn ;
 ‘ For guard-room bench, or barrack bed,
 ‘ The downy couch, the sheets of lawn ;
 And I thy Page, thy steps to tend,
 Thy sworn companion, servant, friend ! ’

“ He ceased—that is, I heard no more,
 Though other words pass’d idly by,
 And Andrew chatter’d as before,
 And laugh’d—I mark’d him not—not I.
 ‘ *Tis at thy choice !* ’ that sound alone
 Rang in mine ear—voice else was none.

“ I could not eat,—the untasted flask
 Mocked my parch’d lip,—I passed it by.
 ‘ What ails thee, man ? ’ he seem’d to ask.
 I *felt*, but could not *meet* his eye.—
 ‘ *Tis at thy choice !* ’—it sounded yet,—
 A sound I never may forget.

“ Haste ! haste ! the day draws on, I cried,
 ‘ And, Andrew, thou hast far to go ! ’—
 ‘ *Hast far to go !* ’ the Fiend replied
 Within me,—’twas *not* Andrew—no !
 ’Twas Andrew’s voice no more—’twas HE
 Whose then I was, and aye must be !

“ On, on we went ;—the dreary plain
 Was all around us—we were *Here* !
 Then came the storm,—the lightning, rain,—
 No earthly living thing was near,
 Save one wild Raven on the wing,
 —If that, indeed, were earthly thing !

“ I heard its hoarse and screaming voice
 High hovering o’er my frenzied head,
 ‘ *Tis, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice !*
 But he—the Boy ! ’ methought it said.
 —Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown,
 I lov’d thee when I struck thee down !

* * * * *

“ ’Twas done !—the deed that damns me—done
 I know not how—I never knew ;—
 And *Here* I stood—but not alone,—
 The prostrate Boy my madness slew,
 Was by my side—limb, feature, name,
 ’Twas HE !!—another—yet the same.

* * * * *

“ Away ! away ! in frantic haste
 Throughout that live-long night I flew—
 Away ! away ! across the waste,—
 I know not how—I never knew,—
 My mind was one wild blank—and I
 Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly.

“ And, still the lightning ploughed the ground,
 The thunder roared—and there would come
 Amidst its loudest bursts a sound
 Familiar once—it was—a drum !
 Then came the morn,—and light,—and then
 Streets, houses, spires—the hum of men,

“ And Ocean roll’d before me—fain
 Would I have whelm’d me in its tide,
 At once beneath the billowy main
 My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide ;
 But HE was there !—HE cross’d my track,—
 I dared not pass—HE waved me back !

“ And then rude hands detained me—sure
 Justice had grasp’d her victim—no !
 Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,
 A captive thrall, it was not so ;
 They cry ‘ The Frenchman’s on the wave ! ’
 The press was hot—and I a slave.

“ They dragg’d me o’er the vessel’s side ;
 The world of waters roll’d below ;
 The gallant ship, in all her pride
 Of dreadful beauty, sought her foe ;
 Thou saw’st me, William, in the strife—
 Alack ! I bore a charmed life ;

“ In vain the bullets round me fly.
 In vain mine eager breast I bare ;
 Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,
 And every sword falls edgeless there !
 Still HE is near, and seems to cry,
 ‘ Not here, nor thus, may Matcham die ! ’—

“ Thou saw’st me, on that fearful day,
 When, fruitless all attempts to save,
 Our pinnace foundering in the bay,
 The boat’s-crew met a watery grave,—
 All, all save ONE—the ravenous sea
 That swallows all—rejected ME !

“ And now, when fifteen suns have each
 Fulfilled in turn its circling year,
 Thrown back again on England’s beach,
 Our bark paid off—HE drives me *Here* !
 I could not die in flood or fight—
 HE drives me *HERE* !”—

“ And serve you right !

“ What ! bilk your Commander !—desart—and then rob !
 And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy’s nob !
 Why, my precious eyes ! what a bloodthirsty swab !
 There’s old Davy Jones,
 Who cracks Sailors’ bones

For his jaw-work, would never, I 'm sure, s'elp me, Bob,
 Have come for to go for to do sich a job !
 Hark ye, Waters, — or Matcham, — whichever 's your purser-
 name,
 —T'other, your own, is, I 'm sartain, the worser name,—
 Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother !
 Now—your course lays one way, and mine lays another !”

“ No, William, it may not be so ;
 Blood calls for blood !—tis Heaven's decree !
 And thou with me this night must go,
 And give me to the gallows-tree !
 Ha !—see—he smiles—he points the way !
 On, William, on !—no more delay !”

Now Bill,—so the story, as told to me, goes,
 And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,
 Was a “ regular trump,”—did not like to “ turn-Nose ;”
 But then came a thunder-clap louder than any
 Of those that preceded, though they were so many ;
 And hark !—as its rumblings subside in a hum,
 What sound mingles too ?—By the hokey—A DRUM !!

* * * * *

I remember I once heard my Grandfather say,
 That some sixty years since he was going that way,
 When they show'd him the spot
 Where the gibbet—was not—
 On which Matcham's corse had been hung up to rot ;
 It had fall'n down—but how long before, he 'd forgot ;
 And they told him, I think, at the Bear in Devizes.
 Some town where the Sessions are held, or the 'Sizes,
 That Matcham confess'd
 And made a clean breast
 To the May'r ; but that, after he 'd had a night's rest,
 And the storm had subsided, he “ pooh-pooh'd” his friend,
 Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end ;
 Said “ he 'd only been drunk—
 That his spirits had sunk
 At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—
 That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,
 And found out, in short, he 'd been talking great nonsense.”
 But one Mr. Jones
 Comes forth and depones
 That fifteen years ago he had heard certain groans
 On his way to Stone Henge, (to examine the stones
 Described in a work of the late Sir John Soanes,)
 That he 'd followed the moans,
 And, led by their tones,
 Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones !
 Then the Colonel wrote word
 From the King's forty-third,
 That the story was certainly true which they 'd heard,
 For, that one of their drummers and one Sergeant Matcham,

Had "brushed with the dibs," and they never could catch 'em.
 So Justice was sure, though a long time she 'd lagg'd,
 And the Sergeant, in spite of his "Gammon," got "scragg'd,"
 And people averr'd
 That an ugly black bird,
 The same Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,
 Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,
 Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interr'd,)
 To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet;
 An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib—it,
 However, 's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.
 Next morning they add, that "black gentleman" flies out,
 Having picked Matcham's nose off, and gobbled his eyes out.

MORAL.

*Avis au Voyageur.**Imprimis.*

If you contemplate walking on Salisbury Plain,
 Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain
 From selecting a day when it's likely to rain !

2.

When you're trav'ling, don't "flash"
 Your notes or your cash
 Before other people—it's foolish and rash !

3.

At dinner be cautious, and note well your party;
 There's little to dread where the appetite's hearty,—
 But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle
 When you see a man shirking, and passing his bottle !

4.

If you chance to be needy,
 Your coat and hat seedy,
 In war-time especially, never go out
 When you've reason to think there's a press-gang about !

5.

Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,
 Nor blab secrets, especially when you're in drink,
 But, keep your own counsel in all that you do,
 Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you !

6.

Discard superstition ! and don't take a post,
 If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost !

Last of all, if by choice or convenience you're led
 To cut a man's throat, or demolish his head,
 Don't do 't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer,
 And be sure, above all things, the MAN'S NOT A DRUMMER !!

T. J.

THE SULTAN MAHMOUD AND THE GEORGIAN SLAVE.

BY ISABELLA F. ROMER.

ON the western side of the harbour of the Golden Horn at Constantinople, beyond the district called Blacherne, and a little removed from the Mosque of Eyoub, (where the Ottoman Sultans at their accession to the throne gird on the sacred sabre of Othman,) is situated that beautiful structure, rich in all the fanciful luxury of Oriental architecture, known as Eyoub Serai, or the Palace of Eyoub, which was built under the immediate superintendence of the good and gentle Sultan Selim as a residence for his only sister, and bears the impress of his refined and elegant taste. Thither he was wont occasionally to retire from the cares and tumult of public life, to seek amid its quiet shade snatches of that repose denied to him in the imperial *Salaamliks* of the Seraglio, to cultivate those mental accomplishments for which he was so justly celebrated, and to mature those plans of political reform to which he ultimately fell a victim. In later years Eyoub Serai became the residence of the Asm  Sultan, the sister of Selim's successor, Sultan Mahmoud, by whom it was constantly occupied until the Sultan presented to her one of the innumerable new palaces which his passion for building induced him to construct along the shores of the Bosphorus; and then, in compliance with his wish, she quitted the lovely solitudes of Eyoub Serai, and never again made it her permanent abode.

Everything around that favoured district combines to render it worthy the predilection which its illustrious occupants long manifested for it. The palace itself, with its sumptuous decorations, its gorgeous reception hall, profuse of gilding and elaborate sculpture, its ceilings of azure sprinkled with golden stars, its marble baths, sparkling fountains, and mysterious harem, is admirably adapted to satisfy the exigencies of the most refined female taste. The immediate vicinity of the holy tomb and miraculous well of Eyoub imparts a sacred character to the spot, calculated to tinge with solemnity the feelings of the pious Moslem, ever susceptible to the exaltation of devotional enthusiasm; while the richness of the alluvial soil produces a luxuriance of vegetation unknown in other districts, enhancing the natural beauty of the scene. During the summer months, when the sandy environs of Constantinople only offer here and there patches of stunted grass, parched by the ardour of an eastern sun into the resemblance of russet-coloured moss, the cool shades of Eyoub, like some garden of the West, cluster in all the grateful freshness of their exuberant verdure over turf green, and bright as the grassy slopes of Windsor. No where else do the fruits of the earth so speedily attain to the same rich maturity; nowhere do its flowers exhale so delicious a perfume, or exhibit hues more varied and dazzling. The lofty cypresses of the beautiful cemetery of Eyoub are more luxuriant in their funeral

bage, more aromatic in their exhalations, than those of any other cemetery for the dead around the city. Their dark branches are favourite haunts of innumerable nightingales and turtle doves, whose clear liquid notes and cooing murmurs, blended into gentlest

harmony, dispose the mind to soothing meditation during the long still evenings of summer, or cheat it into the fanciful belief that the winged minstrels are the spirits of the just made blessed, pouring forth their songs of triumph over the perishing dust which they once animated.

Still farther westward of Constantinople, and at the head of the Golden Horn, is a valley through which the little river Babyses winds, before emptying itself into the harbour. This district, in Turkish called *Kiadhané*, is better known to the Frank population of the city as "the Sweet Waters of Europe," (in contradistinction to the *Ginuk Sucy*, or "Sweet waters of Asia," on the Bosphorus,) and is the Sunday resort of Greeks, Armenians, and Perotis, who amuse themselves during the fine season with pic-nic parties beneath its spreading trees, eating, drinking, smoking, and ruminating through the livelong day. Wandering bands of Wallachian minstrels there tempt the gay Greek girls to figure in the mazes of the graceful Romaika to the wild notes of their pan-pipes, guitars, and hautboys; and here and there a Bulgarian peasant, leading a tame bear, amuses the old men and children with its antics, performed in cadence to the rude music of his mountain bagpipe.

There is an imperial summer palace and garden at *Kiadhané*, of small dimensions, but tastefully adorned with reservoirs and marble fountains in the style of Versailles; and contiguous to it is a charming kiosk, a chaste and elegant specimen of Turkish taste. This kiosk, circular in its form, contains only a single apartment; the exterior, of that rich style of architecture peculiar to the Orientals, is of white and gold, profusely ornamented over the doors and windows with compartments encircled in arabesques, containing, upon a green ground, verses from the Koran, executed in raised characters of gold. From the tent-shaped roof of green, with its crowning crescent and elaborate gilt eaves, which project all round the building like a vast verandah, descend green curtains, reefed up like the sails of a ship, and which can be unfurled at pleasure, when the green lattices of the apartment do not sufficiently exclude from it the fervid beams of the noontide sun. The interior, like all Turkish rooms, contains nothing but sofas and piles of cushions, but they are of the most elegant form, and covered with the finest white Indian Cachemire, flowered with green palms. The floor of inlaid wood is overspread with delicate Egyptian matting; and in the niches between the windows are placed low tables, beautifully wrought of perfumed Mecca wood, inlaid with mother of pearl, for which the bazaars of Constantinople are famous. The kiosk is completely surrounded with artificial cascades, descending in broad sparkling sheets of water over steps of pure white marble, tempering the air, even during the sultry heats of summer, into a delicious freshness, which renders less oppressive the rich odours of the flower-garden that surrounds the palace. Beyond is the imperial archery ground,—the scene of Sultan Mahmoud's favourite recreation, where many a marble pillar, with its inscription in gold letters, perpetuates the spots where his arrows fell, and the almost fabulous dexterity and strength with which he sped them to such incredible distances. Farther on are the beautiful meadows where, annually, on the festival of St. George, the Sultan's magnificent stud is conducted in state by his Bulgarian

grooms, and turned out to grass. The ceremonial attending the removal of his highness's horses from the stables of the seraglio to the pastures of Kiadhané is always the occasion of great rejoicings to the inhabitants of Constantinople, who throng from every part of the city in multitudes to witness the procession.

In former years it was the custom of Sultan Mahmoud to repair to his palace of Kiadhané, on the festival of St. George, and to pass the whole month of May in that delicious retreat, accompanied by five ladies of his harem. But that custom was abandoned by him in consequence of an event which occurred there, and embittered many years of his life. A young slave, to whom he was so passionately attached, that for her sake he had withdrawn his smiles from every other woman, died there, in the flower of her years; and the affliction into which her loss plunged her imperial master, rendered the séjams of Kiadhané ever afterwards distasteful to him.

Of the Asmé Sultana much has been said and written by European travellers, and but little really known. In her own country public rumour and private scandal have been busy with her name; and that love of detraction and taste for the marvellous, which flourishes in all lands alike, has confounded the terrible traditions connected with the sister of Sultan Selim with the everyday actions of the sister of Sultan Mahmoud. By the Rayah inhabitants of Constantinople she has been accused of unbounded gallantry; by the Osmanlis. madness has been charitably imputed to her as an excuse for her occasional violation of Moslem decorum. It may be presumed that the real state of the case is that, possessing, as she is known to have done, the same free unshackled mind and prompt decided temper that characterised her brother, she was too much given to act upon impulse; and in her ardent thirst for knowledge and amusement, (such as the moral stagnation of the harem precludes,) she was too prone to disregard the prejudices of her countrymen, and to sin against the code of isolation and hauteur which eastern pride and jealousy have prescribed as the only safeguard for the honour of their women. Certain it is, that Asmé Sultana was accustomed, in her drives about Constantinople, to accost strangers of both sexes whenever they came across her path; it was her pleasure to beckon them to the side of her Argba, ask them questions (and embarrassing and unanswerable are, indeed, some of the questions which Turkish women, in their *naïveté*, and ignorance of worldly breeding, address to their interlocutors), ascertain their place of abode, &c. Not only did she contrive that her yasmak should display more of her face than orthodox Musulman principles warrant, but she also permitted that those of her female attendants should be of a texture sufficiently transparent to allow of their beauty being more than *guessed* at. It is but charitable to suppose that her indiscretions went no farther, especially as she is known to have enjoyed the affection and respect of her brother, the naughty Mahmoud, whose deference for her led him on more than one occasion to waive prerogatives, and to yield up his own wishes to her's when he found that they interfered with her dignity as the head of a harem."

Among the numerous female attendants that composed the retinue of the Asmé Sultana while she yet inhabited Eyoub Serai, was one superior to all the rest, not less from her exquisite beauty than from

the rare skill she possessed in music and dancing—the only education that is ever bestowed on female slaves in Turkey, for whom the cultivation of the mind is completely overlooked. But besides these accomplishments, Adilé, the young Georgian in question, possessed a natural gift, as rare as it is captivating; she was a poetess and an improvisatrice; and the grace and facility with which she sung or recited her verses, the brilliant imagination which she displayed in the composition of her tales and fables, added to the charming expression of her countenance, and the inexhaustible sweetness of her disposition, soon raised her to the highest degree of favour with her imperial mistress. It was from the hands of Adilé that the Princess chose always to receive her diamond-studded chibouque when inclined to smoke; Adilé was selected to fan her with perfumed white heron plumes during the languid hours of noon; to sit next to her upon the cushions of her Araba when she drove out; to lull her to sleep with some plaintive Turkish love-song, chanted to the low chords of her mandoline; and, oh! rare privilege! Adilé was permitted to occupy a cushion at the Sultana's feet during those weary hours when the other slaves were obliged to remain standing barefoot and motionless at the lower end of the apartment; and to receive that greatest of all proofs of Turkish courtesy and hospitality from her mistress's hand while attending upon her during her repasts—namely, the daintiest morsels of each dish, for which the Princess would dive with her own fingers into the silver bowls that contained them.

Such extraordinary preferences manifested for one individual over a whole household was calculated to excite jealousy and heart-burnings in all the rest; and had Adilé in any degree presumed upon her good fortune, and indulged in the airs of a favourite, she would inevitably have drawn upon herself the “envy, hatred, and malice” of every female in the harem. But, she bore her honours so meekly, there was so much sweetness and kindness in her disposition, she was ever so ready to find excuses for the faults of her companions, so eager to screen them from detection when she *could*, and when that kind effort failed, so prompt to intercede for them with their mistress for pardon; above all, she appeared to be so unconscious of her superior beauty, and so thoroughly divested of vanity on the score of her talents and accomplishments, that she disarmed envy by the all-powerful charm of her goodness and humility, and forced those who would have hated, to love and admire her. She was, like a sun-beam, all warmth and effulgence, and wherever she appeared diffused an atmosphere of brightness and joy around her; but, alas! the innate charm that so magically repelled hatred and enmity, but too surely served to invite the approaches of an opposite sentiment, and exposed her to the insidious attacks of an assailant far more dangerous and difficult to contend with,—one that knocks at the young heart in the harmless guise of a friend, and too often gains admission only to spread ruin and desolation there! A cloud gathered upon her horizon in the very noontide of her years, and threatened to burst into storms over her devoted head. Adilé, the Mahometan slave,—the favourite of a Mahometan Princess—loved, and was beloved by, a Giaour!

Notwithstanding the terrible penalties awarded to the indulgence of such sentiments in Turkey, notwithstanding the rigid seclusion to which Mahometan women are condemned, and their total exclusion

from the society of men, even of their own persuasion and kindred,—yet “such things are,” and are not of very rare occurrence. Perhaps their very seclusion renders the women more susceptible to the first demonstrations of admiration that are bestowed upon them; the stagnation of feeling to which they are doomed by the idle monotony of their lives makes them rush headlong towards any excitement calculated to diversify it and to arouse them into new sensations; and the lamentable state of moral debasement in which they are brought up, destined not to be man’s companion and friend, but his slave, and the mere plaything of his idle hours, deprives them of the self-respect and dignity of feeling inseparable from a free, trusted, and responsible being. They are thus left defenceless against the encroachments of inclinations which they have indeed been taught to look upon as sinful and forbidden, but which they have not been taught to combat by any wholesome habits of self-control, any fortifying system of pure morality, or any developement of reasoning powers or mental strength.

Besides, love in the East partakes of the fiery character of the clime,—it is not a sentiment, but a passion; hearts are suddenly ignited by a flashing eye-beam, and burst forth into a blaze before reason can quench the flame. Let not Adilé be harshly judged, therefore, if her young heart acknowledged that mysterious power that tyrannises over the wise as well as the weak—the power of love,—and gave itself up a willing slave to the captivations of one of whom she knew nothing, except that he was young, beautiful, and an infidel. The doctrines of her faith taught her indeed to look upon love for a Christian as the deadliest of crimes; but the belief in predestination with which Islamism is so strongly imbued, and which inculcates non-resistance to every misfortune, led her to oppose no struggles to the passion that soon absorbed her. She believed that it was her *kismet* (fate) to love a Giaour, and she reconciled the matter to herself in the true oriental spirit of submission to the decree. “*Allah hierim!*—God is great!” she could repeat to herself; “it is a misfortune, but it is my destiny! who can resist their fate? what more can I say—what can I do?” And she *did nothing* but continue to cherish her most fatal partiality.

The object of it was a young Greek from Athens, named Spiridion Metaxa, whose singular beauty of form and countenance, set off to the greatest advantage by that most splendid and picturesque of all the Eastern costumes—the Greek dress—had attracted the Asmé Sultana’s notice in one of her excursions, and induced her to accost him. In the course of the colloquy, the glances of the stranger wandered from the Princess to the person seated next to her in the araba, and became riveted in admiration of the glimpses of beauty which the envious folds of her *yasmak* and *ferigee* but partially disclosed. Her lustrous eyes, however, were perfectly developed, and were fixed upon him with an expression of wondering admiration,—and such eyes! “half languor and half fire—all love!”—large, and black as midnight, with the “*lungo sguardo*” that penetrates to the soul, their snowy lids fringed with those long, thick, black lashes peculiar to the Georgians, and surmounted by a pair of eyebrows, whose natural perfection of form and hue defied the possibility of improvement from any of those artificial aids which Eastern women are in the habit of applying to that feature. The disposition of her *yasmak* permitted a tress of light-brown hair, dashed with a golden

gleam, to be visible on each temple, and revealed just sufficient of her cheeks to give an idea of the purity and delicacy of her complexion. The remainder of her face was shaded by folds of transparent muslin, through which the lower features could only be dimly distinguished; and to the fanciful imagination of Spiridion suggested the idea of a fair opening rose, to whose fragrant leaves has clung, as though enamoured of their freshness, one of those light gossamers that float through the air just after sunrise, veiling but not concealing the blushes with which the Garden Queen greets the presence of the day-star.

Enough, however, had been discovered of Adilé's beauty to produce a deep impression upon the susceptible feelings of the young Greek; and during that short interview he contrived to convey to her by one speaking glance the extraordinary admiration she had excited; and, in return, received from those lovely eyes a tacit avowal of her participation in his sentiments. For several days afterwards, whenever the Asmé Sultana appeared in public, Spiridion was to be found hovering near, glimpses of him were seen at Kiadhané, at Guiuk Suez, on the blue waters of the Bosphorus, and in the grove-like cemeteries, that are the favourite promenades of the Turkish women. He was always mixed up, however, with groups of his own countrymen, and apparently so occupied with them as to afford no grounds for suspicion of the real motive that influenced his movements,—except, indeed, to her who was the magnet that alone attracted him, and who soon divined the meaning of the lightning glance that each time for a moment sought hers, and was then as quickly withdrawn. Fatal glance! that too truly told the secret of his heart, and suddenly initiating Adilé into the mysterious eloquence of that sentiment “whose best interpreter is a sigh,” enabled her to read and comprehend the strange sensations that were passing within her own bosom; and she shuddered as the conviction flashed upon her that she loved the infidel.

It was in this early stage of the affair that the Princess was attacked by an indisposition, which for some time confined her to her apartments. The constant attentions of her favourite slave were now more than ever indispensable to the comfort of her mistress: on no pretext could she absent herself during the day-time, even to breathe the fresh air in the palace gardens; and thus the interviews which had of late imparted such a mysterious charm to the existence of Adilé were suddenly suspended. Unused to this conflict of feelings, she drooped and sickened under the unlooked-for privation; her days became restless, her nights sleepless, her appetite failed her, her spirits were now raised to feverish excitement, and now sunk into the depths of gloomy abstraction. When questioned, she protested that nothing ailed her; yet daily her step grew more languid, and the white rose usurped the place of the red on her soft cheeks. Many insisted that “*the evil eye*” must have shed its blighting influence upon Adilé; and an old Jewess, named Mariamne, who had acquired an extraordinary reputation for her sagacity in discovering and counteracting such sorceries, as well as her skill in the healing art, was called in and consulted.

What passed between them during that first visit never transpired, but certain it is that Mariamne, in speaking to the other inmates of the harem, appeared to favour the belief that to the influence of *the*

evil eye might be attributed the wasting languor of Adilé; and, after prescribing certain charms and amulets, to be worn by the patient, she dwelt upon the necessity of daily air and exercise for her, and specified an hour to be passed under the beautiful cypresses of the cemetery of Eyoub each forenoon, before the mid-day heats came on. The very first time that the Jewess's injunctions were put into practice, a beneficial result became apparent in the whole bearing of the young Georgian. Like a delicate flower, that has drooped on, being deprived of air and light, and which suddenly revives when revisited by the zephyr and the sunbeam, she appeared to have recovered in that morning walk some portion of her former animation. What had happened to produce this rapid amendment? In the morning Adilé had secretly received from the hand of Mariamne the first charm that was to effect her cure—a bouquet composed of myrtle, anemones, and acacia blossoms,* bound together by a long tress of glossy dark hair. The token-flowers thus mysteriously conveyed, were tremblingly examined by her, and then concealed in her bosom. Afterwards she had gone, accompanied by some of the women of the Sultana's household, under the charge of a black eunuch, to pass an hour in the cemetery; when, tired of walking, they had spread their carpets under the trees, and reposed themselves among the tombs. A *sougee* (or vender of ice-water) soon drew near: Adilé complained of thirst, and, beckoning him to approach, arose and met him half way. As he filled out for her a cup of water filtered through snow from Mount Olympus, she unfastened the lower part of her *yasmak* to enable her to drink, and in so doing revealed for a moment the whole of her beautiful countenance to him; then hastily re-adjusting her veil, she put a few *paras* into his hand, and contrived at the same time to drop from her sleeve a little bouquet of green leaves, in the centre of which was a Marguerite blossom.† The *sougee* stooped to pick it up; but before he had time to rise Adilé had returned to her companions, and resumed her seat; nor did she, while the other women severally applied to him for iced water, once turn her eyes in that direction. This, then, was the incident that had sufficed to restore her spirits for the whole of that day. Apparently so trifling in itself, and so perfectly natural to those who had witnessed the occurrence, it was, nevertheless, one of vital import to the young slave herself—one that involved not only the happiness of the moment, but the safety of her life. The pretended *sougee* was no other than Spiridion Metaxa, thus disguised that he might meet her; and Adilé had that day entered into a secret correspondence with one whose love, if discovered, would lead her, as well as himself, to a dreadful death. Yet, closing her eyes to the future, and living only in the present and its precarious, imperfect joys, she did continue that correspondence, and allowed her whole soul to become absorbed in the passion she had inspired. Each morning, the flowers that so ingeniously varied the avowal of that tender flame were mysteriously conveyed to her by Mariamne. Each day the *sougee*, with his water-jar and his vase of snow, was seen lingering beneath the cypresses of Eyoub; and each day his unwearying devo-

* The Orientals have devised a language for flowers, which enables them to express, through the medium of those charming interpreters, every sentiment of which the human heart is susceptible. Throughout the East, myrtle signifies *love*; anemone, *perseverance*; and acacia, *mystery*.

† A tuft of green leaves signifies *hope*; the Marguerite or aster, *patience*.

tion was rewarded by a transient glimpse of the glories of Adilé's face,—or a low-breathed word of tenderness from lips that rivaled the freshness of young budding roses,—or a glance whose eloquence rendered all words cold and powerless,—or an answering flower dropped at his feet! Such were the trifles that constituted the felicity of these two young hearts for a time; trifles to the indifferent—priceless favours to the loving. Oh, beautiful season of early affection—spring-time of the heart, as fair as it is fleeting! when each day some opening leaf or tender bud puts forth luxuriant promise of fruition at no distant period,—when everything is tinged with the vernal hues of hope and expectation! Why do the blight and the canker-worm lurk in your undeveloped blossoms?—why must your fresh verdure be ravaged by the hail-storm,—your limped skies be darkened by the thunder-cloud? Alas! it is the law of Nature that “all that's bright must fade!”

It was on the afternoon of a Friday (the Mahometan sabbath) in the early part of May, that Sultan Mahmoud, after having gone to the mosque of Anadoli Hissar, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, repaired, as was his custom whenever he performed his devotions there, to Guiuk Suey (the Sweet Waters of Asia), to pass the afternoon in his favourite amusements of archery, or shooting with a rifle. The weather was delicious, literally such as the poets have loved to describe it—serene, balmy, and perfumed,—forming a happy medium between the capricious chills of early spring, and the scorching ardours of summer; and the beauties of Guiuk Suey are never so attractive as in that charming season of the year, when its magnificent plane-trees are clothed in their fresh, young verdure, and the bright turf beneath is enamelled with Spring's fairest flowers. The intense azure of the skies was reflected in the clear waters of the Bosphorus, upon whose placid bosom floated many a light caique, bearing towards those pleasant shades innumerable parties of Turks from the European shore, who follow in the wake of the Sultan whenever he passes Friday there. Arabas gaily gilt, and splendidly appointed, drawn by beautiful white oxen, wearing mirrors between their horns, and escorted by black eunuchs, conveyed many a fair inhabitant of the Asiatic shore towards the scene of amusement; in short, the whole *beau monde* of Constantinople appeared to have given each other rendezvous at Guiuk Suey on that day.

The men congregate at one side, where, having spread their carpets under the trees, they smoke, pray, ruminant, or take coffee and other refreshments, according to their several humours. The women assemble at the other side, their arabas being drawn up in a line, just as our carriages are at a race-course: some of them remain in their equipages, others alight, and, causing their cushions to be placed on the grass in the immediate vicinity of the fountain, repose themselves there *al fresco*. In the space between are stationed the various venders of coffee, sherbet, iced water, fruit, *yaoort*, *mahalabie*,* and the endless variety of delicious sweet-meats for which Turkish confectioners are famous, who gather together there every Friday with a choice collection; such light refreshments being in great request, and consumed in large quantities on these occasions. At a short distance apart from the spot where

* *Yaoort* is a preparation of sour cream, much esteemed by the Turks, and is very cool and refreshing. *Mahalabie* is a sort of jelly made of ground rice, and is served up cut into square pieces, powdered with sugar, and sprinkled with attar of roses.

the crowd assembles there is a plain, surrounded like an amphitheatre by beautifully wooded hills, which is reserved for the Sultan and his immediate attendants, when he chooses to follow the pastime of archery or rifle-shooting. At the various openings that lead to this retreat guards are stationed to keep off the crowd, yet still admitting of a sufficiently near approach to enable the public to see all that passes within; the Sultan alone is seated, and his courtiers standing around, watch with the utmost anxiety and zeal the flight of his arrows. Nearly adjacent to this place is the spot where the ladies of the imperial harem assemble in their visits to Guiuk Suey. When they descend from their arabas, black eunuchs, with drawn swords in their hands, are placed at every outlet, to prevent the approach of any intruder; and thus guarded from the profanation of man's gaze, the fair Mahometans feel themselves at liberty to unveil and indulge in all the freedoms that are allowable within the precincts of the harem.

On the day in question, the Asm  Sultana was conspicuous among the female visitors at the Sweet Waters of Asia: it was the first time that she had appeared in public since her illness, and she had given importance to the circumstance by going there in her state galley, accompanied by the most beautiful of her slaves, attired in splendid new dresses. There she was joined by some of the ladies from the seraglio, with whom part of the morning was whiled away in conversation and mutual examination of each other's dresses and jewels; then, as if by common consent, they dispersed, each following the bent of her inclination, whether it led to wandering alone under the trees; to dozing upon her cushions; to smoking, praying, or forming apart into little gossiping groups. Adil , whose state of mind induced her to prefer solitude, separated herself from the rest, that her thoughts might dwell undisturbed upon Spiridion. He was there, she knew — for among the crowd of *sougees* and *tchoragees* (venders of sherbet) she had caught a distant glimpse of his well-known form; and although she dared not speak to him, lest the piercing eyes of the Sultana should detect, under the disguise of a common water-seller, the elegant young Greek, whose striking person had so attracted her attention in their first meeting, still the fact of his being near her — of his having followed her there, was in itself sufficient to make her inexpressibly happy. With her heart thus filled with the sweetest, gentlest emotions, she wandered to a distance from her companions, and prepared to pour forth its fulness in prayer. Her *yasmah* and *ferigee* were soon taken off, and the latter garment having been folded by her, and spread upon the grass as a substitute for a praying-carpet, she knelt upon it, and betook herself to her devotions with that extraordinary abstraction from all outward objects which enables Mahometans to go through their religious practices in the midst of a busy crowd with as much composure as though they were alone in a desert.

At that juncture, the Sultan, weary of his solitary exploits, and satiated with the adulations which every fresh proof of his dexterity drew from his attendants, suddenly threw down his bow, and waving to his suite not to follow him, penetrated into the retreat where the ladies of the imperial harem were assembled.

The first object upon which his eyes fell arrested his steps, and seemed to rivet him, as if by fascination, to the spot; for, leaving

against a tree, and holding in his breath, lest the least noise should betray his presence, he remained motionless there, gazing upon what he beheld in mute admiration. It was a young girl kneeling upon her *ferigee* under a plane-tree, unveiled, and so absorbed in prayer that she was unconscious of his near approach, nor dreamed that the eyes of her sovereign were then contemplating her with wonder and delight. Her little white hands, rendered still fairer by the contrast of the *henna* with which her nails and palms were stained, were spread out and extended before her in the direction of the east; her glorious black eyes, half-veiled by their dusky lashes, were fixed and abstracted from all around; while her lovely lips gently murmuring, moved like rose-leaves rustled by the summer-breeze. Never before had a countenance of such incomparable beauty met the eyes of the Sultan; the features were as perfect as the expression was heavenly; and the contrast of the dark eyes and raven brows with the pure and dazzling complexion and light auburn hair — that colour so prized by the Turks, — which fell in innumerable tresses, braided with pearls, over her neck and shoulders, and which gleamed like gold in the sun-light, left nothing to be wished for in this rare combination of loveliness. She wore a short vest of gold stuff, fastened with pearl buttons, which fitted close to her shape, and displayed to the greatest advantage the symmetry of her waist and bosom; over it was an *auteree* of sapphire-coloured satin, brocaded with gold stars, the long, open sleeves of which falling back, revealed the beauty of her white and rounded arms. A chemise of transparent white gauze, edged with the finest needlework in coloured silk and gold, shaded, without concealing her fair bosom, and was fastened at the throat with a diamond clasp. Her trousers were of white and gold bronzed damask; her slippers of purple velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls; and round her waist was wound a costly striped Persian shawl, the ends of which, loosely tied together in front, descended to her knees. The small Fez cap that formed her *coiffure* was embroidered with seed pearls; and part of her luxuriant tresses were bound in braided fillets around it, and fastened with diamond pins, thus forming a beautiful substitute for the embroidered handkerchief with which the Turkish women generally bind on their Fez caps. Nor had their favourite ornament (natural flowers, which they ever mingle with their jewellery,) been omitted; a bouquet of blue hyacinths was entwined among the sunny braids of her hair, and completed the chaste elegance of a costume singularly adapted to harmonize with a form and face upon which Nature had lavished all her treasures.

The Sultan continued gazing upon the beautiful creature before him with the most intense admiration, and quite unobserved by her, until, having performed her last prostrations, and bent her forehead repeatedly to the ground, Adilé prepared to rise. Then for the first time she became aware that her privacy had been invaded — that within a few paces of her stood a man whose eyes were fixed upon her uncovered face! A cry of terror escaped her, and blushing with resentment at his audacity, she seized her *yasmak*, hastily threw it over her head, and proceeded to adjust it as quickly as her trembling fingers would permit; then rising, that she might fly from the spot where such an indignity had been offered to a Mahometan woman, she perceived that the stranger was no longer there. He had moved

onwards to where the other women were assembled ; and his stately step and haughty bearing as he walked among them—their low obeisances at his approach — and the fact of his being there alone, where no other man in the empire would dare to set his foot, without risking instant death, convinced Adilé that it was the Sultan who had surprised her — the Sultan, to whom alone belongs the privilege of beholding unveiled the faces of all his female subjects. She saw that he drew near to the Asmé Sultana, and after conversing with her for a few moments, passed on, and quitted the place without vouchsafing a glance to any of the other women present.

After the first moment of surprise was over, Adilé thought no more of this incident ; it never occurred to her that admiration of her beauty had caused her sovereign to gaze so intently upon her ; she seemed to be the only person ignorant of the fascination which her charms exercised over every one who came within reach of their influence. The time of enlightenment, however, was not distant.

On the following morning all was bustle and excitement at Eyoub Serai. A black eunuch had arrived from the palace of Kiadhané, where the Sultan was then sojourning, to signify to the Asmé Sultana that his Highness would visit her that afternoon. He was accompanied by two slaves, bearing upon their heads silver trays, covered with scarlet cachemire ; one of which contained a present of those costly perfumes which are reserved for the especial use of the seraglio, to be distributed among the Princess's female attendants ; the other, a praying carpet, according to the phraseology of the sable ambassador, “ sent by THE SHADOW OF GOD UPON EARTH,* HIM WHO ADORNS THE THRONE OF ROYALTY AND WHO EXALTS THE SPLENDOUR OF THE CALIPHATE, THE SULTAN OF OTTOMAN SULTANS, to the slave, Adilé, whose head has touched the skies ! ” It was one of those splendid specimens of art from the royal manufactory of Persia, which are made expressly for the use of the sovereign, or as presents for crowned heads, and had been sent by the Shah to the Sultan. The design was a collection of flowers of the most brilliant and delicate colouring, represented with a fidelity to Nature truly surprising ; and round the border was woven, in gold characters, some verses of the Persian poet, Giami, in which, under a fanciful allegory, and in the glowing language of profane love, he has depicted the ardours of a soul inflamed with Divine adoration, aspiring to unite itself to the Most High. More than one of the flowery metaphors it contained was applicable to the declaration which the Sultan intended to convey to the fair slave ; and, had not her heart been pre-occupied, she must have felt gratified by the refinement and delicacy which had thus led him to envelope the avowal of the sentiment she had inspired in the mystical language of sacred poetry.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the reception which awaited the Sultan at Eyoub Serai. Crimson velvet had been laid down for him from the landing-place where he disembarked, to the entrance of the palace. Incense-bearers preceded him, burning perfumes in censers formed like peacocks, of gold, enamelled, and studded with precious stones. All the apartments through which he passed were lined with female slaves, attired in the most sumptuous

* The style and titles of the Turkish Sultans, to which are added, “ most Illustrious, most Powerful, most Glorious, most Majestic ; the just Pachishosh ; the Servitor of the Two Holy Cities ; and the Master of the Two Lands and the Two Seas.”

manner ; in the corridor leading to the hall of audience were assembled the Sultan's *chiboukgees* (pipe-bearers,) cup-bearers, and coffee-bearers ; but the principal magnificence was reserved for the *salaamlik*, or hall of audience, whose ceilings and walls, exhibiting one gorgeous mass of sculpture and gilding, were admirably relieved by the azure draperies that fell before the doors, and the pale blue velvet divans, embroidered with gold and seed-pearls, that surrounded three sides of the room. The most brilliant Persian carpets overspread the floor, and on the corner of the divan which was reserved for the Sultan were placed cushions of cloth of gold, enriched with the imperial *loograh* (cypher) in pearls and diamonds. At the lower end of the salaamlik stood the most beautiful of the Asm  Sultana's slaves, barefoot, and in a triple row, the singing and dancing-girls occupying the foremost rank, at the head of which was placed the favourite, Adil , her complexion heightened by the emotions that agitated her, and her lovely eyes bent to the ground in bashful disorder. At the door were stationed the black and white eunuchs, and the mutes of the household, ready to obey the behests of their mistress.

The Sultan took his place in the corner of the divan, and upon a sign from him — and not till then — his sister placed herself upon a lower cushion at his feet. Conversation forms a very inconsiderable part of the *agr mens* of Turkish visits, where every idea appears literally to ~~evaporate~~ in *smoke* ! a few questions, and their succinct answers, and all is said ! On this occasion, when refreshments and chibouques had been brought in, an awful silence prevailed, which was not broken until the Sultan expressed a desire to be entertained with singing and dancing. Then the Sultana, clapping her hands, pronounced aloud the name of Adil , and the young slave advancing, prostrated herself at her mistress's feet, raised the hem of her garment to her forehead, and then took possession of a low cushion in the centre of the hall, where, her mandoline having been brought to her, she accompanied herself with exquisite skill in a Turkish ballad, admirably adapted to the quality of her sweet and flexible voice, and the words of which turned upon that beautiful eastern compliment : “ The moon shines upon many night-flowers, yet the night-flower sees only one moon. To you there are many like me, yet to me there is none like you but yourself. Many luminaries are awake in the skies, but which of them can be compared to the sun ? ” Adil  thought of Spiridion as she sang, and these words, secretly addressed to him, imparted a tenderness to her voice and countenance, which rendered her beauty still more irresistible. The Sultan believed that they were intended for himself ; and, lost in delight, with his eyes fixed upon the lovely songstress, he forgot to applaud save by a deep-drawn sigh !

Dancing succeeded to the song of the young Georgian ; and again were her talents put into requisition. Twelve singing girls, seated upon a divan, commenced a low chant, which gradually swelled into a loud chorus, as, swerving their bodies from side to side, they marked the measure with their languorous movements, and the strokes of their tambourines. Adil , who had disappeared during the symphony, to prepare herself for the exhibition that was to follow, now re-entered, attired in a short vest, and trousers of silver stuff, her waist confined by a carnation-coloured shawl, and her hair unbraided, floating in luxuriant disorder over her shoulders, and nearly descending to her

feet like a golden veil. Mahmoud could not repress an exclamation of delight as she glided into the centre of the hall, and sounded her castanets ; but his admiration knew no bounds when the flexible grace of her limbs, and all the poetry of movement which she possessed in such rare perfection developed themselves in one of those pantomimic dances peculiar to the Turkish harems, (and so nearly approximating to the cachucha and fandango as to lead to a belief that the national dances of Spain are of Eastern origin,) which the dignity and modesty of her gestures, and the purity that breathed in her countenance, redeemed from even a shadow of that indelicacy which is their general characteristic.

" *Aferin—afarin !* (well done,) " repeatedly burst from the Sultan's lips as he followed with his eyes every expressive movement of the enchantress ; and when the dance was over, he took from his finger the costly diamond, upon which was engraven his toograoh, and sending it to Adilé, said aloud : " Let the slave Adilé ask of the Sultan what boon she will, it shall be granted to her upon showing him that ring ! " Then turning to his sister, " By the glory of Allah ! " he exclaimed,— " by the soul of the Prophet ! the slave must be mine ! "

To which the Sultana replied, " May your shadow never be less upon earth ! the slave shall be yours—provided she be willing ! "

But she was not willing. Although Sultan Mahmoud was at that time in the prime of life, and strikingly handsome, with a ~~face~~ full of dignity, and a countenance which, albeit naturally austere and imperious in its expression, became absolutely dazzling when he smiled ; although he was yet without male children, and that royal honours awaited the fortunate slave who should give him a son ; although an elevation to the seraglio is the object of ambition to every female in the Turkish empire,—yet Adilé remained unmoved. In her young and loving heart there was no room for ambition ; a counteracting influence had taken possession of its inmost recesses, and directed its every pulsation. The brilliant lot that courted her acceptance was one from which she turned with cold distaste ; her sole ambition was to reign paramount in the affections of the man she loved,—the only man, she felt, that she could ever love,—and that man was *not* the Sultan ! Although, to adopt the figurative language of the East, " her head had touched the skies," in the estimation of every one, from the moment in which the sovereign's preference for her had been manifested, her heart was sunk to the lowest depths of despondency and dismay as soon as the truth was pressed upon her own conviction ; and when the Asmé Sultana communicated to her the demand which the Sultan had made for her to be removed to his harem, Adilé, instead of betraying any exultation, cast herself at her mistress's feet in the deepest grief, entreated that she might remain with her, supplicated that her protection might shield her from the Sultan's love, and, with tears and passionate gestures, expressed her invincible repugnance to the brilliant prospect that had opened to her. " What means this passion of grief, Adilé, my soul ? " inquired the astonished Sultana.

" I cannot love the Sultan ! " replied the weeping girl. " I am unworthy of the high destinies he offers me—it would kill me to accept them ! Let your slave remain near you—here at your feet—the only boon she craves—and never quit you—never !—unless," she added, tremulously, " it be to become the wife of one in her own station."

Too happy to retain her favourite near her, the Sultana communicated to her brother the unqualified repugnance which Adilé had objected to his wishes, and signified her own determination to extend to her that protection from his pursuit for which she had so earnestly supplicated, and to which she was entitled, as belonging to a royal harem. Mahmoud, wounded and surprised by this unlooked-for rejection, restrained from enforcing his wishes ; but his passion gathered violence from the opposition it encountered, and, so far from relinquishing the idea of possessing Adilé, he determined to lay siege to her heart and her imagination, by bringing into play all those accomplishments which he so eminently possessed, and by exhibiting the countless splendours that surrounded him. He resolved to enlist her vanity in his favour, by showing her the haughty Mahmoud, the Sultan of the Ottoman Sultans, not as an imperious master, but in the novel light of an humble suppliant at the feet of a slave ! He swore by the ashes of his father that he would win her into a reciprocity of sentiment, or dazzle her into a willingness to accept the honours that were tendered to her.

And now commenced for Adilé a system of double persecution, which she knew not how to evade, and could not put an end to. On the one hand Spiridion, whose feelings were not of a nature to brook for any length of time the restricted intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between him and the object of his pursuit, was unceasing in his efforts to tempt Adilé into some imprudence. He urged her to trust herself to Mariamne, who had undertaken to convey her, disguised, to her abode in the Jewish quarter, where they might meet without fear of interruption. He was even anxious to attempt an entry into the harem under the garb of a female (twice already he had, muffled in a *serigee* and veil, spoken to her in the cemetery) ; but from these mad projects, communicated to her by the old Jewess, the pure feelings of Adilé recoiled in terror ; her heart, besides, had fixed itself upon another *dénouement* ; and when the unjust and passionate reproaches with which Spiridion resented her timidity were repeated to her, she calmly replied, "Tell him, if he loves me that he will abjure his faith, and become a true believer ; then he may ask me in marriage ; and the Sultana, my mistress, loves me too well to refuse her consent to my happiness." Spiridion, however, was not prepared to give such a proof of his devotion for Adilé as she, in the simplicity of her heart, expected. She had indeed inspired him with a sudden and most overwhelming passion, and his ardent nature led him not only to rush headlong into any imprudence that was likely to insure its gratification, but also to overlook the probabilities of detection. These rash characters, however, are rarely capable of any important or sustained sacrifice ; and the one for which Adilé had stipulated involved conscientious scruples which Spiridion could not overcome, partly because he execrated Islamism with all the intemperate hatred of a Greek, and partly because a marriage had already been arranged for him in his own country. But these objections he forbore to communicate.

On the other hand, the Sultan frequently visited his sister, that he might drink delicious poison from the bright eyes of Adilé. Faithful to his project of captivating her by a system of refined gallantry and magnificence, he devised a series of entertainments, (ostensibly for the Asmé Sultana,) which enabled him to exhibit to the astonished

view of the young slave the incalculable riches of his various palaces, and the fairy-splendour which perpetually surrounded the females of his harem. Delicious pic-nic parties, too, were given by him in the Seraglio Gardens, the Sultan's Valley, and Guink Sucy, at which he always appeared in state, surrounded by all the regal pomp and imposing grandeur so well calculated to strike upon and dazzle the imagination. But the most charming fête of all was given at Kiadhané. After exhibiting to the ladies assembled there his skill in archery, and the grace and dexterity with which he drove four horses harnessed to a European carriage through the meadows, the Sultan caused a sumptuous repast of more than a hundred dishes to be served up in bowls of Indian china and massive gold in the palace. Turkish etiquette forbids that the sovereign should ever eat with his women; but wishing to mark his condescension, Mahmoud walked through the room while they were at dinner, approached the table, and dipping his fingers into several of the dishes, extracted from them sundry delicate morsels, which he bestowed upon his sister and her favourite attendant. After sunset the gardens were beautifully illuminated with coloured lamps, some placed in the grass like glow-worms, others forming brilliant arcades and pyramids, whose Iris-tints (reflected in the sparkling waters of the innumerable fountains, as they ascended high into the air, and fell dashing into their marble basins,) imparted to them the appearance of showers of precious stones; while in the meadows beyond a magnificent exhibition of fire-works, directed by Italian artists, filled the pure skies with their fantastic splendours. The gilded lattices of the lovely Kiosk, before described, were thrown open; and when the Sovereign and his guests had taken their places there, a concert of instrumental music, performed by invisible musicians among the trees, mingled its strains harmoniously with the measured dashing of the waterfalls. Between each piece the singing and dancing-girls attached to the royal harem were called upon to exhibit their powers; but not one among them could equal Adilé. At last the Sultan, whose talents as a poet and a musician were of a very high order, called for his mandoline, and fixing his eyes upon the young Georgian with an expression not to be misunderstood, struck a few light chords, while he sung one of the beautiful songs of Hafiz, which appeared to have been purposely written to convey to the insensible fair one the impassioned sentiments of her illustrious lover.

“ Oh ! gentle summer-wind ! if thou shouldst pass by the abode of her whom my heart adores, bear upon thy wings to me the perfume of her musky tresses.

“ For that odour shall fill my soul with voluptuous joy, even as though it conveyed to me a message from the beloved one.

“ But if thou art too feeble to sustain so precious a burthen, scatter at least upon my eyelids the dust that thou gatherest upon the threshold of her door—the dust which her feet have pressed.

“ My heart, once lofty and unbending as the pine-tree, now trembles and bends like the willow, subdued by the ardent love which her beauties have inspired.

“ Although my beloved smiles not upon me, yet does she know that I would give the whole universe in exchange for one tender glance from her radiant eyes.

“ How would I rejoice to be emancipated from the toils and cares

of life, that I might devote myself solely to her to whom my heart is destined to be the vassal and slave."

The song over, and the moment of departure having arrived, six black slaves entered, bearing silver baskets piled up with embroidered handkerchiefs, Persian stuffs, perfumes, jewellery, &c. which the Sultan distributed among the ladies. Adilé's share was a passion-flower in coloured stones. She could not mistake the allusion it was intended to convey, and her heart sickened as she placed it among her braided tresses.

Poor Adilé! these proofs of love, so far from gratifying her feelings, rendered her supremely wretched. She felt her powers of endurance fast ebbing away, and, to spare herself farther trials of a similar nature, pleaded illness, and shut herself up in her apartment; when the attendance of Mariamne in her medical capacity at last enabled the young slave to open her aching heart to her,—to tell her how dearer than ever Spiridion was to her,—how hateful the Sultan's visit,—and how utterly impossible that she could ever yield to him.

But this announcement completely changed the aspect of affairs in Mariamne's judgment, and suddenly cancelled all her previous opinions. At one glance she saw the imprudence of promoting an intrigue for a female on whom the Sultan had placed his affections, and the immense personal consequence that she herself would derive from Adilé's elevation to his harem, in becoming the confidante of the great Padishah's favourite. Visions of wealth floated before her eyes, and dazzled her imagination; the various professions of nurse, doctress, bone-setter, and buyer and retailer of the cast-off finery of wealthy harems, which she followed in common with so many other old Jewesses in Constantinople, procured her but a moderate livelihood; but when the royal harem should be open to her as a field for advancement, she felt assured of reaping a golden harvest.

"Ahi! Adilé *guzum*!" she exclaimed, "are you mad? The sun of royalty shines upon you, and you would hide your head behind a cloud! What do I say?—a cloud! You would bury yourself in the mire, and eat dirt! These Greeks are swine—they laugh at Mahometan women!"

"You did not always think so, Mariamne," returned Adilé.

"Oh! my soul! what can I say? I was mad too—we are all mad sometimes. Besides, the Sultan did not love you then. He indeed is a man! Look at his beard—look at his eyes, and then compare this smooth-faced boy, this *sahalsiz* (no beard) with him."

"No, no!" exclaimed Adilé, "I cannot forget Spiridion. Do not abandon me, Mariamne, my soul! Go to him from me, and tell him, that if he loves me he will become an Islamite, and then he can marry me, and rescue me from the Sultan's hateful love."

"Do I look like a fool, oh woman?" interrupted the old crone, with vivacity, "that you think I will set myself up to connive against the Sultan, my master? *Akli!* his eyes are everywhere—he has a thousand ears, and they are all open. *Ai, ai?* I feel the bowstring already round my throat!" she continued, shuddering. "Forget Spiridion as fast as you can, my Sultana, and you will soon learn how to value a great Padishah's favour."

Nor could Adilé move the crafty old woman to any other answer.

In the mean time the Sultan, baffled in all his attempts to propitiate

the tenderness of Adilé, at last suspected that some cause more powerful than mere indifference must have produced her extraordinary coldness to his suit. Being determined to sift the affair to the bottom, he privately sent for the Asmé Sultana's chief eunuch, and ordered him to watch narrowly over the slave Adilé, and report to him whether he remarked anything extraordinary in her conduct. Almost simultaneously with this command Mariamne, who, after mature deliberation, had come to the opinion, that if Spiridion could be privately got out of the way, or even made away with, and all hope thus destroyed in the heart of Adilé, she would soon submit to her removal to the Sultan's harem,—after turning in her head how such an event might be compassed, came to the resolution of putting it into the hands of the Sultana's chief eunuch. Seeking her opportunity, and taking him aside, she said, "The slave Adilé is mad. She is sick with love for some smooth-checked Giaour, and she will commit a folly if she be not watched."

"*Wallah!*" ejaculated the eunuch "Who is the beardless dog that she loves, that we may kill him, and sell his mother and sisters?"

"How do I know?" answered Mariamne, the instinct of self-preservation compelling her to feign complete ignorance of the person of Adilé's lover, lest the part she had taken in promoting their intercourse should come to light, and place her own life in jeopardy. "She would not tell me who he is when she found that I would not be a go-between for them. All that I know is, that she owns her soul to be sick with love for a Christian, curses light upon them all! —and that is the reason why she has refused going to the Sultan's harem. She told me that she would give her eyes to speak with the boy. And so I have come my aga, to put you on the watch. If you see her slip out and speak to a man, then be sure that *he is the man*, and you may safely kill him at once."

"*Bismillah!*" said the eunuch, half drawing his sword from the scabbard; "we will kill the animal when we find him!"

Rifaat took his measures accordingly, and tying up his ankle, as if he had sprained it, delegated another of the eunuchs to take his place the next day when the Asmé Sultana went out, and stealing into the long corridor of the harem, lay *perdu* behind an open door, within sight of Adilé's chamber, watching whether she would leave it or not. He soon saw her venture stealthily forth, wrapped in her *ferigee* and *yasmak*, and after listening for a few moments, and looking carefully all around to see if any one was within sight, she started rapidly forward, threaded the various passages that led to the entrance of the palace, and then gaining the open air, turned immediately into the cemetery of Eyoub. Rifaat followed at a distance, just keeping her in view, and saw that when she had gained the shadiest part of the cemetery she was joined by a Turkish woman, with whom she conversed about a quarter of an hour, and then quitting her, returned alone to the palace in the same hurried manner. For two successive days, exactly the same conduct was observed; on the third, early in the morning, Rifaat reported to the Sultan what he had remarked, and also the intelligence imparted to him by Mariamne. The jealous suspicions of Mahmoud were fired by this communication, and laying his commands upon Rifaat to be secret as the grave on the subject, he told him that he should now take the affair into his own hands, and should not require his farther assistance in investigating it.

At one o'clock that day, the Asm  Sultana and her suite having gone out as usual in arabas, and Rifaat having resumed his attendance upon his mistress, Adil  again stole forth, and wended her way to the cemetery, where the veiled female awaited her coming. They walked about beneath the thickest shade for a short time, so occupied with each other as not to have perceived that three men were standing at some distance from them ; then seating themselves under the shadow of a high tomb-stone, they continued their conversation with considerable animation. While this was passing, one of the men cautiously made a circular move in the direction in which the two women were seated, and advanced towards the back of the tomb-stone against which they were leaning, where, taking up his position under cover of it, he could unseen overhear all they said.

"I dare not come again, Spiridion," said one of the voices. "I shall be discovered, and then we shall both be lost. I should not have ventured to-day, had it not been for the last time."

"How, for the last time !" returned the other voice, which was evidently that of a man. "There would be less chance of discovery if you would but meet me at the Jewess's house, as I have long so vainly entreated you. You do not love me, or you would not be thus rigorous."

"Allah knows how I love you !" returned the female voice ; "and if your love only equals mine, you will consent to do that which will unite us for ever. Become a Mussulman, and then ask me in marriage, and the Sultana my mistress will give me to you. The Sultan is noble and generous : he will soon forget that I have for a moment pleased his eyes, and he will not oppose our happiness. This is what I came to say to you to-day. You must choose between seeking me for a wife or seeing me no more. We are watched, I know. I can no longer endure this life of terror and deceit."

"Adil , my soul, give me time for reflexion ; only meet me once at Mariamne's house, and I will then give you a decided answer."

"Never—never ! I am mad to listen to you," replied Adil  ; "I never have, and never will meet you there."

"Is this your love ?" interrupted the male voice, in an accent of bitterness. "What have you done to prove it ? A few flowers, a few messages sent by an old Jewess ! — while I adore you with a passion which makes me ready to risk my life ! Have I not supplicated that you would admit me into the harem, and if discovered there, should I not be killed like a dog ? But you would not—you would not. You know not what it is to love !" And in his passionate excitement he threw his five fingers extended into the air, with that gesture of unutterable contempt peculiar to the Greeks, and which serves as a note of admiration to their intemperate outbursts.

The hand was seized and firmly grasped by some one from behind, who at the same moment advancing, laid his other hand upon Spiridion's *gasmak* to remove it.

"Forbear !" said the young Greek, quickly subduing his voice to almost feminine softness. "I am a Mahometan woman — you dare not uncover my face !"

Adil  looked up in terror at the intruder, whose dress and appearance was that of a merchant ; but the moment she caught a distinct view of his countenance she uttered, with a cry of agony, "The

SULTAN!"* and falling upon her face, remained motionless at his feet.

"The Sultan has a right to behold unveiled the face of every woman in his empire," said Mahmoud, tearing off the *gasmak* of the pretended female, and discovering the handsome features of Spiridion Metaxa blanched with terror and surprise. Then beckoning to one of the attendants, who during the whole transaction had remained standing in the same spot where he had left them, "Take him away," said the Sultan, "and let him die this evening at sunset!"

And the unfortunate lover, not daring to resist the stern mandate, was immediately removed.

At these dreadful words Adilé raised her face from the dust, and clasping her hands in despair, exclaimed, "Mercy! mercy!"

"There is no mercy for his crime," returned the Sultan, with a stern inflexibility in his voice and manner, which caused the heart of Adilé to die away within her. "A Giaour who seeks for intercourse with a Mahometan woman incurs death for himself and for her. Away with him!—to-night he dies!"

"We are innocent!" exclaimed the unhappy slave, gathering strength from despair, and fixing her tearless eyes upon him with soul-subduing earnestness,—"we have never met elsewhere but here. Oh! mercy, mercy, dread Sultan! The great Allah is merciful, and are you not his shadow upon earth?"

The Sultan was softened, spite of himself, by her look. Never had she appeared more lovely than in that attitude of passionate entreaty. Her *gasmak* had become unfastened in the agitation of her disordered movements, and left exposed to his gaze the whole of her beautiful countenance, blanched to marble whiteness by the agony of her emotions. Adilé perceived the impression she had made upon him, and reiterated her supplication in heart-piercing accents,—"Mercy for Spiridion!—mercy!"

But that name reawakened all the jealous rage of Mahmoud, and stamping with fury, he exclaimed, "*He has seen your face, and therefore he dies!*"

"No, no!—you are too just, too generous, too noble to spill his blood for having loved me," continued the young slave, emboldened by her misery, and careless, in the urgency of her fears for Spiridion, whether she exasperated her angry sovereign further against herself: "Has not my lord the Sultan loved his slave too?"

"And for the sake of that infidel you scorned my love!" exclaimed the Sultan, in a burst of passion. "Ye shall both die!"

"I had seen him first," replied Adilé, meekly, "and it was my *kismet* (fate) to love him. Dared I give to the Sultan a heart darkened by another's image?"

There was a moment's pause, during which the young Georgian remained kneeling, with her lovely eyes fixed upon the angry countenance of her sovereign, and her clasped hands raised towards him, when, as he motioned her to rise, the brilliant rays of a diamond on his finger flashed in the sun-light with intolerable brightness. Adilé started, as if a sudden inspiration had given her new life, and uttering a smothered cry, thrust her hand into her bosom, and drew from

* Sultan Mahmoud, like the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, had a great propensity for perambulating his capital in disguise, which enabled him to redress many grievances, which would have escaped the observation of the sovereign in his palace.

thence a ring, suspended round her neck by a silken cord, which she held up to the Sultan's view with trembling eagerness.

"When the unworthy slave Adilé first found favour in the Sultan's sight," she exclaimed, "he sent her this ring, and said, '*Let the slave Adilé ask of the Sultan what boon she will, & shall be granted to her upon showing him that ring.*' The great Padishah will not retract his royal word. The boon for which his slave supplicates is the life of Spiridion Metaxa!"

Quite unprepared for such an appeal, and in no degree inclined to redeem the pledge which he had so lightly given, Mahmoud remained in angry irresolution for a moment, looking at her with menace in his eyes, and vengeance stifling every nobler feeling in his bosom. At last, evading the question, "Have you no boon to ask for yourself?" he said, "and do you know the fate that awaits you?—the bowstring and the sack?"

"Your slave is ready to die," she replied.

"Is the Giaour so dear to you, that you would ask his life in preference to your own?" continued the Sultan.

"Yes," replied Adilé, with courage. "Your promise—your promise, dread Sultan! Grant me the life of Spiridion—let him return to his own country, never to leave it, and do with me what you will!"

"Then, by the soul of the Prophet!" exclaimed the Sultan, in uncontrollable fury, "ye shall both die! If he had a thousand lives, he should yield them all up for being so well loved by you! I spit at my promise, and throw it to the winds!"

Then beckoning to the last remaining attendant, a mute, who immediately drew near, he whispered a few words in his ear, and turning to Adilé, commanded her to follow him.

She arose without uttering a word, and scarcely able to drag her trembling limbs, followed the mute out of the cemetery to the water's edge, where, in a little creek not far from the palace, were moored several caiques for hire. He beckoned the nearest *caickgee* to advance his boat, and placing the half-fainting Adilé in it, took his seat at a respectful distance from her, and signified to the boatmen to row to Scraglio Point. Arrived under the walls of the palace gardens, he caused the boat to pull up close to a little door in the wall, (over which is a small projecting wooden bridge with a shelving appendage, something like an open spout, constructed purposely for precipitating into the Bosphorus the bodies of the women who are strangled in the seraglio,) and disembarking, conducted Adilé through the fatal door into a sort of pavilion, or kiosk, close to it, where he left her alone, carefully locking the door after him.

How the hours passed she knew not, for grief and terror had thrown her into a stupor nearly approaching to insensibility; but as the last glorious beams of the sinking sun streamed through the lattices of her prison, and shed a transient glory near the cushions where she lay prostrate, she was roused into an agony of consciousness, for she knew that at that hour Spiridion was to die. Presently all grew dark and indistinct—for her the bitterness of death had passed in that brief moment of anguish endured for him; and when the door opened, and the same mute appeared with a lantern, and beckoned to her to rise from the ground, although she knew that her hour was come, she obeyed him unresistingly, and without an exclamation or sign of terror. He threw over her a thick covering like a sack, carefully

closing the aperture of it, and raising the poor victim in his arms, carried her through the little door by which they had entered in the morning, and laid her in the bottom of a caique, which immediately pulled off, and rowed them swiftly away.

Their progress continued uninterruptedly for more than half an hour, when suddenly the boat neared the land, and Adilé felt herself again raised in the mute's arms, lifted out of the caique, and borne to a short distance, where she was deposited on the ground, and the fastenings of the sack that enveloped were here untied. A hand then raised up the covering, and Adilé, believing that the last dreadful moment had arrived, looked around her, that she might take a last farewell glance of the earth and skies. A blaze of light flashed upon her eyes, and, after the darkness in which she had so long remained, nearly dazzled her into blindness with its effulgence. Regaining in a moment her powers of vision, she saw that she was in the Kiask of Kiadnané, the lattices of which were closed, and the interior illuminated. Before her stood the Sultan, with an expression in his eyes very different from the ferocity and rage which had flashed from them in their last dreadful interview.

"Adilé," he said, in a grave tone, "your prayer has prevailed, and my royal word remains unbroken. The Giaour lives, and shall return in safety to his own country. As for yourself, you have passed through the terrors of death, but your life too is spared. I heard *all* that passed between you and the Greek this morning, and I know that you are still pure. Live, therefore, Adilé, and remember that for *your* sake your sovereign has sheathed the sword of justice, without shedding the blood of the guilty!"

"Oh! most powerful, most merciful!" exclaimed Adilé, falling at his feet, and raising to her forehead, with a sentiment of mingled veneration and enthusiasm, the edge of the Sultan's robe, "Allah will reward the goodness and magnanimity of the best and greatest of his children!"

"And have *you* no reward for me, Adilé?" inquired Mahmoud, contemplating her with one of those magic smiles, which imparted to his dark countenance such inexpressible sweetness.

And Adilé, bowing her head, and crossing her hands upon her bosom, replied in a low voice, "Let your slave's life be passed at the foot of her lord the Sultan!"

But as such events cannot take place in the East without *some* expenditure of life, the Jewess Mariamne was selected as the victim whose sacrifice was to assuage the monarch's wrath. She was found strangled upon the threshold of her door the following morning, and left exposed there for three days; and, such spectacles being of very common occurrence in Constantinople, no one thought of inquiring for what crime she had suffered.

Adilé, the Georgian slave, whose gentle heart was sensitively alive to every noble and generous sentiment, felt as it merited the clemency which her sovereign had exercised towards her young lover and herself. She attached herself warmly and sincerely to him, and the extraordinary influence she acquired over his mind was never exercised by her for any but wise and noble purposes. The Sultan gave her no rival in his affections, no sharer in his confidence; and to the last day of her short existence she occupied the distinguished position of favourite, without meeting with a counteracting influence.

She died at Kiadhamé in the flower of her years, leaving no children ; and her royal master, inconsolable for her loss, abandoned for ever the lovely spot, which too keenly recalled to him the felicity he had enjoyed there with the beautiful and gifted young Georgian.

“Like the climes that know nor show nor hail,
She was all summer : lightning might assail,
And shiver her to ashes ; but to trail
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for her—she had too little clay.”

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

THE King sat in his regal pride,
Proud nobles throng'd the festal board ;
High foam'd the wine, whose purple tide
Was from God's sacred vessels pour'd.
Musie and minstrelsy were there,
• Loud echoing to the vaulted roof ;
And queenly dames, whose jewels rare
Blazed in the torch-light far aloof.
With revelry the palace rung ;
Yet sudden 'midst the banquet's cheer
Alarm hath hushed each tuneful tongue,
And every eye glares wild with fear.
Why start the proud in mute amaze ?
Why quail the mighty ? shriek the fair ?
Why on one spot in horror gaze,
With features marbled by despair ?
What hand is that whose fingers mark
With awful characters the wall ?
Whose hidden mysteries, stern and dark,
Can c'en Belshazzar's soul appal ?
Stand forth, Astrologers ! and read
That scroll, with dreadful import fraught ;
Wealth, fame, and power shall be his need
By whom th' interpretation's taught.
What ! silent all ? And is there none
That fearful secret to unfold ?—
“Lo ! ” cried the seer, “ the Holy One
To me its mystery hath unroll'd.
“ Tremble, proud King ! thy reign is o'er,—
Thy sceptic shall the Median sway,—
Thy pomp and glory are no more,—
Thy kingdom, it hath passed away.
“ Thou hast lift up thy haughty brow
Against the Lord of earth and heaven :
That God, O King ! hath weighed thee now,
And judgment is against thee given.
“ Hark ! even now the voice of war
Is thundering at thy brazen gates ;
I hear the battle-shout from far—
Destruction, Monarch, on thee waits.”
The Prophet ceased.—That very night
Belshazzar's power and life were gone,
And ere the morning star was bright,
Darius reigned in Babylon.

144

THE RED-BREAST OF AQUITANIA.

An humble Ballad.

BY FATHER PROUT.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father."—ST. MATTHEW, cap. x. 29.

"Gallos ab Aquitanis GARUMNA fluynen."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—SHAKSPERE.

*"GENIUS, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river."*—TOM MOORE.

River trip from
Toulouse to
Bordeaux, Ther-
mometer at '0'
Snow 14 foot
deep. Use of
wooden shoes.

Oh 'twas bitter cold
As our steam-boat rolled
Down the pathway old
Of the deep GARONNE—
And the peasant lank,
While his *sabot* sank
In the snow-clad bank,
Saw it roll on, on.

II.

And he hied him home
To his *foit de chaume*;
And for those who roam
On the broad bleak flood
Cared he? Not a thought;
For his beldame brought
His wine-flask fraught
With the grape's red blood.

III.

And the wood-block blaze
Fed his vacant gaze
As we trod the maze
Of the river down.
Soon we left behind
On the frozen wind
All farther mind
Of that vacant clown.

IV.

Ye Father meet-
eth a stray ac-
quaintance in a
small bird.

But there came anon,
As we journeyed on
Down the deep GARONNE,
An acquaintancy,
Which we deemed, I count,
Of more high amount,
For it oped the fount
Of sweet sympathy.

Not ye famous
albatross of that
ancient mariner
olde Coleridge,
but a poore robin.

Ye sparrow
crossing ye river
maketh hys half-
way house of the
fire ship.

Delusive hope.
Ye fire-ship run-
neth 10 knots an
hour: 'tis no go
for ye sparrow.

Ye byrde is led a
wilde goose chace
adown ye river.

Symptomes of
tattigue. 'Tis me-
lancholie to fall
between 2 stools.

Mort of ye birde.

V.

'Twas a stranger drest
In a downy vest,
'Twas a wee RED-BREAST,
(Not an "*Albatross*,")
But a wanderer meek,
Who fain would seek
O'er the bosom bleak
Of that flood to cross.

VI.

And we watched him oft
As he soared aloft
On his pinions soft,
Poor wee weak thing,
And we soon could mark
That he sought our bark,
• As a resting ark
For his weary wing.

VII.

But the bark fire-fed,
On her pathway sped,
And shot far a-head
Of the tiny bird,
And quicker in the van
Her swift wheels ran,
As the quickening fan
Of his winglets*stirred.♦

VIII.

Vain, vain pursuit!
Toil without fruit!
For his forkèd foot
Shall not anchor there,
Tho' the boat meanwhile
Down the stream beguile
For a bootless mile
The poor child of air!

IX.

• And 'twas plain at last
He was flagging fast,
That his hour had past
In that effort vain:
Far from either bank,
Sans a saving plank,
Slow, slow he sank,
Nor uprose again.

X.

And the cheerless wave
Just one ripple gave
As it oped him a grave
In its bosom cold,

And he sank alone,
With a feeble moan,
In that deep GARONNE,
And then all was told.

XI.

Ye old man at y^e helm weepeth for
a sonne lost in y^e bay of Biscaye.

But our pilot grey
Wiped a tear away ;
In the broad BISCAYE
He had lost his boy !
And that sight brought back
On its furrowed track
The remembered wreck
Of long perished joy !

XII.

Condoleance of y^e
ladyes ; eke of 1
chasseur d'infan
terie legere.

And the tear half hid
In soft BEAUTY's lid
Stole forth unbid
For that red-breast bird ;—
And the feeling crept,—
For a WARRIOR wept ;
And the silence kept
Found no fitting word.

XIII.

Oldie Father
Proutie sadly mor
alizeth anent y^e
birdie.

But I mused alone,
For I thought of one
Whom I well had known
In my earlier days,
Of a gentle mind,
Of a soul refined,
Of deserts designed
For the Palm of Praise.

XIV.

Ye Streme of
Lyfe. A younge
man of fayre pro
mise.

And well would it seem
That o'er Life's dark stream,
Easy task for Him
In his flight of Fame,
Was the SKYWARD PATH,
O'er the billow's wrath,
That for GENIUS hath
Ever been the same.

XV.

Hys earlie flyght
across y^e streme.

And I saw him soar
From the morning shore,
While his fresh wings bore
Him athwart the tide,
Soon with powers unspent
As he forward went,
His wings he had bent
On the sought-for side.

THE RED-BREAST OF AQUITANIA.

XVI.

A newe object
calleth his eye
from y^e matue
chance.

But while thus he fle[•]
Lo ! a vision now[•]
Caught his wayward view
With a semblance fair,
And that new-found woer
Could, alas ! allure
From his pathway sure,
The bright child of air.

XVII.

Instabilitie of
purpose a fatal
evyl in lyte.

For he turned aside,
And adown the tide
For a brief hour plied
His yet unspent force,
And to gain that goal
• Gave the powers of soul,
• Which, unwasted, whole,
Had achieved his course.

XVIII.

This is ye morall
of Father Trout's
humble ballade,

A bright SPIRIT, young,
Unwept, unsung,
Sank thus among
The drifts of the stream ;
Not a record left,—
Of renown bereft,
By thy cruel thest,
O DELUSIVE DREAM ! •

I. ENVOY

TO W. H. AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WILLOME, AUTHOR OF THE ADMIRABLE "CRICHTON,"
SUBSEQUENT CHRONICLER OF "JACK SHEPPARD."

which he wrote
by waxlight in
the *hostel de Gas*
couyne at Bou-
deaux, 6 Jan.
1811.

Thus sadly I thought
As that bird unsought
The remembrance brought
Of thy bright day ;
And I penned full soon
This DIRGE, while the moon
On the broad GARONNE
Shed her wintry ray.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRINKING.

EDITED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



Si quelque jour étant ivre
 La mort arrêtait mes pas,
 Je ne voudrais pas revivre
 Après un si doux trépas :
 Je m'en irais dans l'Averne
 Faire enivrer Alecton,
 Et bâtir une taverne
 Dans le manoir de Pluton."

"Saufen Bier und Brantewein,
 Schmeissen alle die Fensteren em,
 Ich bin liederlich,
 Du bist liederlich,
 Sind wir nicht liederlich Leute—ah!"

"I can summon *spirits* from the vasty deep."

"Vivo bibere,
 Bibo vivere!"

"A *bumper* for Sir William, the friend of the people."

"Wyn! o edele wyn,
 Die al de Wyn
 En zorg, van my terstond verdwynen doet,
 Wat geef je my een hart vol moed!
 Een stoop twee, drie,
 Maakt dat ik geen gevhaar, hoe zwaar het is, ontzie,
 Noch vlië."

"If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forbear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack."

BUMPER THE FIRST.



radiant as the sun, passed through a colander in bright and dazzling rays, which I will presently unfold with all the proverbial humility of a peacock !

Bacchus first introduced the vine into Italy, and, soon afterwards entering into partnership with Apollo, they laid their sapient heads together, and produced a liquor which speedily attracted the attention of a "discerning public," and ultimately of the whole world.



The birth of rosy wine was hailed with the most enthusiastic delight ; and old and young, rich and poor, alike saluted the ruby lips of

E shades of Anacreon, Horace, and Captain Morris, inspire my anserine plume !

Ye shades of Sheridan, George Frederick Cooke, and Toby Philpott, infuse a spirit in my indelible ink !

Ye shades below (London Bridge) lend me a *stave* from your many casks, wherewith to celebrate the virtues of the vine !

Bacchus—

Gentle reader, if elevated by my subject, I run on in a zig-zag fashion, and multiply one mile by three in my progress, pardon me ; for although, like a comet, my course may be eccentric, it is the result of the liberal libations I have poured to qualify me for the onerous task I have undertaken. But then, like that comet, I have a *tale*,

the young bantling with the most affectionate ardour. Care, a wrinkled and bixious-visaged old dame, who rocked the cradle, fell fast asleep, — was consequently discharged, and never again allowed to appear in the presence of the darling.

Like Mrs. Johnson's "American Soothing Syrup," wine proved not only, "a real blessing to mothers," but their numerous offspring imbibed the fermented and exhilarating juice with a gusto that was surprising. In the process of time it was universally called the "milk of old men." Bald-headed philosophers, whose "*capillary attractions*" had slipped, like an avalanche of snow, from the summit of their erudite noddles, and now adorned their chins, waxed eloquent, their languid muscles being duly and daily lubricated with the loquacious liquor.

Long before the invention of spectacles, these far-seeing mortals discovered that the transfusion of a certain quantum of the "blood of the grape" enabled them to see—double! Here was an advantage! and they consequently absorbed large quantities for the benefit of their fellow men. They sincerely believed that they had found the true "pabulum animi," and boldly became bibulous and—bottle-nosed.

But I fear that I am growing too poetical.

BUMPER THE SECOND.

How natural is the simple act—how simple the natural act—of drinking!

Before the glorious invention of wine, that one dissyllable alone was sufficient to convey the meaning of imbibing a certain measure of milk or a "yard of pump-water;" but in these glorious days of "Hock and soda-water,"—Laffitte, Chateau Margot, Champagne d'Ai, Burgundy, &c. &c.—the very vocabulary is enlarged; *exempli gratia* :—

DRINKING!

that is the root (how few are able to decline it!)

Boozing,	Toping,
Bibbing,	Lushing,
Fuddling,	Cracking a bottle,
Swilling,	Sucking the monkey,
Guzzling,	Sluicing the ivories, &c.
Tippling,	

And then, again, in those early days (so remote, that even "Early Purl Houses" were unknown) the meanest capacity understood that when a man had drunk his fill, he had "slaked his thirst," and moistened his parched lips; there was then (O ye teetotalers!) no inebriation. Even had a man had the "fee simple" of a whole pump, he never made free with it, or was found lying under it, or attempting to "light his pipe at it."

Now, in this age of rapid progression and "public spirit," our philologists and lexicographers have a most enviable opportunity of enriching the language, by the addition of many words, of which the venerable "Drunk" is the patriarch and legitimate progenitor.

As thus: Drunk—
Bacchi plenus,
Sacrificing to the rosy god,

N.B. These two terms are generally kept stereotyped by the printers of the morning papers.

Fuddled,	Snuffy,
Muddled,	Overcome,
Elevated,	Top-heavy,
Merry,	Reeling,
Sunny,	Slewed,
Moony,	Wound up,
Maudlin,	Half seas over,
Muzzy,	Three sheets in the wind,
Spoony,	Groggy,
Funny,	Sewed up like a sand-bag,
Topsy,	Losing his perpendicular,
Inebriated,	How came you so ?
"Tosticated,	Not able to see a hole in a ladder,
Queer,	Drunk as a fiddler's dog,
Overtaken,	Drunk as Davy's sow, and
•Lushy,	"The worse for liquor,"

which last phrase is customarily used by the police, when they accidentally discover a genteel, well-dressed medical student, or a lawyer's articled clerk, — both "honourable men," — lying quite at home in a gutter, and poking his latch-key at the grating of the gulley-hole, in the vain endeavour to "let himself in."

BUMPER THE THIRD.

How very rational and manifold are the reasons for drinking !

On a wet or a foggy morning a *goutte*, or *schnapps*, is taken medicinally to keep out the damp. On a sultry day in summer, a glass of cold brandy and water—is essentially necessary to supply the waste occasioned by evaporation, and give a tone to the relaxed functions of the stomach. Many of the faculty prescribe it (homœopathically !)

And then who would be such a churlish misanthrope, such a milk-sop, as to refuse a "social glass,"—or to "hob and nob it" with a friend ? If low-spirited, what is so efficacious as a cheering cup ? If elevated by the success of some enterprise or speculation, to "pour a libation" may be heathenish ; but "it is a poor heart that never rejoices,"—and, as the gay Frenchman sings,

" Le bon vin,
Le matin,
Sortant de la tonne,
Vaut mieux que tout le Latin,
Qu'on enseigne en Sorbonne !"

When excited by good company to indulge a little too freely, and, practically working out the sage maxims,— "In for a penny, in for a pound," and, "You may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,"—you experience the dizzy, disagreeable sensation of being "neither upon your head nor your heels,"—on the following morning, depend upon it, there is nothing more calculated to brace the trembling nerves, and place you "*in statu quo*," than a small, a very, very small dose of "French cream," or Cogniac, in your first cup of tea,— "A hair of the dog that bit you !" You must, however, be particularly cautious in the administration of the specific, or a quatrain of Grimaldi's celebrated

“Tippety-witchet” may, more painfully than pleasantly, recur to your memory :

“ This morning I rose early,
My malady was such,
In my tea I took brandy,
And took a cup—too much ! ”

There is less cause for the limitation of the licence for drinking to bachelors than to married men, who should invariably be more steady, and the more especially as it does sometimes occur that the latter become pugnacious when the wine is in the ascendant. Bacchus then assumes a front that is very disagreeable to *ma's* !



Poor Tom Dibdin, a convivial, but always a sober man, gives a delicate allusion to this propensity in the following toast : “ May the man who has a good wife never be addicted to liquor (*lick her*). ”

Wine, mighty wine ! exhilarates youth, and invigorates old age, thawing the life-current which the icy hand of Time hath frozen, and making it undulate through the veins as pleasantly as the murmuring rivulet through flowery banks, decked by the delicate fingers of verdant Spring !

BUMPER THE FOURTH.

O ye philosophers ! who have so long been seeking to discover and determine whether the sun or the earth is in motion—drink ! Corpo di Bacco ! follow my example. When I have quaffed twenty glasses of the “molten ruby,” I can *distinctly* see the earth turn round ! What costly instruments have been invented to measure the “thick rotundity of the globe !”—Drink !—*In vino veritas*. How simple is *my* computation ! I (involuntarily) stretch myself at length upon the earth, and measure it without compass, chain, or theodolite.

O ye ambitious men ! what is the use of all your vain efforts to rise above your sphere ? Nay, what senseless pride in the endeavour ; for the cellar is not above, but below ! Therefore, descend and drink ! Remember and reflect on the rusty old saw : “ When the wine is in, the wit is out,”—which indisputably means, that when you have

taken a few deep potations the wit flows—comes out—a deduction as logical and “plain as a pike-staff.” Then drink, and be wise; abstain, and be—otherwise!

BUMPER THE FIFTH.

Piron, the celebrated French poet, was once walking in the streets of Paris, when he observed a man who had lost both his legs (not in the service of Mars, but Bacchus), resting his back against the wall of a house, with his shoeless feet dabbling in the kennel.

“*Votre demeure? on vous y porterait,*”
said the poet.

“*Portez-moi donc au cabaret,*”

replied the drunkard, making a rhyming couplet of the question and answer; and, in truth, the “cabaret” *was* the place where he ordinarily *lived*. Piron (himself a votary of the vine-crowned god) was so pleased with his apt reply, that he not only engaged a stout porter to pilot him to the next *cabaret*, but gave him an *écu* to drink his health.

A drunken man is, however, a *rara avis* in the gay metropolis of France; in England, where gin-shops, those

“*Bright and glittering palaces, how beautiful!*”

with their brass, and glass, and gas, allure the poor and miserable tattered malion to quaff the Lethean draught, and drown his cares, they manage these things differently. The delights of drinking are therein most variously illustrated. How joyous is the twinkling eye of that short-gaitered dustman, with his flapped hat, and flannel jacket, as with a moistened lip he discusses a “*kevorten an' three houts*” with his two pals.



They form a perfect picture, worthy of the truth-delineating pencil of Octade. The sensations they experience over their standing drink are almost racy enough to be envied by the *bon vivant*, who, with his rubicund visage, glances with the eye of a connoisseur at the slender glass of iced champagne before he gulps the mantling juice, bubbling and creaming with carbonic acid gas. With what a smack his lips acknowledge the receipt !



Thrice happy is the man who is blest with a good cellar ; he will never want a friend while he lives — in that style, or has a bottle to give him ! The rosy wine is as attractive to the friends of this sublunary world as flower-beds to the little busy bees ! In fine, *wine*, as Dermot O'Donnell says, is the only *oil* wherewith to trim the lamp of life to make it burn brightly to the last.

BUMPER THE SIXTH.

A BACCHANALIAN BOOZE.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus ;
 Displicet nexæ philyræ coronæ :
 Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
 Sera moretur.
 Simplici myrto nihil allabores, •
 Sedulus cura : neque te ministrum
 Dedeceat myrtus, neque me sub artâ
 Vite bibentem.

I tell thee, boy, that I detest
 The grandeur of a Persian feast,
 Nor for me the linden's rind
 Shall the flowery chaplet bind :
 Then search not where the curious rose
 Beyond his season loitering grows,
 But beneath the mantling vine,
 While I quaff the flowing wine,
 The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
 While you shall wait, and I carouse.

“—Sub umbra lusimus.”

“He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horses, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pic half a yard long: and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid, at least.”

Two and thirty years ago (alas! 'tis so,) as the few straggling grey hairs on my polished noodle do too truthfully testify, — two and thirty years ago, in the autumn of the year — the mellow autumn, — that ingenious artist, Pallet, who only used water in the admixture of his colours, preferring good wine as a diluent for his inward man, invited me to a day's jaunt to the fair park of Greenwich, famed for deer, chestnuts, and wooden-legged warriors. The party was to consist of the mystical number of three, — Pallet, myself, and Spondee, a poet, who had written a work which was never reviewed, and remained unsold, — two circumstances which were attributed by the author and his friends to the decline of the public taste. Whatever the true cause might be, it was quite evident his lines were not cast in pleasant places, for he had not even the satisfaction of a nibble! That he was a scholar is certain; but whether he really possessed the bump of constructiveness large enough to build a cot, or “the lofty rhyme,” I know not, for I never perused his lucubrations.

Having arranged the time and place of meeting, and provided a rabbit-pie, we took our places in the dickey of a four-horse coach, (for then, I need hardly say, steam-boats and railways were not,) and soon arrived safely in the quiet little town. It was on a Saturday — the visitors were “few and far between,” and the park was a solitude. As we sauntered through the town, Pallet purchased three bottles of sherry, — a very moderate quantity in those days, when three, and even your six-bottle men were in vogue; and Hock and Moselle, and the other wishy-washy Rhine wines were unknown. The bottles were duly packed for the pic-nic *al fresco*, when Pallet, espying a fishmonger's, suddenly parted company, and, without saying a word, entered the piscatory emporium.

“By Jupiter Ammon!” exclaimed Spondee, striking a poetical attitude, “our dauber of canvass hath conceived a sudden affection for a lobster. For my part, I hate lobsters.”

“Envy, sheer envy,” I replied.

“Envy?” cried he; “how mean you?”

“Because they are more favoured than your works — for they are not only *red*, but devoured with avidity.”

“Bah! I hate a pun!” exclaimed Spondee. “I shall certainly cut thee.”

“Then shall I deem myself more fortunate than your poem — for that will ever remain *uncut*.”

“O thou hydra-headed monster!” said Spondee, “I'll write a satire upon thee.”

“I cry you mercy! pray do not so unfriendly an act; for, being fond of liberty, I tremble at the certain prospect of being *shelved*, and having my circulation stopped. Write upon sheepskin, or vellum, or anything but me!”

Pallet at this moment rejoined us, and stayed the current of Spondee's eloquence.

"What denizen of the sea have you been catering for, Pallet?" asked Spondee.

"You shall see—you shall see," replied Pallet, "such an unexpected treat! A bright idea—a ray of sunshine glanced suddenly across the landscape of my mind, which is worth its weight in gold. Come along."

Having entered the park, we trod with pleasure on the velvet green-sward as we loitered slowly beneath the protecting arms of the shady elms and chestnuts. Spondee's poetical, and Pallet's pictorial rhapsodies burst spontaneously forth, and both delighted and amused me. Beneath a wide-spreading tree, in the most retired part of the park, Pallet halted.

"Here let us pitch our tent," exclaimed he.

"We have none, good Pallet," I replied. "Sherry is our only beverage."

"Hear him!" cried Spondee: "What a malady is he infected with! would that he had a neat's tongue in his head, that we might cure it."

"With the attic salt of your own muse, Spondee?" said Pallet; "then would it keep for ever."

"A fair compliment," began Spondee, smiling.

"For," continued Pallet, "no one would touch it."

"Bah!" cried Spondee, "ye are truly two of the veriest double-tongued rogues that ever spoiled the King's English. But, what have we here?" demanded he, observing a man approaching the chosen sanctum. "Let me have no intruders; above all, keep —"

"—Keep quiet," interrupted Pallet, "or you'll frighten the poor fellow into hysterics with your histrionics. It's the fishmonger's flunkie. Come along, my man."

The flannel-aproned fellow, with his scaly coat, drawing near, we perceived he bore a pail in his hand.

"Strange!" said Spondee; "I did expect Pisces, and behold Aquarius comes!"

Pallet rubbed his hands with delight, and directed the man to deposit his burthen on the shady side of the tree. The luxurious Pallet had actually purchased a pail of ice for cooling the wine!"

"O! thou Lucullus! thou Heliogabalus!" exclaimed the poet, his eyes at the same time sparkling and kindling at the anticipation of the grateful draught.

The bottles were carefully deposited by the practised hand of the artist in the frigorific mixture of ice and water.

"Now," said he, "while I book that umbrageous chestnut, and that pretty little bit of distance —"

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," interpolated the poet, *sotto voce*.

"Go, and perambulate the hill and dale of the royal demesne, and catch an appetite."

He then drew out his sketch-book and pencil, and Spondee and I roamed about for half an hour. On our return he had completed his studies from nature, and was quite prepared to attack the pie. We soon unpacked, and spread our rural table; and oh! what a delightful feast we had in our "verdant *coenaculum*," as Spondee termed our retreat.

The first bottle—cool as the cut of a rich man to a poor acquaintance, but much more palatable,—the first bottle was discussed. Pal-

let became alternately moral, metaphysical, and mirthful,—and Spondee epigrammatic, joining heartily in the jokes we unsparingly cast at the expense of his neglected muse.

“Come, Spondee,” said Pallet, tapping the second bottle, “let us have a song; something original.”

“Shall I wake the echoes of this tranquil scene?” said he; and then, taking another glass, he commenced singing the following composition, with an excellent voice.

SONG.

A man in his cups is a king,
He laughs at all trouble and sorrow,
The sun seems no shadow to fling,
And he cares not a fig for to-morrow.
Then let no one shrink,
But fill up the wine-cup, and merrily drink, ha ! ha !

A king in his cups is a man,
Nor can he taste more of the pleasure;
His will may replenish the can—
He cannot drink more than his measure.
Then let no one shrink,
But fill up the wine-cup, and merrily drink, ha ! ha !

“Bravo!” cried Pallet.

“I would encore it,” said I; “but, really, Spondee, to hear that song but once is quite sufficient—to attract the universal applause of the auditors; there is a twist—a certain conceit (in the words, not the singer), and a simplicity (in the words, not the singer,) that is admirable.”

“The praise of the judicious,” said Spondee, “is always as welcome as it is well-timed. But, come, Pallet, I call upon you; for you *can* sing.” And this was strictly true, for he not only possessed a fine voice, but was a good musician.

“What shall it be?” said Pallet; “something erotic or bacchanalian? Let me see; I’ll give you the Latin canticle of Walter de Mapes—vinous and vigorous.”

Mili est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicunt cum venerint angelorum chorî,
“Deus sit propitius huic potatori;”

Poculus acceditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna,
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ
Quam quod aquâ miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura inunus,
Ego inunquam potui scribere jejonus;
Me jejunum vinecre posset puer unus,
Sutum et jejunum odi tanquam funus.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo;
Nihil possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo,
Nihil valet penitus quod jejonus scribo.
Nasonem post calices carmine prælibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiae datur
 Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter bene satur :
 Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
 In me Phœbus irruit ac miranda satur.

“Excellent!” cried Spondee; “and you have married the words to a most appropriate air. I know the verses well, and have ‘done them into English.’”

“Is it a literal translation, or a paraphrase?” demanded Pallet.

“Almost verbatim,” replied Spondee.

“Then, of course,” said I, “you begin with ‘My eye’?”

Spondee laughed, and tuning, with another bumper, he commenced,

I am firmly resolved in a tavern to die ;
 Ply my lips, when I’m dying, with gen’rous wine,
 That the angels, when coming around me, may cry,
 ‘Great Jove ! to this tippler with favour incline.’

The wine-cup enkindles new light in the mind ;
 With nectar imbued, the heart heavenward shoots ;
 And the wine of the tavern is far, to my mind,
 ‘bove that which the Governor’s butler dilutes.

To each man his gift Nature kindly decrees :
 I never, while fasting, can eke out a stave ;
 Me, fasting, a boy may e’en vanquish with ease ;
 Thirst and fasting are hateful to me as the grave.

As the wine is I drink, so the verse I indite ;
 Unless I’ve fared well, I can nothing compose,
 Nothing worth are the verses which fasting I write,
 But after a bumper they equal Naso’s !

And the spirit of prophecy I ne’er attain
 Till my belly with feeding is satisfied quite ;
 But, when Bacchus triumphantly reigns in my brain,
 Then Phœbus shines forth with a wonderful light.

We now began to wax very merry, and our interrogatories and replies became rather conflicting, observation jostled against remark, and we made the place ring again with our laughter.

At length, Pallet tapped the third and last bottle, and then volunteered a song of his own composition by way of an appropriate finish, for the sun was fast declining. So, without farther prelude, he quaffed another glass, and sang the following words, calling upon us to join chorus.

The lover may sigh for the smiles of the fair,
 The warrior burn for the laurel of fame,
 But there breathes not the beauty my heart can ensnare,—
 And glory, when won, is a profitless name.
 No ; Venus and Mars are ungrateful to all
 Who foolishly bend at their dazzling shrine ;
 Deep sighs and deep scars to their share only fall,
 While Bacchus, my idol, supplies me with wine !
 And I laugh,
 And I quaff,
 And drown all my cares in a goblet of wine !

How pallid the lover,—how reckless his air,
 If fickle the maiden, or should she but frown ;
 And the soldier, cut off in his brilliant career,
 What boots it to him that he lives in renown ?
 No, give me the bloom that gay Bacchus bestows ;
 A crown of vine-leaves round my temples entwine ;
 I 'll yield all the scars—even Venus's rose—
 While Bacchus, my idol, supplies me with wine ;
 And I 'll laugh,
 'And I 'll quaff,
 And drown all my cares in a goblet of wine !



THE PUMP AND THE SUCKER !

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

“ BRING forth my richest robes, and haste, prepare
 The choicest unguents; deck with gems my hair ;
 I go to join my lord : from his loved side
 Fate shall not sever me, nor death divide.
 By his own hand my Antony is gone
 To Pluto's gloomy realms ; shall I live on,
 To grace proud Cæsar's triumph, and be borne
 To Rome, at once my sex's pride and scorn ?”
 Thus, with unshrinking heart and tranquil mien,
 Resolved to die, spake Egypt's vanquished queen.
 Of husband, kingdom, liberty bereft ;
 Of all she prized most dearly, nought is left
 That she should live for : kneeling on the ground,
 She kisses with pale lips the gaping wound
 Through which *his life-blood* wells, and to her heart
 Strains that cold form, as though no more to part :
 Not parted long,—laid on her throbbing breast,
 The poisonous reptile will perform the rest :
 A gasp,—a start,—the work of death is done,
 And Cleopatra's earthly course is run.
 The guard rush in,—too late, alas ! to save
 Her, whose fond love endured beyond the grave !

THE FEBRUARY SAINT.

Not St. Stephen.

BY THE DOCTOR.

Sir Robert
calls the
Commons.

“ Ye Knights of the shire, barons, burgesses, all—
M.P.’s of all classes, attend to my summons ;
Come from manor or mill, come from castle or hall,
From desk, ledger, or counter, come crowd to the Commons.”
So Sir Robert’s command
Peels aloud through the land,
And high swell the hopes, and the hearts of his band,
But let old St. Stephen’s be ever so fine,
He is nothing, dear dames, to your St. Valentine.

Not Sir Shaw Lefevre.

Shaw Lefevre
puts the
Question.

“ Pairings off,” which last seldom much more than a night,
Are made not as matters of love but opposing ;
Our Saint in his pairings is bent to unite
In alliance to last until life-days are closing.
And all the year through,
‘Mid yon quarrelsome creed,
On “ putting the question ” debate will ensue ;
A system far different to yours, girls, and mine.
Say “ Yes ” to the question, cries St. Valentine.

Not Saint Shrovetide.

Shrovetide
eats a pan
cake.

Here comes up bold Shrovetide, all rosy and fat,
With pancake and fritters his jolly paunch swelling.
Bœuf gras is his charger ; His bowl is a vat ;
In cellar and larder he fixes his dwelling.
But, alas ! for his Grace,
He’s the last of his race ;
Next day hungry Lent shows his hangabone face.
“ When to make people fast I should choose to incline,
’Tis to make fast in wedlock,” quoth St. Valentine.

Not any other Saint but Queen Victoria & and St. Valentine.

God save the
Queen.Married
Leap Year.
Married
Feb. 10.

“ Be the Saint of the month our good Bishop—so thought
Queen Victoria the first of her name, (May God bless her !)
When leap-year the privilege gave (as it ought),
To let her own choice as her husband address her ;
Count over days four,
Not another day more—
Comes Her Majesty’s marriage, St. Vally’s before.
And here let us toast in this goblet of wine,
The Princess and Prince of that St. Valentine.

THE STANDARD FOOTMAN.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

THE Art of rising in the world has been inculcated by numberless lessons of wisdom pretending to the minor aim of polishing the manners and enlightening the understanding. But it is, perhaps, only in a single instance that proficiency therein manifests itself from the period the future great man is able to run alone.—No one foresaw the future author of Macbeth in little Will in his swaddling-clothes. No one can have surmised Sir Isaac Newton in the cunning little Isaac, chary of his tops and marbles. But, in the great lanky footboy of twelve shooting up, like a bean-stalk in the fairy tale, in spite of all the wants and miseries that ought to keep him flat and compact, many a starving mother of the lower classes has foreseen the STANDARD FOOTMAN!

The standard footman is the man of genius of humble life, where the only *esprit* recognised is *l'esprit du corps*. The standard footman is the Lovelace of the kennel,—the Rochester of the area-gate. If the link-boy offer a striking burlesque of the Page of chivalry, the standard footman is a moral parody upon the beau of old comedy, the Lord Foppington of the stage. He is, in fact, the only *Marquis* (as a *Marquis* was painted by Molière) extant in Great Britain. The standard footman has “a livery more guarded than his fellows.” His wages, which he calls a salary, double theirs. Yet he is as infallibly in debt as invariably in love; deep in the books of his laundress,—deep in the affections of the linen-draper’s daughter, who would fain disgrace her family, and descend from the dignities of the counter, to become his wife. “*Fay, bless you!*” as her neighbours say, “what can she be a-thinking on?—Richard ben’t by no means a marrying man!”

The only falling off, by the way, in the vocation of the standard footman, is this same Richardism. In France, in the days of magnificence, when palaces were constructed like Versailles, tragedies like those of Racine, and comedies like those of Molière, great people had ant-hills of lackeys, in their households, who clung behind their coaches and six, on gala days, and ran errands in the absence of that modern locomotive convenience, the post. But in those grandiose times aristocratic mouths disdained to pronounce familiarly the vulgar appellations bestowed by godfathers and godmothers at the baptismal font.

When a man’s name was John, they call’d him,

not “Richard,” but “Frontin.” Their lackeys were slaves of their vassalry. Their lackeys, who were of the earth, earthy—a mere part and parcel of the clay of their estates, were called, instead of Tom or Harry, “Champagne,” “Lorrain,” “Picard,” according to their province; or Jasmin, or La Fleur, according to their valet de

clownbrehood. There was vast magniloquence in this. — "York you wanted!" or, "send Gloucester or Dorset to me," would certainly have a grander sound than "I rang for John." "Call Northumberland!" has absolutely a Shakspearian twang with it, and never more so than if applied to a stalwart, well-drilled standard footman.

Premising, however, that for the present these esquires of the aristocratic body are still called Robert or Richard, ("two pretty men,") it may be observed that the man btrn for the honours of a Marchionessorial chariot in Grosvenor Square, is fated to begin a life of servitude with gloomy prospects. The standard footman is sure to have been in his time an overgrown, lanky boy,—a diminutive sign-post or clothes horse, with the action of a telegraph, or an Irish member. No chance for him of the boudoir education of pagehood. At fourteen, he is a great awkward hulk, with uncouth limbs and features, whose only hope of preferment is by enlisting in the household brigade. But his awkwardness and uncouthness are that of a scaffolding promising the standard footman hereafter.

Even such a scaffolding was Tom Scroggs, one of seven sturdy little savages abiding in the cottage of Thomas Scroggs the elder, a locksman on the Paddington canal, domiciled in one of the squalid hovels on Boxmoor, ere Boxmoor became a land of railroads. The mother was a straw-plaiter, according to the custom of the county of Herts; and her children, as soon as their little fingers could move, were taught to fidget between them the coarse rushes of the moor, as a preliminary to the fair and glossy straws which at some future time were to be enwoven by them for the Dunstable market. All was plaiting in the hovel. The children seemed born neat-fingered and adroit. As the spinners of Hindostan possess a peculiar organization of the finger tips, enabling them to draw out the filmy threads that constitute the beauty of India muslins, so the Hertfordshire children possess an hereditary instinct for the manual jerk which accomplishes a first-rate straw-plaiter.

Tom, however, the second boy, was an exception. Tom rebelled against this sedentary employment. Tom had a soul above straws. At twelve years old, he was a Patagonian, towering above his brothers and sisters, and threatening some danger to the bare rafters of his low-browed dwelling; the cobwebs pendent whereunto were fanned hither and thither as he traversed the clay-floored chamber, which "served them for kitchen, for parlour, and all." It is a charming theme for elegiac poets to versify upon the union of poverty and content. Let them only try it for a year or two! Let them observe face to face the contentment of the poor. Sickness and neediness are peevish visitations; and Thomas Scroggs and Martha Scroggs were accordingly as cross a pair of parents as any Earl or Countess in Grosvenor Square, harassed by sons who choose to marry to please themselves, and daughters who do not please to marry at all. The mother was a scold, the father a brute; and Mr. and Mrs. Scroggs cuffed their offspring *ad libitum*, whenever they wanted courage to scold and cuff each other, or perhaps for the sake of variety, for their life was not chequered with much pastime: they had no plays or operas to resort to for diversion; and, under such circumstances, a domestic row may perhaps constitute an agreeable excitement.

Tom, however, was of a contrary opinion ; and at length determined upon deserting altogether the hovel whose bread was at once so hard and so scanty, but whose words and blows, though equally hard, were superabundant. He was an extremely bad straw-plaiter ; but there was no reason, he thought, that a frame so robust as his might not prove expert at some more manly calling. The Sunday-school at Two-Waters had made a scholar of him ; that is, he could write his own name, and spell other people's when written, without much difficulty ; and entertained little doubt (at fourteen years of age who does?) of being able to make his independent way in the world.

Most people have a vein of poetry in their souls, if they only knew where to find it. The silver thread in the iron or brazen nature of Tom Scroggs was a fond affection for a little sister two years younger than himself ; a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, diminutive creature, the most adroit of the hereditary race of straw-plaiters. To quit little Mary without a word of farewell, was out of the question ; and the word of farewell, the first he had ever had occasion to utter, brought a flood of tears. Tears purify the stubborn heart, as dew freshens the flower, and even the weed ; and, in the moment of tenderness following this expansion of spirit, Tom confided all to his sister !

Now Mary was a little meek-spirited coward, and trembled for her brother. Stories of runaway children form the romance of the humble hearth-side ; and in the agony of her little bursting heart she rose betimes from the straw-pallet shared with their younger sisters, and went and told her tale to her parents, that they might interrupt the escape of Master Thomas. Of course, the father's first impulse was to inflict such chastisement upon the boy as might render his distasteful home still more distasteful. But, after the severe thrashing which he knew would render escape impossible for a time, Scroggs the elder made proof that second thoughts are best, by proceeding to the neighbouring paper-mill, and obtaining for his uncouth offspring occupation in the manufactory. Before the day was up, the gaunt lad was established as an extra errand-boy, — on the ground, perhaps, of having for his years the longest legs in the parish.

The clumsy delinquent was by degrees promoted to the honour of blacking shoes and cleaning knives, to the relief of the parlour-maid, who waited at table in the establishment,—though too great a Yahoo to be admitted to an ostensible share of her labours. Even the manufacturer's wife, though far from a fine lady, saw the impossibility of producing before company, as her foot-page, a Hottentot, the sleeves of whose fustian jacket, and the legs of whose fustian trousers were always a world too short for his tremendous elongations. At sixteen, Tom was still an unlicked cub. He was the odd man, that is the odd boy, of the household ; worked in the garden, fed rabbits, split wood, went on errands, no matter what ; but still he was so gigantic for his years that these puerile occupations appeared as little suitable to him as the distaff of Omphale to the hands of the great club-man of the antique world. He was evermore jeered by the parlour-maid.

Don Juan or Byron — for Don Juan is but the comic mask of the noble poet, as Childe Harold his tragic one,—assures us that

'Tis pleasant to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes.

In humble life, it is perhaps equally agreeable to be instructed in the folding of table-cloths, and filling of salt-cellars, by female hands. The severest butler, the most barbarous groom of the chambers, would not have made a thousandth part so accomplished a scholar of Scroggs junior, as the burnished, bustling, little damsel, whose cherry-coloured cheeks vied with her cherry-coloured ribands, and who officiated as commander-in-chief in the pantry of the paper-mill. Maria's chidings were so much like praise! Maria's chidings of the errand-boy's awkwardness being, of course, just as coquettish in their way, as the *agaceries* of a young lady in her third London season, of the little faults of a raw ensign in the Guards,—that is, a raw ensign having a handsome face or handsome fortune. The ensign in the Guards so piquantly chided, becomes a dandy; the cub so charmingly cuffed, becomes an accomplished footman.

Thus pleasantly passed the tenour of Tom Scroggs's days, including the Sundays which, by permission of his Pharaoh of the mill, were usually spent in wandering about the green lanes by Gadesbridge, or Gaddesden, with his sisters; the straw-bonnet of his darling Mary being twisted round with a garland of woodbine or wild clematis, or hazel-nuts, pulled for her by his high-reaching hand; and thus, succeeding years might have worn away with little vicissitude, save those of summer and winter, spring and autumn, which changed the garlands from green wheat-ears to yellow, or the bouquets from bundles of violets to bundles of cornflowers,—when, lo! some malicious influence willed that the gaunt errand-boy of the paper-mill should be despatched with a packet of stationery to the steward's room, or office, of Ashridge Castle—the Windsor of the neighbourhood of Boxmoor.

From his boyhood, on occasions of battues in the woods, Tom Scroggs had made his way into those aristocratic precincts; had penetrated into the green grassy dells, and gazed with admiring eyes upon the herded deer gathered under those drooping beech-trees, the pride of the neighbourhood. But he had never approached the house, then but recently completed. To him it was as a majestic and forbidden palace—magical in its structure as that of Aladdin,—a thing to dream of in awe and rapture, as the eternal palace of the Unspeakable.

But upon this occasion, he was privileged to “pass the guards, the gates, the wall;”—to penetrate the courts both outer and inner, and finally make way into the domestic offices of the potentate so great in his eyes, to whom his burthen was addressed, as “The Right Honourable Earl of Bridgewater.”

On his way, the eye of the young errand-man caught a glimpse of a terrestrial Paradise beyond all his former imaginings!—

On the smooth shaven lawn, before the long Gothic front of the hall, the white freestone of which was carved and pierced as though minarets of Brussels lace were uplifted in the air; on the smooth-shaven lawn, green as though one entire and perfect emerald lay extended in the sunshine, or rather, not an emerald, but a soft expanse of verdant velvet, worthy the foot of a queen, and the tripsome steps of her lovely ladies of honour,—on this smooth-shaven lawn, was a wicket set up; and, lo! a group of well-made, well-dressed indivi-

duals, in nankeen tights and silk stockings, and shirts of respectable make and whiteness, were indulging in the midsummer pastime of cricket !

For a moment, Tom Scroggs entertained little doubt that these gentlemen, whose laughter was ringing in the air, while their balls were bounding along the green, could be none other than the goodly sons of the Earl (albeit sons he had none), or Members of Parliament, or great lords, or perhaps captains of the armies of the King. But, on comparing the nankeen tights and woven silk enveloping their lower man, with the nankeen tights and woven silk adorning the extremities of certain bystanders, over whose shirts were still buttoned the livery coats of the house of Egerton, Tom Scroggs perceived that the cricketers were none other than the lackeys of Lord Bridgewater, disporting themselves according to their custom of an afternoon, and the benign permission of the venerable Earl and Countess. Wandering towards an iron garden-fence hard by, his eye caught sight of the coats which had been flung aside by the heroes *in cuero*, so much greater men *without* their laced jackets than with them. Spruce, lustrous, joyous, well powdered as they were, they were simply footmen—not angels, but footmen !

From that moment, Tom dreamed only of a livery. From that moment, footmen became in his imagination

Gay creatures of the elements,
That in the colours of the rainbow live ;

happy individuals in nankeen tights and shirts of fine Irish ; whose chief occupation in the household of an Earl is to play cricket on a green lawn, alternated with shade and sunshine by quivering beech-trees. Tom had never seen London,—never heard

The rattle of street-pacing steeds,—

nor the rat-tat-too of a footman's thundering rap. Vigils, cares, watchings, waitings, were mysteries to him.

Be it freely admitted that Tom Scroggs, like Caesar, was ambitious. He began to loathe the sight, sound, and smell of the mill. He despised the simple suits and simpler manners of the workmen. Doubling the folly of Malvolio, he could think of nothing but lords and ladies. To tread evermore upon smooth lawns or smoother carpets ; to play everlasting cricket and the fool—oh ! happy fate ! oh ! thrice happy footmen !

Tom, though a rebellious, had not been a bad son. From the period of his having wages at command, they had been transferred to the house on Boxmoor ; and sister Mary had now a handsome shawl for Sundays, to enhance the simplicities of her straw-bonnet.

But he was now generous no longer. He was become an egotist, —the first step towards becoming a great man. As a preliminary to silk hose, he made a purchase of cotton ones to replace on Sundays his coarse, speckled, worsted stockings ; and became, by one, by two, and by three, a man of many shirts. By degrees his wardrobe grew and grew ; and, though it contained nothing which the gentleman in nankeen summer-tights would not have consigned to the flames or the old clothes shop, it was as a dawning of dandyism to the Hertfordshire clown.

An ambitious mind is not disposed to let "I dare not, wait upon I world." Tom was well aware that a livery would not fall, like the prophet's mantle, on his shoulders, while he stood gazing afar off upon the splendour of Ashridge Castle; and, after much heart-aching and head-aching, yearning and spurring, aspiring and desiring, Tom Scroggs gave warning at the mill, and came straight to town, where his handsome person and a four years' character procured him a situation as second footman in the family of a wealthy cit, not too choice in the graces of his lackeys. A firm, active, good-humoured-looking young man, to go behind Mrs. Graham's blue coach, with red wheels, in a green livery, and help to wait at table at his villa at Edmonton, was all he wanted; and Scroggs was the man for his money. "Thomas was the civilest fellow in the world. Thomas was a tulip!"

All this was miles and miles distant from the nankeen tights and the greensward at Ashridge;—and the soul of genius was burning within the body of Thomas, and consuming it away. Nothing like a secret grief for refining the mind and manners. In the pantry of the Grahams, the pensive youth sat and dreamed of the West End. No boy-member, conscious of the inspirations of a Fox or a Burke, ever sighed more wofully after distinction. The blue coach and its modest cipher were loathsome in his sight. He wanted coronets and supporters. He wanted a simple livery in place of the spinach-coloured coat and lace wherewith he was bedizened. He wanted levees,—he wanted drawing-rooms at which to display his noble proportions.

There does not exist an object of modern art, an adjunct of modern civilization, more exclusively and peculiarly artificial, than the London chariot of some fashionable English duchess,—a *bijou*, in all but its dimensions: the ease of its movements, smooth as the address of a ministerial candidate,—the lustre of its component parts, polished as the manners of a Lord Chamberlain,—the precision, elegance, symmetry, and proportion of its distribution,—the blood horses,—the standard footmen,—so nicely matched,—the harness so light, and yet so heavy,—the coachman in his snow-white wig and cocked-hat, so ponderous, yet so light of hand; the elastic cushions, with their pale delicate silk lace, the polished ivory handles, the fleecy rug, the resplendent panels,—the varnish, black as jet,—all these are glorious adjuncts of the life that begins at two o'clock in the day, and ends at four o'clock in the morning!

The best part of the town chariot, however, decidedly consists in its brace of standard footmen. A pair of anything—saving a matrimonial pair—is sure to have an harmonious appearance. A pair of pictures, a pair of statues, a pair of vases, a pair of consoles, a pair of shells, sells for fourfold the money of the same objects single. There is something in the words "a good match" agreeable to other ears besides the mothers of many daughters. Most things in nature are of the dual number,—substance bears its shadow,—sound its echo;—and happiness is by no means the only abstract sentiment that is "born a twin."

But of all the happy pairs in creation, few are more agreeable to the eye than a pair of standard footmen. Sportsmen accustomed to talk of partridges and Mantons, usually say brace;—but pair

comes more glibly. A pair of standard footmen seems to be the real pair of inexpressibles. For many years, it was the custom of every servants' hall to have its hiring-stand, whereby the altitude of the footman presenting himself for an engagement was decided. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Now-a-days, a box is set up, compact as a coffin, in which the absolute dimensions of the appendage to the town chariot are minutely verified ; — so many inches across the shoulders, — in girth so much, — and so forth. The match must be as exact as that of a pair of Shetland ponies intended to run in a royal carriage. Even complexion and whiskers come into the account ; and last season, it transpired that one of the most elegant and fashionable countesses of the day had sent for her apothecary, and placed one of her standard footmen under as severe a course of medicine and regimen as though he had been about to run for the Derby, because he was outgrowing his measure, and was too accomplished a fellow to be dismissed from his service for obesity. It was an easier affair to starve him down than to replace him.

Bitter was the anguish of spirit with which the Thomas of the Barbecues contemplated these aristocrats of the shoulder-knot as they flitted past him, mounted on their monkey-boards, behind the brilliant equipages of the season ; yet all winter he stood his destiny manfully.

It is a painful task to dwell upon the infirmities of human nature. Everybody knows who looks at a balloon that it is destined for the skies ; and everybody knew who looked at Thomas that he was assured of the future honours of the standard. But the air-balloon takes a terrible long time in the filling ; exposed to endless bumpings and thumpings in the contest between its skyward and earthward tendency ; and equally percussive were the changes of Tom Scroggs's fortunes, while vibrating between the East and the West.

Not to dwell too long upon the pantry, suffice it for posterity that, in the twenty-third year of his age,—this boy premier, this Pitt of the shoulder-knot,—was established as the second of the two helots in blue and gold of the fashionable young Countess of Frothington, in Carlton Gardens ; — the most accomplished of his vocation,—the Trip of living life.

Never was there such a Thomas seen as *our* Thomas ; —

— A creature
Framed in the very poetry of nature ;

a picture of a standard footman ; a man who might have preceded the sedan of Lady Teazle or the beautiful Lady Coventry ; or delivered in the ticket of the fairest of duchesses at Hastings's trial. Where had he attained all these accomplishments ? There is a college in Normandy for the education of learned poodles, where they take degrees as bachelors of the arts of telling fortunes on cards, or become Doctors Bow-wowring. But is there—(perhaps some one of the two hundred thousand readers of Bentley's Miscellany may be able to inform me)—is there within the bills of mortality a school for the perfecting of footmen ? It is next to impossible that such airs and graces can come by nature. A poet is born a poet ; — a standard footman can scarcely be born a standard footman ; — or, at all events, little Tom Scroggs can scarcely have been born the unequalled Thomas of Carlton Gardens.

Imagine, dear two hundred thousand readers, imagine the marble—the Apollo Belvedere mollified by a tepid bath, and dressed by Meyer or Curlewis in a suit fitting as close as the glove of an *élégante* of the Chaussée d'Antin, or the calyx of a rose-bud!—Imagine a head powdered and perfumed like that of Fleury in the part of some charming Marquis!—Imagine a cocked-hat with its silver-lace and tassels so nicely balanced over the well-powdered head, that if “zephyr blowing underneath the violet, not wagging its sweet head,” had chosen to have a blow at the head of Thomas, it must have been blown over.

No need to dwell upon the whiskers, arranged in tiers of curls, five tiers in the right whisker and four in the left, according to the fashion of the most memorable coxcomb of the day. No need to enlarge upon a complexion which perhaps owed something to the Kalydor and Gowland, said by Lord Frothington's *valet de chambre* to disappear in a most mysterious manner from his lordship's toilet-table, with his orange-flower pomatum and *bouquet de verveine*. No need to describe the fit of a varnished shoe, “small by degrees, and beautifully less,” at the extremity of a manly leg, vying with that of Pam on a court card. For the distinctions of Thomas were not solely physical.—Thomas was a Rochester and a Buckingham in refinement of mind as well as body. For four preceding years, Thomas had made the Morning Post his daily study, and the Peerage and Baronetage his Sunday reading. Thomas knew what was what, and who was whom,—everybody by name who had a name, and anybody by sight worthy to meet the eyes of a standard footman.

Whatever carriage might roll to the door in Carlton Gardens, for its footman to deliver the name of the visitors was wholly superfluous;—the Heralds' office united could not have produced a more cunning interpreter of arms and liveries than Thomas. He was moreover a living Court Guide and ambulatory Directory. No sooner had two syllables of the name of the person she intended to visit escaped the lips of the young Countess of Frothington, than Thomas was perched behind the chariot beside Henry, like twin Mercuries “new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,” while a distinct enunciation, “clear as a trumpet with a silver sound,” conveyed instructions to the coachman;—and off, like an arrow from a bow, went the carriage; obeying, like the magic horse of a fairy tale, the scarcely expressed wishes of its lovely mistress, the spell being breathed by the accomplished lips of Thomas.

It has been hinted, that Lady Frothington's two Trips were so Machiavelic in their policy, so perfect in their tact, as to know precisely at what part of the file of carriages at the Opera, Almack's, or other balls, to place her ladyship's chariot, so as to be within reach at the precise moment they were likely to be called for. They were supposed to be able to infer to a second at what o'clock the Countess was likely to be bored, according to the carriages and cabriolets in waiting; or the likelihood of a division in the House of Commons, or the claims of a party at the palace. For instance, on observing the pretty Viscountess alight from her carriage, attired in her chatelaine of diamonds, when his own lady happened to wear only flowers or turquoises, Thomas, certain that the Countess would shrink from being over-blazed, hastened to bring up Lady Frothington's equipage within ready reach, and kept as close to the door as

was compatible with the unsavoury odours of the linkmen and other fractions of the populace who congregate at the heels of the police, wherever lords and ladies assemble together for the purpose of sitting through a ball, or talking through a concert.

The moment a certain cabriolet was seen to drive upon the other hand, and deposit one of the most popular of aristocratic dandies, Thomas would intimate to the coachman that he might retire to the opposite side of the square, or end of the street, and enjoy his two hours' snooze, unmolested by the coughing of horses, the smashing of panels, or the snoring of his brother whips. Exact as an astronomer's calculations of a planet's rising and setting, were those of the standard footman touching the duration of the flirtations of her ladyship.

In former times, in the old-fashioned halls of our family mansions, the domestics of visitors were allowed to sit down and wait for their masters and mistresses; inasmuch as, the season being then really winter, the footmen would have run some chance of being frozen to death at the doors; and highly offensive were the results of a practice which compelled young and gentle ladies to confront the ordeal of their insolent stare and vulgar comments on their way to the uncloaking room. Now, it is considered that the insolent stare and vulgar comments of the dandies above are sufficient; and very few and very quizzical are the houses where the livery of London is admitted beyond the threshold. A modern vestibule, delicately carpeted and filled with exotics, is a far more appropriate portico to the temple of pleasure, than a hall full of dusty or humid livery-servants.

Now that the regulations of the police are as accurate as the escapements of clock-work,—now that the London season commences with the strawberry season, and ends with pheasant-shooting, the appropriate place for footmen is the pavement, whence they meet in parliament on the coach-box, over the opposite corners of whose hammercloth the twin Mercuries swing their legs and canes, on either side of Coachee, like genii perched upon the marble angles of a monument in Westminster Abbey.

“ There they talk,—
Ye gods, how they do talk !”—

of the state of the nation,—the state of their lords and ladies,—the state of ladies who love their lords, and lords who love their ladies. They know everything,—they say everything. With *them* no delicate hints,—no slight insinuations,—no shirking a question, or diplomatising an answer. They are in everybody's secrets. My lady can only surmise the mysteries of my lord, or my lord those of my lady. Their footmen are at the bottom of both. Their footmen have compared notes with the footmen who brought the notes. However cautiously the secret may have been worded in the morning, it is sure to be blurted out without reserve, at night, between the accomplished gentleman in blue and gold and the accomplished gentleman in silver and white.

At the gate of Kensington Gardens, or the Zoological Gardens, or *déjeuners*, or exhibitions, day after day, a meeting assembles like that of the Scientific Association, calculated to bring all things to light. The gossip of one fashionable dinner-table alone, within ear-shot of three or four first-rate Thomases, is sufficient to disperse

throughout the town rumours enough to set a hundred families of consideration into a ferment.

Perhaps the most fastidious gentleman now extant is the standard footman. The style in which he surveys a snobby equipage, —or answers the “Lady Frothington at home?” of some stunted Richard in a quizzical livery, the armorial bearings correspondent with which have neither place nor station in Debrett or Lodge, might form a study for the less impudent scorners of Crockford’s. The eye of half vacant wonder with which he contrives to express his amazement that such *very* obscure individuals should exist in the world, and such *very* detestable equipages be allowed to go about, — the extraordinary flexibility of feature whereby he conveys his utter alienation and estrangement of nature from the animal who affects confraternization with him, because also arrayed in a parti-coloured coat, is beyond all praise. Bruynmell could not have done it better, when wreaking his dandified contempts upon his “fat friend” George the Fourth.

In this superlative exquisitism of the shoulder-knot; the Thibet of Carlton Gardens excelled.

“Going to Willis’s with your vouchers? Then pray change ours for me,” said a certain James, the “standard” of Lady R., a banker’s lady of Cavendish Square, on meeting Lady Frothington’s “standard,” in the neighbourhood of King Street, one Wednesday morning.

“*Weekees?*” ejaculated Thomas, with a countenance calculated to turn *all* the cream in Grange’s shop, — “of what are you talking? My dear fellow, — you don’t suppose we go to Almack’s? Her ladyship refused the patroness-ship last season. Almack’s is vastly well to bring out squires’ daughters, or push the acquaintance of bankers’ wives; but we have given it up these two years.”

Thomas is an epicure as well as a dandy. Thomas never tastes ice of anything but fresh strawberries, and March. Thomas accompanies other Thomas to the doors of “creoles in British commands,” while waiting for her ladyship at one of those parties, when the carriage is despatched to the other end of the street; or when the square, Thomas is scrupulously careful to quaff in a tumbler the brown stout which less fastidious humbugs are quite willing to swallow out of pewter pots. Thomas would not dream of soiling his well-starched cravat by exposing round to the eyes of nursery-maid-tripping down the steps of Carlton Gardens, the it of his shirt-fab’ being quite unbuttoned, so as to any of the dear creatures who have given to the fashionable clubs the aspect of milliner’s shops.

It is not aware of the existence of the multitudinous, untitled, saving as “the populace.” He talks about “the people” as being never contented; and wonders what all this rubbish can mean about the repeal of the Corn Laws. As he steps jauntily across the kennel, with his hat on one side, and his thumb jerked negligently into his waistcoat, on his way to deliver a note to the handsome young Marquis, Thomas is fifty times as fine a gentleman as any one of the heroes of the nankeen tights. But who on earth would ever detect the ragged urchin of Boxmoor in this essenced fop, — this sunny epicurean! — Who would ever surmise the lanky errand-boy in Lady Frothington’s STANDARD FOOTMAN?

JONAS GRUBB'S COURTSHIP.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

In which Jonas is discovered under the influence of the green-eyed monster.



“ H, Lar', Molly! I thunks on 'e all day long, and drames on 'e o' nights! When wool 'e zay eez, and put m' out o' me mizery, Molly? Them eyes o' yourn be as black as slans, and warn't made to luk zo scarnvul.”

This tender appeal was addressed by Jonas Grubb to his master's plump rosy-cheeked and black-eyed maid-servant, as he came into the kitchen to breakfast.

Molly appeared to be too much engaged in preparing the morning-meal to pay any attention to her lover, who continued to plead his cause.

“ Ah! Molly,” said he, “ ye purtends to be as dunch as a bittle, but I kneows 'e hears ev'ry word I zays. How can 'e gwo on zo—it's ~~ag~~ gravition, I tell 'e.”

“ Lar' a massey! what a caddle, th' bist a makin', Jonas,” said ~~the~~ the damsels, turning sharply round; “ th' bist out o' thee wits!”

“ Ah! to be zhure I be; and who made m' zo, Molly?” was Jonas's rejoinder.

“ Lar'! Maester Grubb,” cried the girl; “ how should *I* kneow.”

“ Why, it's theezelf, thee owpzelf, Molly,” continued her lover. “ Do 'e take pity on m', and let's be married at Whitzuntide.”

“ He! he! he!” laughed Molly. “ I ain't thought o' zuch a theng, Jonas.”

“ Coom, coom, then, *begin* to thenk on't, Molly.”

“ Time enuf vor that, Jonas.”

“ No, there ain't.”

“ Eez, there be.”

“ No, there ain't, I tell 'e; dwon't tarment a body zo.”

“ ~~I~~ dwon't tarment th'.”

“ Eez, but 'e dwoes, Molly,” said the love-sick clodpole, taking her by the hand; “ them lips o' your'n were made vor kissin'.”

And suiting the action to the word, he endeavoured to convince her that he was in earnest; her chubby cheek received the salute, while, endeavouring to free herself from his grasp, she cried, half-laughing, half angry,—

“ Ha' done, Jonas! Dwon't 'e be a cussnation wool! I 'll call missus!”

“ Noa, noa, I zha'n't: I dwon't mind vor nobody,” continued Jonas, still struggling with the coy Abigail. “ I won't ha' done vor King George his self.”

"Leave m' 'lone, y' great gawney!" cried the girl; "here's zomebody comin'."

At that moment a loud "Haw! haw!" was heard outside, and Jonas, relinquishing his grasp, turned, and saw the grinning countenance of his fellow-servant, George Gabbett, looking in at the moment, his eyes dilated to their fullest extent, and his enormous mouth stretching from ear to ear.

"What! I've cot 'e, have I!" cried George, as he entered the kitchen: "pretty gwain's on, I thenks — what'll our missus zay to 't."

Molly hung down her head, and Jonas, affecting indifference, pretended to be amused with something which he saw from the window. When, however, he turned his head, he perceived that something had passed between George and Molly, *sotto voce*, for the girl blushed scarlet, and George began to whistle a tune, with a view to lull suspicion.

Jonas felt that he was a miserable clodpole, and that his worst fears were realised. He beheld in the awkward, goggle-eyed, and huge-mouthed George Gabbett, a *rival*, — he was quite sure of it, and his heart sunk within him at the thought. What could she see in George to prefer before him? He was not ill-looking, while his fellow-servant was a perfect fright.

Certes, there was nothing prepossessing in the *looks* of George Gabbett; but, like many other ugly fellows, Nature had given him "a tongue that might wheedle the devil," and he had, ere the morning in question, made good use of it, to the prejudice of Jonas, and the advancement of his own suit.

It is very true that Molly had often compared the looks of her two swains, and had really thought Jonas a good-looking young fellow, and a good-natured one to boot; but, whenever her heart was inclined towards her more comely lover, the eloquent persuasion of George Gabbett put him entirely out of her head for a time.

Jonas felt much annoyed at the rude interruption he had just experienced, but he considered it politic to dissemble; so, having mused awhile as he looked out of the window, he turned, and entered into conversation with George, who had already laid siege to the bread and bacon, while Molly had gone to fetch a mug of beer.

"Bist a gwain' to th' vair next week, Gearge?" he inquired.

"Ah, that I be," said the rustic Thersites, with a provoking smile, which distorted his huge mouth amazingly; "and Molly's gwain' wi' m'."

"No, I'll be drattled if her is!" cried Jonas indignantly.

"Hollo! what 'st *thee* got to do wi' t?" said Gabbett: "her won't ask *thy* leave, I'm zhure."

"Eez, her wool."

"Noa, her won't."

"But I kneows her won't gwo with 'e!" cried Jonas, waxing warm.

"Well, wayt a bit, and zee if her dwon't."

"I shan't wayt vor zuch a vool as thee," said Jonas, losing his temper.

"Haw! haw!" laughed the other. "*He's the vool as loses!*"

This provoking reply stung Jonas to the quick: he felt as if he could have destroyed his rival at a single blow.

" 'Od drattle thee body ! " he cried, bursting with rage ; " dost thee suppose any wench 'll ever luk at *thy* ugly veace ? "

George Gabbett laughed at this demonstration until he was in danger of choking, for he had continued to demolish the bread and bacon, without being put out of his way by Jonas's jealous fit. But when he found that his fellow-servant had worked himself up into a passion, he lost all command of himself, and roared like a bull-calf with very glee.

" What bist a lafin' at, y' ugly wosbird ! " said Jonas, trembling with choler ; and, striding up to Gabbett, he knocked the huge lumps of bread and bacon out of his horny fist to the other end of the kitchen.

This was too much. Gabbett jumped up, and, with an oath, threw himself into the most approved boxing attitude, calling upon Jonas to " Come on, and vight it owt like a man ; " but, because of the threatened combat now re-entered the kitchen with the mug of beer. Stepping between her lovers, she entreated them to desist.

" Do 'e zet down, Gearge ! —zet down, Jonas," said Molly, alarmed at the fierce looks of the belligerents ; " *pray* do 'e leave off this, or I 'll gwo and drow m'zelf in th' os-pond as zhure's vate." And having uttered this pathetic appeal, she raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

" Dwon't 'e fret, Molly," said Jonas, sitting down. " I won't touch un."

" Thed 'st better not," observed George Gabbett as he went in search of his stray bread and bacon, which, however, the old house-dog had quietly devoured during the fray. " If th' put'st a vinger on m', I 'll knock thee yead off."

" Be quiet, Gearge—be quiet," said Molly. " If 'e dwon't be quiet, I 'll gwo and pack up my thengs, and leave *directly*."

" What did a knock my vittels out o' m' hand, then, vor ? " growled Gabbett, taking his seat, and helping himself to an enormous piece of bread, upon which he placed a thick slice of bacon, and then a smaller piece of the former, on which to rest his thumb while he divided the mass with his clasp-knife.

Jonas also began to help himself, though his appetite had been blunted a little by what had passed, and their meal was discussed in silence, with an occasional interchange of black looks, for neither party appeared desirous of renewing the conversation.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Which shows that even personal ugliness may be occasionally turned to some account.

" HAW ! haw ! haw ! haw ! "

" He ! he ! he ! he ! "

" Oh Lar' ! only luk at *that* ! Did 'e ever zee zuch a veace in all yer life ? "

" Lar' a' massey ! I howpes as how there's no married 'oman here to-day ! Haw ! haw ! haw ! I shall zartinely die o' lafin' ! "

Such were the exclamations which came from a crowd of men, women, and boys, assembled round a stage, upon which two rustics were grinning through horse-collars. The various attractions of the fair

were neglected for a while, and even the grimaces of "Joey" on the adjoining stage gave place to the wonderful contortions of the human face divine exhibited by the two clodpoles, who were certainly striving their utmost to show how far Nature's lines might be perverted.

"Grin away, Tom!" cried a fellow in the crowd. "Grin away, m' bwoy! Thee 't get th' hat, I'm zartin zhure."

"Two to one on Jim," roared another; "he'd grin a hosse's yead off."

"They're a couple o' th' ugliest wosbirds in the vair," cried a third; "'e wont vind zuch a pair as they in a hurry, I'll be bound."

Among the crowd was Jonas Grubb, and his fellow-servant, George Gabbett, who had adjusted their differences, and come to indulge in the humours of the fair. Gabbett was looking earnestly at the grinning contest, and, having observed it for some time in silence, he turned to his compa[redacted]

"Jonas," said he, "I thunks I could do that as well as they."

"Thee bist a queer quist,"* remarked Jonas sarcastically; "I wonder th' doesn't try't."

"Dald if I dwon't," cried Gabbett; "bide a bit till they chaps ha' done."

In a few minutes the umpires decided in favour of one of the grinners, who was therefore declared the victor, if no other competitor appeared; but he enjoyed his honours for a short time only, and when George Gabbett mounted the stage, there was a sort of anticipatory laugh among the crowd, who made sure that he would bear off the prize.

"What'st thenk ov *he*, naybour?" cried an old man, pointing to the new candidate. "What'st thenk ov thuck ard'nary wosbird? A's enuf to vrighten the owld un."

"I zhuodn't like to vind un in bacon vor a month," said another. "What a mouth a's got, to be zhure!"

"What a yead!" cried a third.

"What a knock-kneed zon of a ——" remarked an old man. "I wonders how zuch a pair o' legs can stand under zuch a yead and zhowlders as hisn."

"Howld yer tongues," cried a woman in the crowd; "you'll put the young man out o' countenance, if 'e gwoes on zo."

All these remarks were very gratifying to Jonas Grubb, who wished that Molly had been there to hear them.

"The people be quite right," thought he; "a is a ugly twoad as a body may zee in a day's journey."

Meanwhile Gabbett had taken up the horse-collar, and thrust his head through it. The effect was irresistible; nothing was ever seen before so judiciously ugly. The men roared with delight, and the women laughed till they held their sides, while the boys, all below or

* "Thee bist a queer quist, or quest." — This phrase, so common in the north of Wiltshire, is said to have had its origin in the following story. A simple, half-witted country fellow, once went a birds'-nesting, and, having scrambled to the top of a pollard-oak, in the hope of finding the nest of a wood-pigeon, or wood-quest, he beheld therein a nest of young owls, certainly the oddest-looking creatures of the feathered tribe when young. The nestlings, perceiving the large goggle-eyes of the intruder looking down upon them, greeted him with a simultaneous hiss of indignant disapprobation, whereupon the clown drew back, and exclaimed as he looked upon the foremost, who manifested a disposition to resent this invasion of their abode,—"Thee bist a queer quest!"

two higher, joined in the general chorus. George Gabbett grinned with exultation, while the hitherto successful candidate looked glum, and seemed half inclined to abuse him for possessing so much ugliness.

"Give un the hat!" cried a dozen voices. "Ye 'll never zee his fellow if we stands here till doomsday!"

Gabbett here turned and made his obeisance to the spectators with an awkward bow, which he intended to be as much as possible like that of the favourite candidate at the late election. They acknowledged it with shouts of riotous laughter. Jonas wished his fellow-servant at Jericho.

The new hat was now taken from the pole on which it was set at the end of the stage and presented to Gabbett, who appeared absolutely crazed by his success. He seized the prize with one hand, and with the other tossed his old hat among the crowd. Wiser heads than his have rejected the maxim of the Roman poet, ~~and~~ neglected to shorten sail when too much swelled by the breeze of prosperity. As he descended the stage, a crowd of loose fellows pressed around, and asked him to treat them. He was too much elated to heed the remonstrances of Jonas, who thereupon left him to his fate.

The successful grinner was hurried to an alehouse amid ironical cries of triumph, which the conceited clown considered genuine manifestations of admiration.

"Why, you looks as vierce as Thomas o' Warminster,"* said a sinister-visaged fellow, eyeing his new hat, and keeping close to his side. "We must have a quart on the strength on't."

"Ah! that us woll—two or dree quarts!" cried the elated chopstick. "I've got a pound-bill, and I meaws to spend un afor I gwoes whoam! Here, landlord! bring us a quart o' zixpenny!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

pacts Apollo, and in which one of the lost fables of ~~Æsop~~ is

GEORGE GABBETT found no difficulty in obtaining plenty of people to drink to his success, and at his expense. The "pound-bill" had been changed, and was disappearing as fast as the ~~be~~ ³ purchased; for the working classes in town and country are wonderful proficients in such feats;† and there were no temperance societies and no Father

* Poor Thomas o' Warminster was another half-witted clodpole, who being at a neighbouring town, purchased a new hat, and was so delighted with his acquisition, that in the pride of his heart he resolved to treat himself with an extra quart, which had the effect of adumbrating the little sense he possessed. His road home at night lay through a wood, in which he soon lost himself, when he began to bawl out aloud for help, crying with stentorian lungs, "A man lost! a man lost!" The owls had taken up their evening song, and between the pauses of the rustic's shouts he plainly heard their prolonged "who-o-o-o!" — "Poor Thomas o' Warminster," replied he. "Who-o-o-o-o-o!" continued the owls, while he of Warminster repeated his answer; till at length waxing warm with the supposed authors of the interrogatories, who, he imagined by the provoking iteration, were making merry at his expense, he wrathfully roared out, "Poor Thomas o' Warminster, I tell ye,—and a vine new hat!"

† A story is told of a couple of fellows who once stole a barrel of beer from a stage-waggon. Having got it home, with the usual recklessness of the dishonest, they held a council with others of the same stamp how they might consume it. First one, then another hard drinker was named, as persons likely to render efficient

Matthews in those days. The human sponges stuck to their entertainer, and appeared willing to *drink* as long as *he paid*; while Gabbett himself, wrapt in an atmosphere of beer and tobacco smoke, was the presiding deity of the place. Songs, horse-laughter, and coarse jests resounded from upwards of a score of throats, and at length the bemused clodpole was asked to favour the company with a stave.

"Gen'elmen," said he, pressing down the ashes of his pipe, and spitting through his teeth,—"gen'elmen, I bean't much ov a zenger; but when I'm in company, I allus does m' best,—coz a body ough'n't to ax other people to do that as they dwon't like to do theirzelv's"—(hiccup).

"Horror!" cried the company, hammering the tables lustily, and stamping with their feet, in token of approval, "a zong! a zong!"

"Here gwoes, then," said Gabbett, and forthwith he commenced singing, in a voice which might have been heard all over the fair:—

THE HARNET AND THE BITTLE.

A Harnet zet in a hollow-tree,—
A proper spiteful twoad was he,—
And he merrily zung while he did zet,
His stinge as zharp as a baganet,
"Oh, who's zo bowld and vierre as I,
I veurs not bee, nor wapse, nor vly?"
Chorus—Oh, who's zo bowld, &c.

A Bittle up thuek tree did clim',
And scarnvully did luk at him,
Zays he, "Zur Harnet, who giv' thee
A right to zet in thuek there tree?
Although you zengs so nation vine,
I tell 'e it's a house o' mine."
Chorus—Although you zengs, &c.

The Harnet's conscience velt a twinge,
But growin' howld wi' his long stinge,
Zays he, "Possession's the best law,
Zo here th' shasn't pet a clav.
Be off, and leave the tree to me:
The Mixen's good enough vor thee!"
Chorus—Be off, and leave, &c.

Just then a Yucel: passin' by,
Was axed by them their cause to try.
"Ha! ha! it's very plain," zays he,
"They'll make a vamous muneh vor me.
His bill was zharp, his stomach lear,
Zo up a snapped the caddlin pair.
Chorus—His bill was sharp, &c.

MORAL.

All you as be to law inclined,
This leetle story bear in mind;
For if to law you ever gwo,
You'll vind they'll allus zarve 'e zo;

service in despatching the contents of the barrel, which was then to be burnt, in order that the robbery might not be traced. "Let's ask owld Tom," said one of the worthies. "Oh, noa," cried another; "it's o' no use a vetchin' *he*,—he can't drink no mwore nor dree gallons wi'out gettin' drunk!"

You 'll meet the vate o' these 'ere two :
 They 'll take your ewoat and carcass too !
 Chorus—You 'll meet the vate, &c.

There was a tremendous roar of approbation at the conclusion of this elegant ditty, and George Gabbett grinned like an ape with excess of self-conceit. The liquor was beginning to fuddle both him and those he was entertaining.

In the mean time Jonas had made the round of the fair, and seen all that was worth seeing, including giants and giantesses, dwarfs, fire-eaters and fire-vomitors, with a host of other intellectual sights, too numerous to be recorded here. Evening was now coming on, and Jonas, supposing his fellow servant well occupied, determined to steal home and have a *tête-à-tête* with Molly. He accordingly proceeded down a by-street, intending to reach the outskirts of the town, when, lo ! he came plump upon George Gabbett, reeling drunk, between two of the lowest women of the place. His hat, the *new* hat, which he had so successfully grinned for, was gone, and that which now graced his head was of the kind which modern Cockneys designate "shocking bad." No doubt some of the worthies he had been entertaining had lent him that to reel about in, while the new one was taken care of till his return !

" Ha ! Jonas !" stuttered the drunkard, " glad y 've coom, m' bwoy ! What 'll 'e ha' to drenk, eh ? "

" Nothin'," replied Jonas. " I be gwoin' whoame."

" Well, bide a bit, and ha' a drap o' zummut."

" Noa, I zhan't ha' no miwore to-day, iv I kneows it."

" Od drattle th' !" cried Gabbett, disengaging himself from his companions, and putting himself in a boxing attitude, " if 'e won't drenk, wull 'e eight ? "

" No, I won't do that nayther," said Jonas, trying to avoid him, when Gabbett raised his hand and struck a blow at him, which missed its aim, and the ~~stranger~~ ~~overbearing~~ ~~overbearing~~ ~~himself~~, fell flat on his face. Jonas thought this a ~~good~~ opportunity to beat a retreat, and taking to his heels, was soon out of the reach of his quarrelsome fellow-servant.

Having reached home, he found out Molly, and related to her in glowing colours George Gabbett's adventures at the fair, and the reader may be sure the description was "illustrated with cuts." The effect was just such as he wished and expected. Molly determined to renounce her profligate lover, and cleave to the more orderly one ;—in a word, she made up her mind from that hour to marry Jonas.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

" Needles and pins, needles and pins,
 When a man marries his trouble begins."—*Domestic Anthology*.

ABOUT a fortnight after the scene described in the preceding chapter, the curate at Cricklade announced to the congregation "the banns of marriage between Jonas Grubb and Mary Little," and these parties being "out axed," they were duly made man and wife, to the great chagrin of Mr. Gabbett, who wondered what Molly could see in such a fellow as Jonas.

About nine months afterwards, Jonas, who had been retained on the same farm as an out-door servant, was one morning missed by his fellow labourers, who observed that he did not come to work so early as usual. Breakfast time arrived, but no Jonas; and they had just finished their meal, and were preparing to return to work, when one of them discovered him approaching with an unusual air of dejection. It was a bitter cold winter morning, the snow covered the ground, and poor Grubb looked like a locomotive icicle. As he approached, various conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of his absence. At length he arrived among them, looking care-worn and woe-begone.

"Ha! Jonas," cried half a dozen voices, "what's the matter? What makes 'e zo late? How's missus?"

To this string of interrogatories Jonas replied, "Ho, her 's better now."

"Better! What, is her put to bed, then?" was the rejoinder.

"Eez."

"Ha! what 's a got?—a bwoy or a girl?"

"Neither."

"Ha, what!—neither a bwoy nor a girl! Has a got nothin'?"

"Oh, eez," replied Jonas, with a rueful expression of countenance, "a 's got zummut wi' a vengeance."

"Well, what *is* it, Jonas?—what is it, Jonas Grubb?"

"Twins!" said Jonas, mournfully.

There was a burst of horse laughter at this announcement. Some began to condole with poor Grubb, others to banter him; but George Gabbett, who was among them, said not a word, though it was apparent that he enjoyed Jonas's tribulation.

At length the men separated, and proceeded in different directions to their work. They had just cleared the court-yard, when Gabbett, looking over his shoulder at Jonas, who had remained behind, roared out,—

"Ah, Jonas! it 's a sharpish winter this; but it zeems *it ain't killed all the Grubbs!*"



"This love be a curious theng!"

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XVII.

Richard Savage launches into life, and becomes acquainted with two literary characters. He is introduced to a certain player, and makes his first dramatic experiment.

GREAVES and his wife officiated as mourners with me at the funeral of Ludlow, who was buried in St. James's church-yard. After the ceremony, I was laid hold upon by Lucas, who informed me that Lady Mason had died on that morning. I was not greatly moved by this intelligence. I could have forgiven Lady Mason the loss of my fortune, which she had caused; but I could not forgive her that she had furnished her daughter with a pretext for her hatred of me.

After defraying the expenses of Ludlow's funeral, I found myself in the possession of something less than twenty guineas. I had never before been master of so large a sum, and I made no doubt that long before it was exhausted I should be supplied with more; in what manner, or from whence, was a consideration to be entered upon at some future time. Flushed with my little fortune, I rejected Myte's faintly-urged offer of returning to him, and declined a pressing repetition of the proposal made to me by Burridge, that I would place myself under his care, to be sent to college, and to come forth a scholar and a gentleman. My contumacy offended both; who, widely different in all other respects, were alike,—as, indeed, all men are pretty much alike—in this, that they approved their own way so much, they could not endure that anybody else should presume to have a way of his own. My inexperience was the plea upon which each founded his right to dictate to me; but when I would not be dictated to, each resented it as though my experience should have taught me more wisdom.

Upon one thing I was resolved; that I would never again apply or appeal to my mother, or to Colonel Brett. Who I was, however, and how I had been treated, I determined to make extensively known. I was perfectly assured that my story would meet with an easy reception from the world. It was so improbable (thanks to Lady Mason) on some points, that no one would believe I could have invented it; and Nature had given me my mother's face as to the fact, and my mother's spirit in support of it. As my money melted under my fingers, I bethought me of the three hundred pounds which had been bequeathed to me by my godmother, Mrs. Lloyd. With some difficulty I discovered who this lady had been, where she had resided, and the name of her executor. To this worthy person I betook myself, and mentioning who I was, and the reasons which

had so long prevented me from putting forward my claim, I hinted significantly that I was now come for the money, which I wished forthwith should be placed at my disposal. The incredulous trustee laughed in my face—which was my best, as indeed it was the only voucher for my pretensions,—and reminding me that it was necessary I should furnish some more satisfactory evidence than features could establish, opened the door, and bade me a very good day.

In the mean while, I had made the acquaintance of a young fellow who had formerly occupied my lodgings, and who occasionally dropped in upon Mr. and Mrs. Greaves at dinner time, with a collection of casualties and calamities which he transferred from his own brain, where they had been created, to the peplachral bosoms of his excited listeners. In a short time, Merchant—or that was his name—found his way up stairs into my room, and made overtures of intimacy with me, which I gladly encouraged. His advantage over me in point of years, his fund of animal spirits, which were inexhaustible, and his utter and openly-expressed contempt of the forms and formalities of wealth and station, made him perhaps a dangerous companion to a youth, thrown loose upon the world; but they rendered him a very pleasing one. I soon fell in with his humour, and adopted his modes of thinking. I began to look down with great contempt upon those solemn “puts,”—for so he called them—who make the acquisition of money the sole employment of their lives; and he soon introduced me to a knot of choice spirits, his boon companions, who held, or professed to hold, in equal abhorrence all grovellers of whatever description. I believe the truth to be that many of these gentlemen accommodated their sentiments to their condition.

“Dick,” said he, one day, for we were now grown on terms of the utmost familiarity, “I wonder a young fellow of your spirit can endure to live with these dreary cannibals, who feed upon dead bodies.

I had long thought, I told him, of changing my lodging—the one I held being more expensive than my present restricted means justified me in retaining.

“Then, why not come and live with me?” he rejoined. “I have but one room, it is true; but, then, it is extremely light and airy, being at the very top of the house—time out of mind the residence of lofty souls. You shall see it. What is the present state of your finances?”

“About seven guineas,” I replied, “when I have discharged my lodging.”

“A little fortune,” he returned, “and will be enough for both of us till I get some money, for which I am now at work. What do you say? Shall we make a stock purse between us?”

I told him that my purse was very much at his service, provided I might depend upon sharing his when he had accomplished the accession to it of which he had spoken.

“A bargain then,” said he; “and, since you must, I suppose, stay here another week, lend me a guinea to go on with, for the devil a farthing has had a master in me for some days.”

I handed him the piece, which he viewed with considerable satisfaction, presently committing it to his pocket.

“Now,” said he, as he arose to go, “let the dismal man and woman instantly know your intentions. If they inquire curiously your reasons for leaving them, tell them without ceremony that you are

at the last pecuniary gasp. If, upon that, they don't let you go, and wish you gone, and prophesy your death and burial within a month after your departure, they are as merry souls as Christians can be, and I'm as sad a body as a sinner ought to be. I'm off to the eating-house; for 'cupboard, cupboard,' cries within me plaintively; and then to L'Estrange, that great philosopher, who is so profound that he can understand his own writings. My employment is, to give 'em such a turn that nobody else shall understand 'em. We are great, both of us, in the hopelessly obscure."

"L'Estrange!" said I. "What! Mr. L'Estrange of Bloomsbury Square?"

"You know him, then, do you?" cried he, holding up his hands, and bursting into a violent fit of laughter. "Did mortal eye ever light upon such an original? '*Si monumentum queris*,'—if you seek for the monument, and can't find it on Fish Street Hill, look in Bloomsbury Square, and behold L'Estrange! Yes, I am, at his own request, infusing Cimmerian darkness into his new theory of moral obligations; 'for,' says he, 'I want only the learned to apprehend me: the Vulgar might construe it too literally.' I say, Dick, when pay-day comes, away with theory. He must follow the old practice."

When the day of my departure arrived, Mr. Greaves and his wife embraced me with mournful cordiality.

I tore myself away from the bosom-beating couple, and, followed by a porter who carried my trunk, was met by Merchant at the corner of the street. After walking a considerable distance, we arrived at Drury Lane.

"Here, then," said Merchant, halting, and waving his hand, "in this time-honoured quarter of the Babylonish city you are about to dwell. There—over the way—in that court, at the very extremity of it, snug in the corner. Come along."

I walked after him with some misgivings. "Here we are," said he, taking out a key, and opening the door. "The man, I suspect, will not be able to carry your box to our room with it upon his head. This house was built for comfort,—no wide, lofty passages and staircases to pass through, which give a man the toothache: a sensible economy of bricks and mortar."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, as I plodded up several narrow flights of worn-out stairs, "what a place is this!"

"Isn't it?" said he, complacently, purposely mistaking my exclamation for an outbreak of rapture,—"isn't it? Who would think of looking after a man here? Who, I say, could expect to find him here?—a very important recommendation of it, Savage, as one of these days you'll acknowledge. Now, pay the man his hire, and let him go. We'll get the box into the room."

I did so.

"As well," said he, winking his eye, when the man was out of earshot,—"as well we didn't give him a peep of the place. Now, then, what do you think of our lodging?" ushering me into it.

"Why, I can't say that it commends itself to one's liking on the instant."

"It does not," he returned, "I grant you that. I had my prejudices against it, I can tell you, when I first came to it; but they wore off. Plenty of light, you'll observe, especially just under the

window. These three little panes *must* be mended. I must remind Mrs. Skeggs of them once more. Why, on a fine day, you can see the bedstead at the other end of the room."

"Indeed!" said I, approaching that ancient piece of furniture. "Methinks the sun should have worthier objects to shine upon. But with what, in the name of Morphæus, whose name, I fear, I am taking in vain, is this bed stuffed?"

"Down, busy devil, down," as the fellow says in the play," he answered, laughing heartily. "But that is a wretched clinch, too. Mr. Richard," he added, gravely, "from certain evidence that protrudes from one end of the tick, I pronounce it stuffed with wool, list, dust, wisps of hay. What matter? These chairs also—there are two—have been sat upon—there is no denying it. When they do let you down, it is easily, like camels, those patient beasts. This way, my friend: a little practice will enable you to poke the fire without scattering the burning cinders about the room. Fenders are of no real service. And when the smoke won't go up the chimney, it goes out at the window. Your eyes soon become accustomed to it. Oh! it's a sweet place!—that is," he said, "after a pause, bursting into a fit of laughter, "when you're once used to it," stalking to the other end of the room, and throwing up his arms.

I was fain to reconcile myself to this wretched accommodation, which, after all, was not quite so vile as Merchant had portrayed it. I remembered the garret of Mrs. Freeman, in Chancery Lane, and the miserable truckle by the side of Joseph Carnaby.

"And, now that we have got you here," said he, "what do you propose to do? You will not endeavour to make terms with your mother?"

"I will not," said I, resolutely.

"She would thank you for that. We will, then, let her be for the present. You wish to make your way in the world?"

"I do; but how?"

"How! ay, I thought 'how' was coming," cried Merchant. "A peremptory little dog, Master How; and yet he seldom gets a satisfactory answer. You have no particular liking or genius for trade or business?"

"I hate both most cordially."

"Hate both! I thought so. Will you permit me to ask you, Savage, in what direction your genius lies?"

The question posed me. "Why—heh!" I began,—"as to that—"

"You don't know? Just my case. I've been so long as to that, as to this, and as to t'other, that as to the thing—the *rem*—the money—I am farther off than ever. Have you an addiction to letters?"

I brightened at the question. "Merchant," said I, "of all the pursuits, the professions in the world, that of an author is the one for which I feel that I am destined. I am young, to be sure; but I have already amused myself with the composition of several slight performances. Permit me—" I arose, and made towards my trunk: "The interest you are pleased to take in me," I resumed, plunging the key into the lock, "delights me. You shall see—"

"What! going to get me to read them?" cried Merchant. "Prose or verse?"

"Chiefly the latter," I replied, producing a packet.

He held up his hands, and turned up his eyes, and groaned deeply. "I couldn't read 'em for the world. I couldn't, I protest. Besides, I've read 'em before."

"Merchant!"

"All before," he repeated. "Corydon,'—'Phillis,'—'rustic crook,'—'purling stream,'—'verdant glade,'—'fanning zephyr.' Then 'Philomel,'—'cooing turtle,'—'enamoured swain,'—'bashful fair,'—'frisking,' sometimes it is 'skipping lamb,'—'feathered songster,'—'tuneful choir.' For all under the 'fleecy clouds' or the 'azure vault' I couldn't have 'em over again."

I forced a laugh, but was not a little mortified to find that he had anticipated several of my poetical graces.

"Come, come," said he, observing my confusion, "let me look over them. You are a son of Adam: it is not your original sin. The worst of it is, the fruit was not so tempting at first hand."

I handed the packet to him with some hesitation. He ran them over hastily, and then tying them together, tossed them to me.

"Better than I expected, a great deal better," said he; "but you must commit no more at present. You have read Mr. Pope—I see you have. When you are as old as he—he is still very young—you may do like him. Do like him?—yes; write good verses, which the public will read, if you can prevail upon a certain number of lords and gentlemen to assure the public they are good."

"But surely Mr. Pope, without such patronage—"

"Would be Mr. Pope, without such a public," interrupted Merchant. "No, no; Pope is wise in his generation: a wiser man, as to the world, than Pope does not live in it. No man flatters lords more, or tells lords more truth than Pope. He flatters individual lords, and speaks the truth of lords in the mass. The consequence is, the individual lords believe he does not flatter them, because he sets them above their fellows; and the public think him an honest and independent man, because he decries rank. 'That man will be worth money. A glorious genius—for politics!'"

"I have heard, indeed," said I, "that it is necessary to pay court to a person of honour, as he is called, and to crave his permission to dedicate your work to him; but it is a lowness to which I could not descend. If I am to make an impression upon the public, it shall be by my own merit alone. For my part, I can scarcely conceive an object more despicable than a mere man of rank."

"You must forgive me," returned Merchant, "if I presume to hold the stirrup while you alight safely from that hobby of yours, which you cannot ride gracefully, and which, should it begin to prance, will throw you. A mere man of rank! What is he? I suppose he is as good as a mere man without rank. His rank is no disqualification, I hope. Now, I'll tell you who is more despicable, —a mere man of letters. Don't frown; for I want you to open your eyes. You never saw—but I have seen—an author in the first flush of public favour. Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed with a deep-toned and boisterous energy. "What a disgusting animal! What an insolent, what an exacting, what an unconscionable coxcomb! He is not for this world—not he. He is all for posterity, if it will have him. Of course—of course posterity will be too glad of him. There will be nobody else to have. Author no more, he is the choice spirit of the age; and there are none whom he ridicules, and would wrong,

and affects to despise, so much as his poorer brethren ; and all this because he has done what thousands might have done better, thousands have done as well, thousands have refrained from doing, and thousands despise when it is done."

" Well," said I, " this is all very good, and perhaps it may be all very true ; but it is nothing to our, I should rather say my, present purpose. What am I to do now ? "

" You must put away your verses, Savage. You must not attempt to write poetry before you can think. No man can write fine poetry, unless he possess more sense—common sense—than others. Take that for granted. You must waddle before you walk ; run in a go-cart before you fly in the clouds. Write a play."

" A tragedy ! " I exclaimed, " if I believed — if you thought I should succeed.—Oh, no ! "

" Oh, no ! indeed. I neither think, nor do you, I hope, believe that you could do any such thing. Your dagger would be pointless, and your bowl cracked. The buskin is too large for your foot at present. You must try on a very little sock—a farce : "

" A farce ! My genius does not lie in that direction, Mr. Merchant."

" And why not ? " said he. " How do you know in what, or where, it lies ? I wonder what genius is, that it can only lie in one place. Not much like its masters, I imagine, who are too often compelled to lie where they can. Come, we must try a little comedy."

" Are you serious ? "

" I am what I hope the comedy is not to be," he returned. " We have all been present at plays, ' when deep sleep falleth on men.' We must have none of that. Why, I have known a tragedy damned because the uproarious slaughter in the last scene awakened the audience. No, no ; a little thing ; found it on a Spanish plot. Give us a spice of intrigue, with a valet who knows more and talks better than his master, and who has a purpose of his own to serve. My friend Lovell will place it in the hands of one of the players. He knows them all."

" But I fear I should make a poor hand of it," said I.

" Try," said he. " Do you remember what Dryden says somewhere ? —

‘ The standard of thy style let Etherege be,
For wit, the immortal spring of Wycherley.’

Now, you have only to give us a little of Wycherley's wit, in something of the style of Etherege, and give your piece a good name, (without which dogs are not safe,) and your business is done."

" How strange it is," I replied, laying my hand confidentially upon his arm, " that I have lately been reading a story, that can be easily transferred to Spain, which I thought of turning into a play, only that I was of opinion such work was beneath me."

" Beneath you ! " cried Merchant, in amazement. " I have known many a gay young fellow who has found such work very much above him."

" As to the name, Merchant, nothing can be better ; the very title of the story,—‘ Woman's a Riddle.’ "

" ‘ Woman's a riddle ! Excellent ! Poor L'Estrange's wife is most

particularly a riddle. She's a puzzle to herself. Time has stood still with her these forty years. She's like a clock never wound up. She tells half-past five on the face, while it is three quarters past ten by the other dials."

Thus encouraged, I proceeded diligently with my little work, which I completed in less than a month. From a remembrance of what it was, or rather from a conviction of what it must have been, I shall not be wrong, I think, if I assign a very small degree of merit to it. Such as it was, however, it drew many encomiums from Merchant.

"Come, this will do," said he, "this will do. It is, to be sure, not equal to Congreve or Vanbrugh; but Rome was not built in a day. That Vanbrugh could have told you, witty dog! who contrived to make people laugh at his architecture as heartily as at his comedies. 'Faith, Dick, we must get Greaves and his wife to attend the first performance. I took them once to see the 'Old Bachelor.' Oh! their labial immobility! Oh! the forlornness of their faces! They thought Fondlewise pure tragedy. But now for Lovell: the iron's hot, let us strike at once. This is just the time to see him; though, by the way, he's always to be found at the same house. He's so in with mine host, that the latter daren't refuse to let him go on. The cold victuals, humble porter, and a pipe, are always at his command. Once it was, 'Where do you prefer it, Mr. Lovell?' and 'Is the punch to your liking, sir? My wife knows your palate.' Ha! ha! she does indeed."

He amused me with other particulars of this person as we walked down Drury Lane. Lovell had entered life, it seemed, with good prospects; but having run through a small patrimony, had turned author, and was now a hackney writer for booksellers,—that is to say, when any one of them would employ him. He had acquired, if the truth must be told, a very indifferent character amongst them, leisure being more congenial to him than labour, and his attachment to drinking partaking of a constancy, which he could never be brought to extend to his love of literature.

"I am sure," he used to say, "the Czar of Muscovy ought to be very much obliged to me. Here have I taken money for his life these six months, and yet have I spared him. Does any gentleman know anything of the Czar of Muscovy, good or harm? I do not, I protest. Here's his health, and a long life to him, and may I live till I write it."

Merchant halted at the door of a dingy geneva shop, which was dignified with the name of a tavern. "Follow me up stairs," he said; "the club is held there."

On entering the room, we discovered dimly through a haze of tobacco smoke, about a score of the strangest-looking beings that were ever, perhaps, congregated together, seated round a table. Such a variety of features and expression, with so little pretension to regularity of contour or sobriety of aspect, was never seen except amongst authors. Merchant directed my attention to Lovell, who was seated majestically in an elevated chair. He was a stout, it is more proper to say, a swollen man, about forty years of age, with a face, except the nose, which was purple, not so much of a red as of a brick-dust colour. There was a comical solemnity about his eyes, heightened by the position of his wig, which he had clawed to one side of his head.

It was with some difficulty that we made our way to this potentate, who was holding forth with no ordinary vehemence of voice and gesture. Too intent upon his argument to break off in the midst, or, indeed, to suffer interruption, he greeted Merchant with a sidelong extension of his hand, holding the fingers of his friend till he had concluded, when he threw himself back in his chair in triumph.

"Not a word more—that decides it!" he exclaimed, "I won't hear another word"—to a little sharp-faced man who had determined to secure the best chance of the next speech, by keeping his mouth ready open for utterance. "Well, Merchant, we see you at last. *I thought you were dead; but they talked of catchpoles.*"

"Permit me to introduce a young gentleman,—Mr. Richard Savage,—who is particularly anxious for the honour of an introduction to Mr. Lovell."

"Very happy indeed to see Mr. Richard Savage," returned Lovell, rising, and, with his hand extended on his breast, bowing profoundly. "You rogue," to Merchant, "Mr. Savage, I hope, is anxious for more honour than he can derive from an introduction to Jack Lovell."

"If we might request the favour of your joining us in a bowl of punch," suggested Merchant, with a persuasive softness, "over here, at the side-table."

Lovell licked his lips with evident satisfaction. "A bowl of punch! Why—ah!—yes. We'll leave the commonalty, and adjourn."

When the punch had gone round, Merchant in few words opened our business to him.

"What!" cried Lovell, "one of us, is he? Mr. Savage, give me your hand. I wish you well—I wish you happy—I wish you prosperous, and therefore perhaps I ought to say, I wish you would run away from authorship as fast as your good sense will carry you. And so you have written a play—a little comedy—mirth-inspiring comedy! Bless the ingenious young rogue!" turning to Merchant, "what a set of teeth he shows! I hope he'll always find employment for 'em." He regarded me attentively for some moments. "He'll do—he'll do," he exclaimed; "I see it in every lineament. And you think Jack Lovell can be of service to you? Jack Lovell imbibes new life from the flattering compliment. What he can do, that will he do. Can he say more? Even as I empty this glass," drinking it off, "so empty my heart of all its friendship, and make use of it."

"Why," cried Merchant, "your acquaintance with the players—"

"I know 'em all," returned Lovell, "all: not a man Jack, but Jack knows the man."

"Do you think," observed Merchant, "that Wilks or Cibber could be prevailed upon to look at it?"

"Um," said Lovell, shaking his head, "ah! Wilks and Cibber are great men now, and I'm a little man now: time was, I was a great man then, and they were little men then. 'Fortune, turn thy wheel,' as old Kent says; but she has turned it, and it went over me long ago. I knew them all—Betterton, majestic Betterton,—and Powel, who loved a bowl of punch better—no, as well as I do. I'll tell you what," he added, after a pause, "there's Bullock—I dare say you have a part will suit him. I'll write to him."

"A capital comic actor, Bullock," said Merchant. "Lopez will fit him to a miracle."

"Then to Bullock—innocent beast!—I knew him when he was a steer—to him will I write," cried Lovell. "Fetch pen, ink, and paper."

Merchant hastened down stairs to procure them.

"A very good fellow, Merchant," said Lovell, when he was gone; "but he'll never make anything. He wants perseverance, application, without which nothing ever was done, and therefore, I suppose, nothing can be done. Ah!"

'—— Video meliora, proboque
Deteriora sequor.'

that is to say, I can see his mote in spite of my own beam. There is no help for it but this," applying to the bowl.

"Mr. Savage," he resumed, setting down his glass, and squeezing my hand, "you will make a more graceful figure with the town than I have done; I know it. We must be friends. In your success I shall behold my own. Yes, yes; I'll say to you in the words of Dryden,

'Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence;
But you, whom every grace and muse adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains, and oh! defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend.
Let not the insulting foe my—'

Pshaw!" and he brushed away some maudlin tears that had gathered in his eyes, "I was going too far. I was about to say 'fame'; but that won't do; for I never had, and never shall have, any. But, never mind. I hope you'll be as far above Congreve, to whom the lines were addressed, as I am beneath Dryden, who wrote them.

'Guard those laurels—which descend to you,'—

to you—to him who wrote *The Mourning Bride*—all blood and blunder—strenuous fustian, ohs! and ahs! Here comes Merchant. Can we manage another bowl?"

I declared my willingness to pay for a second, albeit our stock-purse was at a very low ebb. Merchant, however, was drawing to the conclusion of his labours for L'Estrange, when we should have a fresh supply.

"I'll write the letter while the punch is mixing," said Lovell; and he sat down and scrawled an epistle, which, stained with punch, and begrimed with pipe-ashes, was placed in my hands.

On the following morning, big with hope and expectation, I hastened to the lodgings of Mr. Bullock, whom I found at home. It was said of Bullock, that on the stage he "had a particular talent for looking like a fool. His eulogists were probably unaware that this was a talent which nature had enjoined him to exercise everywhere. He received me with an obsequious smirk, revolving his hands one over the other, with, "May I crave your business with me, young gentleman? What can I do for you?"

I presented my letter, which he deciphered with some difficulty.

"Poor Mr. Lovell," he said, in a tone of compassion, "I have not seen him this long while. I believe he is not so well off as his best friends could desire. Some would say it serves him right; but I am far from saying so. I know what youth is. I was gay myself once. He tells me you have written a play, and that you wish me to read it. I am sure I shall do so with a very great deal of pleasure. Have you brought it with you?"

I produced it.

"Ah!" said he, with the same eternal smirk; "a little thing, I perceive. Very well. I will look over it; and if you will do me the pleasure of calling upon me again this day week, I will tell you more."

I was punctual to my appointment. "Mr. Savage," said he, taking me by both hands, "pray sit down. You are a very ingenious young gentleman. I have read your trifle, and it is pleasant, very pleasant indeed. And yet," he added, with something intended for a sigh, "I fear we shall make nothing of it—I do indeed. What we shall do with it I am sure I don't know."

I was confounded at this. Poor wretch! I had counted upon its acceptance by the theatre. Merchant had told me I might make myself easy on that score; and I had done so even before he told me.

"I am extremely sorry, sir," said I, "that I have given you the trouble of reading my performance; and you will readily believe that I am much mortified to learn that it is not adapted for representation."

"Gently, gently, Mr. Savage," he replied; "I did not say that. Youth is so hasty—so very hasty. I said, I feared; but we intend to try. I have made some considerable alterations in the plot and dialogue."

"Indeed!" I returned; by no means pleased that he should presume to do anything of the kind without my concurrence. "Will you give me leave to ask what these alterations are, that I may judge whether—"

"Judge whether!" he repeated, with happy mimicry. "How can an author possibly, I say possibly, be a judge of the merit, as an acting play, of his performance? Indeed, after many years and much practice, he may, perhaps, acquire some slight insight into the taste of the town; but it rarely happens that he does so. No, Mr. Savage; actors are the only judges of a piece before its representation."

"And yet," said I, "pieces are produced every week, and are damned; and many plays have been rejected, which have afterwards met with extraordinary success."

"That is because the taste changes," he replied; "it is always changing. But for Mr. Cibber, some of Shakspeare's plays had been lost to us. You will be grateful afterwards that I have taken such pains with your little comedy. I have really bestowed my best labour upon it. I think we may now venture to hope that, when it comes to be played, it may prove successful."

"Comes to be played, sir!" I replied, in overjoyed amazement. "I thought you said you didn't know—"

"When it is to be played; nor do I, to the very day. Within a fortnight, I dare say. I thought I should surprise you."

I was little disposed at this moment to cavil at his alterations. All

tremulous with gratitude, I seized his hand, and poured forth my acknowledgments, which he vouchsafed to receive with smirks innumerable.

The eventful evening arrived on which the fate of this my maiden effort was to be decided. Merchant, two days before, had succeeded in coming to an angry settlement with L'Estrange,—that philosopher insisting that his secretary and associate was bound by every tie promulgated in the new theory to be contented with half the sum agreed to be paid in the first instance.

At length “Woman’s a Riddle” came on for a first hearing. As it proceeded, I discovered that Mr. Bullock’s alterations were neither many nor important; and it may be forgiven to a sanguine and, perhaps, a conceited youth, to confess that I considered them (and really I believed they were) as blemishes upon my production. However, the piece was well received; the curtain fell amidst considerable applause; and Merchant and I marched out of the play-house, he protesting that I was likely to become a shining ornament of the British stage, and I perfectly assured that I had already done enough to prove that I should be so. The ecstasy of that night!

Merchant proposed that we should adjourn to the Cocoa Nut, his common tavern of resort, that we might sanctify our triumph in a flowing bowl. I suggested, however, that we should rather adjourn to Lovell, who had taken much interest in my welfare, and to whom I was in a sense indebted for my good fortune.

“Hang it, no,” said he, drawing me away; “the company there is not high enough for the present pitch of our spirits—old worn-out carking souls, who will rather envy than sympathise with our success. The day after a debauch is the time for them, when a man’s heavy, and stupid, and congenial.”

We drank deeply at the Cocoa Nut; but I was no match for Merchant; I had not yet taken my degrees. I proposed that we should return home. The company were too noisy; and I wished to brood over my happy fortune—to hug it, as it were, to my bosom. He peremptorily refused to budge an inch, and bade me sneak home by myself, if I were so minded; for his part, he meant to make a night of it. Finding that he was obstinate, I took him at his word, upon his promise to follow me within three hours. He was too fuddled, he said, to trust his feet in the dark: Aurora must show him a light.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which the hopes of Richard Savage meet a severe rebuff, which, nevertheless does not deter him from trying his fortune a second time.

WHEN I awoke the next morning, great was my surprise at discovering that my friend Merchant had not found his way home; but, concluding that he had been provided with a bed at the Cocoa-Nut, I made myself easy respecting him, and prepared to wait upon Mr. Bullock.

He received me very courteously.

“Well, here you are,” said he with his accustomed grin. “I fully expected to see you. So we brought you through pretty well, I think. How did you like the acting?”

“Most excellent, indeed, sir. The success of my little piece altogether exceeds my expectations.”

"It was very fair, I grant you," he returned; "but you must not be misled by the favour shown on a first night. We shall, however, proceed with it. Of course, you mean to try your fortune a second time?"

I replied that I was resolved upon doing so.

"I would," said he; "you have a pretty talent that way, and may one of these days make it answer your purpose."

One of these days!—I hardly liked the phrase. Mr. Bullock, however, began to talk volubly on indifferent topics, and at length, taking out his watch, regarded it for a time with attention, then placed it to his ear, and then stared me in the face. The hint was not to be mistaken.

Unwilling as at all times I was (some of my friends will say "No,") to enter upon the discussion of money matters, yet I was considerably more so in my younger days. But Mr. Bullock left me no alternative. I looked foolish, coughed, and at last brought out,—

"I do not expect, sir, that the profits upon my play will be very large,—but—"

"Large!" cried he; "a very little is given now-a-days for ~~such~~ things, and that is contingent upon their continued success. ~~such~~ my part, I hardly expect to get a farthing from it."

"Indeed!" said I, greatly chap-fallen,—"surely, Mr. Bullock—"

"Surely what, Mr. Savage?" he interrupted, with a smile of benevolence,—"what is the young gentleman driving at?"

"Why, sir," I replied, "my drift is this. Whatever they be, small or large, my necessities compel me to hope that it will not be long before my half-share will be forthcoming."

I only do justice to Mr. Bullock's abilities as an actor while I acknowledge that the face he presented when I left off speaking was an incomparable specimen of the tragico-comical. He presently fell back in his chair, raising his eyes to the ceiling.

"Half-share!" he exclaimed at length, in a loud whisper; "there must be some mistake here. Ha! ha! I see—you are a wicked wag. You have been putting off one of our friend Lovell's jests upon me. Half-share!—so like him!" And here he hugged himself together, and shook his head, as though it were one of the most ecstatic drolleries in life.

I did not participate in his gaiety.

"There is no mistake," said I; "or, if there is, it is ~~one~~ upon which you yourself have fallen. It is no jest of Mr. Lovell, but a serious affair of my own. I hope, Mr. Bullock, you will suffer us to understand each other as quickly as may be."

"There was no agreement," said he, hastily,—"no agreement," holding out his spread hands appealingly; "don't you observe? I wonder Lovell should have led you to expect anything from a first attempt. When I consent to alter and adapt a play for the theatre, the profits, if any, belong solely to me. You ought to thank me for having secured a footing for you."

The cool impudence of the man amazed and enraged me.

"And what have you done, sir, to my play," I exclaimed with vehemence, "that can entitle you to the whole advantage to be derived from its representation?"

"What have I done?" he replied. "I wish I had had nothing to

do with it, for my part. Why, sir, I trimmed the colt; young man, I trimmed the colt, and a rough one it was when it first came under my hands."

"And you've sold it to pay the expenses, it seems, Mr. Bullock. Deduct your charge for the trimming, and hand me over the balance of the animal. Come, don't colt me, sir."

"Very good, indeed; very good," he cried, "you have a happy vein for comedy. No, no, young gentleman," approaching me, and making for my hand, which I withdrew: "inquire, and you will find I am correct. It is never done in these cases, I assure you. I wish you well, and I am sure you deserve my good wishes. Yours is a very pretty genius for comedy, believe me."

At this moment I would willingly have afforded him a proof of my tragic powers by flying upon him, and pounding his wretched carcass. His inquisitive-looking nose stood forth, and seemed to invite me to screw it off. With some difficulty I mastered my rage.

"I shall make no secret of the manner in which you have treated me," said I; "and I wish you a very good morning."

He hustled before me to the door, which he opened with much complaisance.

"You will think better of it, I know you will," he said. "But, you must try your hand again: we can't afford to lose you, indeed we can't. If I can be of the slightest service to you, command me."

I burst from him, almost choking with rage and mortification. A moment longer, and the fellow had seen the tears rush out of my eyes, and if he had, it might have been the worse for him.

When I reached home, Merchant, I learned, had not been there. I was vexed with him that he should have deserted me at such a time. It was he who had advised so early an application to Bullock, although neither of us expected that immediate money would be forthcoming. He knew that I was utterly without cash, and the cupboard being empty, I had gone without my breakfast. Somewhat disposed to form a disparaging estimate of mankind in general, I hastened down Drury Lane, thinking that I might, perchance, find him with his friend Mr. Lovell.

I discovered that gentleman in earnest and angry parley with a stranger—a grave and business-like man, about the middle age.

"Then I am not to look for it from you?" said the stranger. "This is very scandalous conduct, let me tell you, sir."

"Call it what you please,—tell me what you like, Stephens," cried Lovell,—"I say no, you are not to look for it, unless you advance more mineral substance."

"Mineral substance!" cried the other; "have I not already advanced you every farthing of the sum you engaged to do it for?"

"That avails not," said Lovell. "Ha! my friend!" to me,— "Stephens, look at that morning-star of letters,—crowned with bays, he comes. Well, you have settled with Bullock? Stephens, attend; hear how genius is sometimes rewarded."

I returned a ghastly grin, and in few words made him acquainted with the treatment I had experienced.

Lovell smote the table violently with his fist.

"And Bullock has served you thus? Can any one tell me where honesty, the smallest piece of it, is to be found? I don't know, but

my strong impression is that, if anywhere, it is to be met with in Newgate. They *must* hang the honest men."

"Pardon me, young man," said Mr. Stephens, "I was not smiling at your distress. Far from it. I feel for you, and despise the man who has treated you so. I was smiling at Mr. Lovell, who vents so much indignation against others that he has none left for himself. Tell me which is worse, the man who takes your work, and won't give you the money for it, or the man who takes my money, and won't give me his work? Ha! Mr. Lovell! I have you there. Come, Lovell, I don't wish to make you angry; but isn't it too bad? Really, sir—"

"Really, sir," began Lovell; but he could not proceed. His confusion was distressing. I arose to leave. He followed me to the door.

"Have you seen Merchant to-day?" I inquired.

"I have not, Mr. Savage," said he, nudging me, and attempting a look of unconcern. "He had me there, as he says: fairly caught, by G—. Why, he has plenty of money, that Stephens, and all scooped out of authors' heads."

The absence of Merchant now began to look suspicious. I wandered about the streets for some hours in a state of desponding perplexity, and at length returned home faint, tired, and disgusted. I found Merchant stretched upon the bed. He started up as I approached. His looks were haggard, and his dress was in the utmost disorder.

"You see before you just such a monstrous fool, Savage," said he, "as people write about in little books for little children, to make the moral the stronger: I'm a fellow for boys to make mouths at. A mad dog is a sage to me. A baby's rattle to my brains would be laying fearful odds."

"A truce to this," said I. "What do you mean? Where have you been? What's the matter?"

"Half drunk still," he muttered. "I wish this confounded headache were the worst of it. First tell me what you have done with Bullock."

I entered upon that story, which I took care should not lose its full effect. When I had concluded, Merchant struck his forehead with his fist.

"Savage," he said, springing up, "have you a mind to do an act at once of justice and of mercy? If you have, take up that poker, and knock me on the head with it. Why did you leave me last night? I've been bubbled by two sharpers out of every farthing we had in the world."

"We had better part. I will repay you what I owe on the first opportunity. We shall both of us do better apart."

"Of that we will talk another time," I replied; "at present I want to know where I can get a dinner. I have not broken my fast to-day."

His eye wandered towards my trunk, and rested on it. He sighed, as he said,—"You have some wearing-apparel there, for which you have no immediate occasion. The pawnbroker will lend you a fair sum upon it."

I availed myself of the hint without ceremony, and selecting some of my least necessary articles of clothing, carried them away forth-

with to a pawnbroker, who advanced three guineas upon them. Merchant's spirits were greatly revived by the sight of the money, not a farthing of which, however, would he touch.

"You must get away hence without delay," said he, "or I will not answer for your remaining goods and chattels. I promised Gammer Skeggs her arrears of rent to-night—oh! that I had discharged them on the instant!—and the old witch will be standing in the passage to-morrow morning, broom in paw, to intercept me."

As I could by no means clearly distinguish the moral propriety, on the part of Mrs. Skegg, of laying her hands on my property, in satisfaction of a debt incurred by another, I snatched a hasty meal, and engaged a miserable lodging in Shoe Lane, whither, by small portions at a time, I conveyed my clothes.

I met Merchant, by appointment, on the following morning. He laughed heartily as he shook me by the hand.

"So, then, you have eluded your torment?" said I; "or has she lent ear to your excuses once more?"

"I lay at my sister's in Westminster last night," he replied coolly. "Don't stare," and he took me by the arm, and led me away with him. "Sir Robert Walpole's friends, who are determined to make a miracle of him, or who attempt to make the world believe that he is one, say that he has an innate talent—a genius for finance. They assert that he has a mode of managing his accounts which is quite mysterious. My genius that way is at least equal to Walpole's."

"What! you do not mean to say that you have left your lodging without notice?"

"The venerable Skeggs stands at this moment transfixed—your trunk agape before her," he replied. "Poor old girl! I see her now in my mind's eye distinctly, and mean really to see her shortly, when I get some money."

"But not to have told her—Oh, Merchant! I am very sorry you have done this."

"Don't be foolish, child. Your morals are very good, I dare say; but they are not yet seasoned. I have taken the best means of securing payment to her. Don't you know that some people will have the value of your debt out of you—either from your purse or your feelings? If I charged her a fair way-of-the-world price for her insults, we should be about even. But I scorn that. She shall be paid. Have you remarked her nails latterly? She cuts 'em when you pay your rent, and lets 'em grow as it augments. Preserve me from her present talons! The worst of it is, her wretched spouse will have to undergo her horny vengeance!"

Without a friend in the world except Burridge, whom my obstinacy had, as I believed, alienated,—and Myte, (if he ought to be called a friend,) who had been too glad, when I declined his offer, to take me at my word,—is it wonderful that I should have attached myself to such associates as chance had thrown in my way, even though they were not such as the worldly wise or the wisely virtuous would have approved? It must be remembered that I then was young.

From these worthies, to wit, Merchant, Lovell, and their companions, I received such encouragement to venture a second time into the dramatic field, as is to be extracted from slaps on the shoulder,

hyperbolical praises of my talents, and scornful depreciation of the talents of others. In the mean time, although these incitements had their effect upon me, I was daily becoming less able to respond to them. I had pawned nearly all my clothes,—the money I had raised upon them was gone,—and one night Ludlow's silver buckles, the last articles of the slightest value I possessed, were in my hand, awaiting the decision of this question—were they also to go? Necessity—the Lord Keeper of too many a man's conscience, pronounced swift judgment. They followed the rest.

But I did not part with them so lightly as the rest. On the contrary, I began to reflect, and with no great satisfaction, upon the course of life I had been pursuing, or rather following lately, and I resolved that the poor sum I had obtained upon these sole mementos of my friend must not be squandered upon Lovell, or wasted with Merchant. I must make it hold out as long as possible.

And now I bethought me of Martin and his wife at Wapping. They would probably permit me to occupy a room in their house till my second play, in which I had made some small progress, was completed.

In due time I found myself at Martin's door, at which, after a moment's hesitation, I knocked. It was opened by his wife. At first she did not know me; but, upon hearing my voice, she set up a loud ejaculation, and pulling me into the passage, threw her arms about me, and kissed me.

"He's come at last!" she exclaimed. "Here! Martin—Mr. Savage is come at last. Now, I know you won't be offended with a poor silly woman for taking such a liberty; but I couldn't help it—indeed now. Deary me! well, I am so glad. Where's that man of mine? But walk in."

Martin had been asleep, but, as we entered, was rising from his chair, rubbing his eyes. He greeted me with a grave smile and an honest shake of the hand. "And you have come to see us at last, Mr. Savage," he said. "We thought you had forgotten us."

"He!" cried Mrs. Martin, "he's not the young gentleman to do that. D'ye suppose he's had nothing else to do but to think of us folks. But he looks ill, doesn't he, poor dear! And what has he got under his arm? A bundle, I declare. Give it me, and sit down, do. I'll get out the supper."

She inquired after my friend Simon.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Martin from the cupboard, with a deep sigh, "he's left us, Mr. Savage—left his parents, he has—listed in the Coldstreams, his father's regiment. He wouldn't be said nay to; and we expect him to be sent abroad in a few weeks."

"He'll make his way, I dare say," said Martin.

"Make his way! yes, John, by the blessing of God, I hope he may; but we must have our feelings. He was always talking of you. You were a great favourite of his, I promise you that. Indeed you was. Honest good youth is Simon, as ever broke bread."

I now explained the purpose of my coming, telling them that I was not without money, and assuring them that so soon as I got more I would satisfy them for my lodging.

"Simon's room will just do," said Mrs. Martin, rising. "I'll put the sheets to the fire, and make it comfortable in no time."

"We make no use of it," said her husband; "it stands empty. You may stay as long as you like; but, Mr. Savage, I hope you won't speak of payment again. When you can afford it, I'll take your money readily enough, and release you from what you consider as an obligation."

Having taken possession of my apartment, I laboured at my play diligently, and fed my imagination with hopes of praise and profit, which yielded me more pleasure than their fruition could have bestowed. Nor was the reflection far short of ecstasy that my success would fill my mother with tormenting rage.

One day I was returning home empty and disconsolate, when I was stopped on Tower-hill by a young gentleman, who, placing his hands upon my shoulders, gazed earnestly in my face, exclaiming, "Dick Freeman, as I hope to be saved! What! don't you know me? Have you forgotten Tom Gregory?"

Rejoiced as I was to see my old friend and schoolfellow, I returned his cordial hug in some embarrassment. The meanness of my apparel was the more noticeable, when contrasted with the splendour of his. He did not appear, however, to observe it, but insisted that I should dine with him at a neighbouring tavern, whither we adjourned. Gregory was the frank, manly, open-hearted fellow of former days. I had not been five minutes in his company before I felt myself perfectly at ease. He told me that his father had recently obtained for him a lucrative post in the Customs, and remarking that fortune did not appear to have treated me quite so well as the baggage ought to have done, and, no doubt, intended to do, he drew forth his purse, and called upon me to help myself without reserve to as much as I pleased.

"And now," said he, (having forced two pieces upon me, for more no persuasion could induce me to accept, and having compelled me to promise that when I required a fresh supply I would make no ceremony of having recourse to him,)—"and now let me hear the strange eventful history, which I could not prevail upon Burridge to disclose."

I satisfied his curiosity by relating every particular of my fortune since I left school, except the *short* episode, which I could by no means bring myself to recount, and communicated to him the plan I had formed, and in the prosecution of which I had made considerable progress, of placing myself in more comfortable ~~circumstances~~. He warmly applauded my perseverance, and lent a ready ear to my ~~advice~~. As he intended, ~~it~~ that he would make it his particular business to learn the best channel of introduction for my piece, he took my direction, and promised to call upon me in a very few days.

From this time forth Gregory and I were almost inseparable during his hours of leisure. My play was at length finished, and called "Love in a Veil," and, accompanied by a respectful letter, despatched to Mr. Wilks, a player, as all the world knew, of no small celebrity at that period, and, moreover, one of the patentees of Drury Lane theatre.



“He says I’m *c-r-r-r-r-ummy!*”

SOME ACCOUNT OF A GREAT SINGER.

TO THE EDITOR OF BENTLEY’S MISCELLANY.

SIR,—In offering you the accompanying epistle, addressed to me by a country friend, who happened at the time of his writing it to be in town upon matters of business, I commit, it is true, a flagrant breach of confidence; but that, however, is nothing to you, nor is it the occasion of any qualms of conscience to myself, for the writer, whose reading is exclusively of a grave character, will be sure never to behold these pages.

I have, &c.

Jan. 24, 1842.

QUIZ.

DEAR —,

Last night I went to see Miss Adelaide Kemble as “Norma.” I had heard so much of her and of her family, that I was determined, though I care little about theatricals in general, not to leave town without having had a sight of her. At the same time I thought that I should have the advantage of seeing Covent Garden as well; for you know

that the only London theatre to which I had ever been before was the Italian Opera House, where I went last year with you. Well; so I called yesterday morning on your friend Selwyn, (who is an exceedingly grave, sensible young man, and whose extraordinary anecdotes are very interesting,) and informed him of my intention. He very obligingly offered to accompany me: I therefore invited him to dine with me at the Sussex, which he did. It was a wet evening, and he proposed that we should ride to the theatre.

Covent Garden is a smaller place than I thought to find it. I am not speaking of the outside—(for we entered, as Selwyn said, by a back way—I think, from the Strand)—but of the interior. However, in all human things anticipation exceeds reality.

The house was, as I expected, very full; and it was with some difficulty that we obtained a place. The tide of public enthusiasm evidently ran high, as the whistling, and the eager calls for music, which resounded from all parts of the house, but particularly from the gallery, proved.

I was all impatience, as you may suppose, till the heroine appeared. I had been given to understand that I should behold in her a fine woman; and indeed, I little thought to see one so *very* fine. Truly, if I may be allowed the witticism, she must be a *greater* actress than Mrs. Siddons was. I had also heard that she possessed, in a remarkable degree, the “Kemble cast of countenance.” This, I apprehended, must be of a slightly masculine character, as I must confess the fair performer’s features partook thereof *not* slightly.

From what I had been told respecting the “Kemble School,” I was prepared for the display, on the part of Miss Adelaide Kemble, of great taste in point of costume. Here I was a little disappointed; but probably any other dress than that which she wore would have been inappropriate. She was, perhaps, attired in strict conformity with the manners of the time. And yet I had always thought that the brows of a Druidical priestess were garnished with oak and mistletoe; instead of which she wore what seemed to me to be a wreath of carrots and turnips, the former of which vegetables are certainly very unbecoming to a lady’s head, while neither they nor the latter (as far, at least, as I have ever read) were employed by the Ancient Britons in their sacred rites.

My anticipation that the young lady’s style of acting would be marked with great study was verified. The mode in which she extended her right foot, and placed it on the pedestal of the altar, exemplified the family peculiarity—for such I have heard that it is; but it was more remarkably apparent in the mode of gesticulation which she adopted when working up her courage to strike the fatal gong. The hesitation evinced in the thrice repeated swing of the instrument, and the energy thrown into the decisive blow were perfect.

Her elocution is very measured and deliberate; this also is just what I fancied that it would be. It is likewise somewhat tinged with a foreign accent, a circumstance which her long residence in Italy sufficiently accounts for. I noticed this point particularly in her pronunciation of the word “crummy,” when, half-broken and bewildered, she exclaims,—

“He says I’m c-r-r-r-r-ummy!”

the reason assigned by the faithless Pollio for deserting her. I allude to the manner in which she rolls the letter *r*. Can you tell me, by the by, who it was that translated the *libretto*? “Crummy is a very

strange sort of word ; the corresponding expression in the original text must, I should think, have been rather more refined. The recommendation, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," offered by the inconstant one to the forsaken fair, is open to a similar objection. I should like to see what the Italian phrase is ; no doubt it is one calculated to add insult to injury ; and is, perhaps, idiomatic also. The taking of such liberties as these is like a scape-grace of a school-boy's translation of "Animam efflavit" into "He kicked the bucket," or of "Proh Jupiter!" into "Crikey!"

I am no great judge of music ; but I thought the singing of our English syren much better than that I heard with you at the Opera ; and now that we have native talent, I hope we shall know how to value it, and not throw more of our money away upon a parcel of screaming foreigners. She seems to feel every note that she utters ; and I was much struck by the way in which, when singing a duet with Adalgisa, (a part sustained by a lady of much elegance,) she swung the hands of her sister actress backwards and forwards in time to the tune. This duet was very deservedly encored.

In the scene where she was about to immolate her sleeping babes, she was sublime. So was she, likewise, when surrendering herself to the superstitious vengeance of the priests, she divested herself of the wreath that surrounded her brow. But what a pity it is that it is necessary, as a matter of costume, (for I suppose it is so,) that she should have a cropped head ! Dishevelled tresses would surely have had a better effect.

On the whole, I was much pleased with her. I have no doubt that she will earn a chaplet of unfading laurels, a thing which, I must say, will more tend to enhance her charms than that which she wears now. Well : I can now say that I have seen a Kemble, and one who, I am convinced, will add to the reputation of that gifted family.

I must mention one or two things in connexion with the rest of the performance before I conclude. The wretched appearance of the two children who are introduced, is intended, I presume, to excite commiseration. I cannot but think, however, that they are a little *overdone* in that respect. Really they are almost what ladies call *objects*. The said babes, too, would be rather more interesting if they were not to imitate sleep quite so naturally : I allude to their snoring. I object, too, to the introduction of the moon. There is classical authority, I know, for the pretence of witches to draw that planet down from her sphere ; and they possibly succeeded, in former times, in imposing upon ignorant people by means of some illusion, and persuading them that they actually did so. But, to suppose that even the gullible Britons could have been made to believe that the Queen of Night was actually made to descend and eat vegetables, is an outrage to common sense. One might as well expect the sun to "prove a micher, and eat blackberries," as Falstaff says.

Pollio's acting and singing I thought were good ; but, though it may be right to make him an Adonis, why should he be a *pocket* one ? And what Roman warrior ever wore such delicate buskins, or ambled with such a mincing gait ? It was like that of a dancing-girl.

One word about the young lady who played Adalgisa. I wonder that so little stir is made about her. Her delicacy, grace, and modesty, are quite remarkable, and her vocal powers by no means small. I may not be a judge ; but I should say that of the two she is rather better looking than the *prima donna* herself.

I was somewhat surprised by the circumstance that the performance was continually interrupted throughout by roars of laughter, for which I could not at first account, since, although the idea of singing a play is absurd enough, I did not see ~~anything~~ (buting the introduction of the moon above-mentioned) more ridiculous in this piece than I did in that which we heard;—was it not *La Somnambula*? However, I suppose that a Covent Garden audience, being less aristocratic than Opera folks, gives way more readily to its feelings.

The above is all the news that I have to tell you; perhaps you will think that you have had enough of it. You know, I suppose, that Professor Lobb's work on "Fluxions" is just out,—you are a punster, I know: I do not mean that it is *incorrect*.

Believe me to remain, dear —

Yours truly,
SOLOMON SWIFT.

RE BY THE EDITOR.—It is evident that our artist has an advantage over our friend "Solomon," in having obviously been



BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE 'Αδελφοί.'

THE BULLET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASALE," "THE RAZED HOUSE," &c.

[1]

'TWAS a busy and a beautiful scene *that* : the sun shone, as it shines in Italy, fierce and bright ; but at this height, on the side of the mountain, free and open, the fresh breeze came sweeping from the wide extended mountains around and the immense plain below, fanning and tempering the air, and stirring with gentle touch the tender green leaf of the vine and the long slender twig of the olive.

It was the first gathering of the fruit of that invaluable and prolific tree, of which it is said that a full crop once in ten years repays the cultivator for the little care and pains bestowed upon it. Several women, young girls, and children, were to be seen, as the Italians ever are, in collecting the fruit, or as much of it as was deemed sufficiently ripe to be sent to the oil-mill. The trees were numerous, and well laden with the green fruit, although not many weeks had passed since the new foliage had pushed the old leaves from their slender hold, and left them lying on the grass withered and dead. Upon some branches here and there were still to be found lingering a few of the fruit of the past year, in the state in which they yield the purest oil, and are most esteemed for eating by the Italians. They had become perfectly black. This olive plantation extended in a long stripe from about the middle of the mountain upwards ; and as its slanting position left the earth liable to slip, low walls of loose stones were piled up to hold it firm, forming a number of horizontal flats, or shelves, on which the trees grew, and upon which many brightly-coloured groups of the peasantry were occupied or idling.

Along a narrow path or sheep-track which wound down the mountain, and which was broken with fragments of rock and wild shrubs, a short stout man came tripping with a light and busy step, supporting himself in his descent with a long stick. He had not entirely the character of a farmer, nor a beast dealer, nor a *negociante* (merchant), as those people are called, who traffic in the small wares usually sold to the peasants and shepherds ; yet there was a business-like air about him. He was evidently not one of the townspeople, and yet he did not look like a stranger. Instead of the usual *scioci*, he wore a sort of stout buskin, or gaiter, of black leather, with a top, something like our topped-boots, sewn upon it ; the sides were fastened with buckles, and the front came peaking over a strong stout shoe of Russia leather, with a broad tongue of a dark brown colour. His small clothes were black, and unbuttoned at the knees, of course, where the white *mutande*, or drawers, appeared. His waist was encircled with a green silk sash ; his waist-coat was a faded red, with sleeves of a similar colour, patched and soiled ; and his jacket, which was swung over his left shoulder, was also red, but of a darker colour. His hat, which was of the shape worn by the peasantry and the brigands, had no other ornament than a band of horse-hair and pigs' bristles. There was, however, a flower stuck into it, and it sat a little on one side, with rather a jaunty air,—rather, it would appear, from the shape of the head within it, than any intention of the wearer. It was pulled a little over the eyes ; but under it there appeared a face as jolly, happy, good-tempered, and even honest, as any one you will see in

a thousand. His mouth exhibited a good set of teeth, and a smile played about it so pleasing and natural, that it was impossible to suspect it. There was, however, a twinkle in the expression of his light grey eye, which did not exactly speak out, but appeared to reserve something to itself. It did not inspire you with confidence at once ; but, on looking again, you saw no startling reasons for distrust or dislike. On the whole, it was the aspect of a plain, simple, respectable, and an honest man :—it belonged to one of the greatest rogues in all Italy !

In his own little way, Pietro Ciconi was almost without an equal. No man nor woman, old or young, was a match for him in making a bargain in the peculiar trade he followed. In every transaction of barter or exchange, he not only plundered his victim most outrageously, but he succeeded in making his dupe believe at the same time that he was the especial object of his liberality. The strength of Pietro's character appeared to lay in a peculiarity which all the world were disposed to regard as a weakness,—a kind of childish simplicity and good-nature, which every one thought he could turn to his own account: this sat so easy upon him, that nobody suspected that so harmless a weapon could be turned against himself. It is said of a liar, that he tells lies until he believes his own stories to be true. Pietro certainly cheated with such a show of fair dealing, that he might have believed himself the most honest man alive. If so, it was an opinion peculiarly his own; for everybody said there was not such a "*birbone infame*" in the Papal States—and, as if desirous to prove it, they went directly and dealt with him. Pietro Ciconi was what the Italians call a "*manetengolo*," — *Anglice*, a *fence*,—that is, a dealer in and a receiver of stolen goods. But his occupation was of a bolder and far more perilous character than that of his brothers in England. Instead of living in some narrow, dark, and dirty corner, like a spider in a hole, ready to pop upon whatever might be thrown into his net, Ciconi was always to be seen abroad, alive and active. He ranged the mountains, and visited the small towns freely; and this perhaps accounted for the air of health and cheerfulness spread over his face. He appeared always to have a great deal to do, and nothing to conceal. He had, nevertheless, a very difficult game to play, particularly at the moment which introduces this narrative. He had two sets of masters to serve, whose public functions were very strongly opposed to each other:—these were the brigands on the mountains, and the police in the towns and villages. But Ciconi contrived in some way or other to stand well with both; and, as in all his other transactions, both fancied they owed him obligations. But his vocation had been lately beset with extra annoyances. The enormities and cruelties of the greatly-increased bands of brigands called loudly upon the authorities to bestir themselves. It was well-known that these "*malviventi*" (profligates) could not exist and carry on their trade in those wild retreats without food, guns, knives, bullets, and so on; and it was just as well known that these were supplied by certain persons, who made a trade of it; and it was equally well established that Master Pietro was one of the most active and persevering. He was consequently often called before the chiefs of police, and asked questions, all tending to establish his perfect innocence, and ignorance of everything wrong. His person was frequently searched, in hopes of finding some prohibited articles

of traffic ; but nothing was ever found upon him. Once, it is said, when suspicions were very strong against him, he submitted to rather a rigid examination. He had a good many pockets about him, so that it proved rather a troublesome matter to empty them : and when, after having got over the difficulties of two in his jacket, two in his waistcoat, and one in his smalls, they came to the last, and a couple of small medallions, *apparently* in gold, with the Pope's head on one side and his arms on the other, made their appearance, the officer appeared so much pleased with them, that Pietro made him a present of them, remarking in a careless way, that they were pretty *metallini* or *papettini*, at the same time invoking a blessing upon the head of his Holiness, with the most perfect sincerity, to all appearance. The old red jacket hung across his shoulder in the usual way ; and it was not difficult to see that the sleeves contained some trifling matter or other, as well as that they were carefully tied at the wrists with a green twig ; but, as these are the *usual* receptacles with every countryman for bread and cheese, a few onions, a lump of *ricotto*, or a slice of *presciutto*, they were of course not thought worth the search. Ciconi was not unfrequently consulted, and his advice asked as to the existence of persons, the situation of places, and so on ; points of information he could hardly help possessing. No one ever suspected that so simple a person could make any improper use of certain communications made to him, although it did sometimes happen that certain sage measures, long talked of, and at last executed with Italian promptness, proved utterly abortive by being already foreseen and provided against.

Whatever some might think, and others know, Ciconi continued his trade uninterrupted, and even respected. He had a partner in the concern, the *very* counterpart of himself, but of rather a severer cast,—this was his wife ; and they had a daughter, too, whom I wish the reader could have seen, as I did, sitting at the door of the *capana*; or hut, with her mother, attending a little flock of sheep. As we have said, Ciconi came tripping along the path, which did *not* lead directly to the olive-ground in question, as if some business had led him in that direction. He appeared to be going beyond it ; and then, as if he did not like to pass on without a gossip, he left the path, and cut across toward a group of women, whose attention and remarks were evidently directed towards their visiter.

Before he arrives there is time enough to tell the reader something of what might be his motive upon this occasion, and what was the usual mode of operation pursued by the character we have before us. As the jackal of those lions of the mountains, the brigands, the *manelengolo*, in serving his masters, took especial care to serve himself ; and, just in proportion as dangers and difficulties fell upon him, expenses increased and fell heavier upon his employers. Immediately after any terrible exploit of these terrible men had become known, an immediate stir was made by the police ; the shop of every dealer in the necessaries of life, but in bread more particularly, was watched, and every stranger who appeared as a purchaser was watched ; but old Ciconi was no stranger, and there were more ways of obtaining bread than that of buying it at the shop of the baker. However, the difficulties were hereby considerably increased, and at such times the *paniotto*, or penny loaf, rose from half a paul to a whole one, five-pence ; and upon some occasions a roll has been made to coat a *scudo*, four shillings and two-pence, English ; a few charges

of bad powder, and a bullet or two, as much; an old musket, fifty and one hundred *scudi*; and every other necessary in the same proportion. At these times Master Ciconi, like others of his calling, was obliged to use much caution in conveying the articles in which he dealt to those who bought and employed them. Instead of carrying the usual half-dozen of the long knives, which even the brave feared, in the bosom of his shirt, or the sleeve of his jacket, he was obliged to use the caution of putting them in a bundle of dry faggots, and go toiling with them over the mountains to some place where his wife had fixed her *capana* conveniently for the purpose, as if he were simply employed in collecting fuel for cooking, making *giunchetta* or *ricotto*. Sometimes he was, to be seen with two or more large water-melons or gourds, making his way towards his mountain home, carrying *la buona moglia* these dainties, to diversify a little the common fare of milk, onions, and cheese; which, when opened, were found to contain cartridges and bullets in lieu of the seeds provided by nature. In this way supplies were smuggled to the mountains. These things yielded Master Ciconi a good profit; but there were others, for which he was always on the look-out, which afforded a far greater source of gain—jewellery, trinkets, watches, and other little matters, which were taken from unfortunate travellers who fell in the way, not of the regular brigands, who, as will hereafter be illustrated, did not often descend to such petty thefts; but such as were taken from carriages stopped on the highways by certain bands of amateurs, made up of shepherds and peasants, who caught the spirit of emulation and enterprise by associating with the brigands, their masters. At the little town in which the scene of this narrative was laid, it was difficult to find a person who had not father, brother, son, uncle, nephew, cousin, sweetheart, or other connexion, concerned in the terrible "*brigandaggio*" then raging in all the mountains around. Whatever spoils were taken by the brigands were useless until converted into money, and even that would not always purchase them comforts or necessaries; for this purpose they were sent to their friends to find a market for them. It was not an every-day occurrence; but a dark-eyed peasant girl has been seen working in the fields with a brilliant ring upon her sunburnt hand, which had previously adorned the delicate finger of some fair ill-fated stranger; or a wrinkled old hag has sported the ear-rings or the gold-chain which once decked out a very different sort of person.

Ciconi now approached a group occupied upon one of the highest flats: and, showing a set of teeth as white as those in the mouth of a young dog, surrounded by the pleasantest smile that ever teeth stood in the midst of, he prepared to give the "*buon giorno*," (good day,) in a voice and manner that never failed to call forth a response.

A couple of old crones, who watched his approach, observed one to the other, "Is not this old Ciconi who is coming this way?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "who else should it be? *Birbonaccio*,

"Where game abounds,
The sportsman starts his hounds;
Where the waters are deep,
Fishes sleep," &c.

When was there a poor girl who was compelled to convert her ear-rings or wedding-ring into money to pay tax or rent, that was not helped by that old cheat!"

"Helped!" said the other; "truly, *per Dio*, on the road to ruin, but in no other way that ever I heard of; but I am thinking he'll hardly find his visit here to-day worth his trouble."

"Faith, neighbour," replied the first crone who spoke, "I wish I had something to convert into coin; but the trade in the mountains is now spoiled, and we get nothing as we used to do."

Before this was well said, Ciconi had arrived at the low wall which bounded the plantation, and with the lightness of a boy had leaped over, and stood in the shade of an olive, with that smiling expression of face which made him friends everywhere.

"*Carissime*," he said, "dearest friends, how goes it? what a beautiful day. Margarita, Mencuccia, (the names of the two beldams he addressed,) my beauties, how does the world use you? By St. Antonio! you grow younger every day."

"Eh!" exclaimed the two old hags, tossing their arms in the air, "buffer, a lie won't choke you, that's quite certain!" and here all three burst into a loud laugh.

In the mean time Ciconi had seated himself on a piece of rock, and had taken off his hat. Wiping his forehead, he said, in rather a careless way, "Well, neighbours and friends, what news is there?"

"What!" said the old woman, "how are a set of poor creatures like us to know what is afloat in the world, who never leave our homes, and can hardly venture into the mountains without the chance of losing what we take with us?—of being robbed by the idle vagabonds who have deserted their families, or—"

Ciconi, who saw the ire of the old woman rising as her thoughts turned to some very iniquitous proceedings of the brigands which had lately taken place, here presented his snuff-box, with the good-natured smile which had never failed to disarm anger or suspicion. The two old dames having put in their dark bony fingers, Ciconi resumed his seat on the bit of rock, and one of the women took her seat by his side; the other joined two or three young girls, who had just come up from some of the lower terraces for a gossip. The *manetengolo* entered into conversation with the old woman in a whispering tone, while certain recognitions passed in smiles, and by bending the fingers in the peculiar way of the Italians, between him and the younger part of the group, as they fell one by one under his notice.

"For my part," said one of the young girls, "I have never had the value of that," snapping her fingers, "for the last two months past. I heard that the wife of the cook at Signor Menucci's had a gold watch from her brother only a week ago, but that she has disposed of; and since the affair of Rinaldi, and even before it, since the death of the *Capo di Paese*, little indeed have we been the better for all the wealth carried into the mountains."

"Eh! *Madonna mia!*" said the old dame; "what is got over the devil's back is spent you know where. The fools in the mountains gamble and throw away their money, so that their relatives and friends are little the better for it. Little, indeed, will be the gains of old Ciconi to-day, I think. I don't believe any one has a *baiocco*'s worth of anything to dispose of."

"Unless," said the girl who had not yet spoken, "it is Anna di Santis."—"Aibo," returned the other; "she has nothing."

"And yet," said the first, "I have seen her, when she thought no one was nigh, take something from her bosom, look at it, and, after

putting it back again, look round as if she concealed something she did not like should be known. Her brother is now second in the band ; and, if he has not many friends among the shepherds, no small number fear him."

Ciconi had continued his gossip apparently without at all noticing the conversation of the other woman ; but now rising rather suddenly, and saluting the two girls who had been speaking, he complimented them on their looks, and asked them if he could buy them anything at Piperno, whither he was going. "I must go," said he, "first into the village at the foot of the mountain ;" and then in a careless way, he asked who were at work lower down in the plantation. Several women and girls were mentioned, and among them Anna di Santis. The *manetengolo* expressed some interest for her, and asked about the state of her health. The girls shook their heads, and replied that she was thinner and paler than ever ; in short, little else than a shadow.

"Poor girl," said Ciconi, as he turned to depart. Then, picking the most convenient parts to descend, he ran his quick grey eyes along each flat, until he perceived the slender figure of Anna di Santis, who was employed near the end of one of the lowest. The old fellow made his way towards her, and, with the stealthy light step which characterised him, arrived within a few paces without being perceived. He was evidently struck with the altered aspect of the poor girl, whom he knew. He did not address her, but stood leaning upon his long stick, and looking at her with an expression which few indeed had ever seen upon his face, and with feelings none would have given him credit for.

Anna was employed in picking the green olives which had fallen round the tree, selecting and dropping them into the elegantly-shaped basket at her side. As she bent her tall figure, and moved a little from side to side, although her back was turned, it was easy to perceive the dreadful ravages sorrow had wrought upon her. Her sleek pale cheek was sunk and attenuated ; the square angle of the jaw, so strongly characteristic of the Italian, was painfully marked, the cheek projected above, and her raven-black hair, now neglected, fell into the hollow of the temple ; the delicately shaped ear was thin and transparent, and the small slender neck was strongly lined, and appeared overstrained with the weight of the head. From time to time she pressed her left hand to her side, as if she felt pain, or sought to support herself by its aid. Her movements were languid and slow, and she continued her occupation in a kind of measured manner, which gave the idea of its being performed mechanically, and without consciousness. Presently the old man addressed her in a soft voice, when slightly starting, she turned towards him, still bending, and lifted her languid eyes to his face. He had commenced, "My chil'd, how goes it ?" and was proceeding, but as her full aspect met his eye, he faltered and the words he intended to speak refused to come forth. Drawing his hand across his face, and altering his position a little, although looking still with that sort of look people assume in coming into the presence of a corpse, he exclaimed in accents of real pity,

"Dear me ! how much I regret to see you look so ill, Anna !"
— He was continuing his regrets, but Anna checked him by asking, in rather a firm tone of voice and earnest manner, "Ciconi, can you tell me where Peppuccio, my brother, may be found ?"—"Caro

mia, it is many weeks since I have seen him ; and, when I last heard of him he was in the Abruzzi."

"Then it would be impossible to find him !"

"No, *cara*, not impossible ; but several days must pass first. I will inquire about him ; and, if I can serve you, Anna——"

"No," said Anna, despondingly ; "it is past—it is too late."

Here, musing, as if some thought had struck her, she stood fixed, with her head bowed, and her eyes cast down, while Ciconi continued, in his gossiping way, "No, Anna, I have not seen Peppuccio since his escape out of the hands of police, when they were conducting him to Frosenone."

Anna started, and said, "Name it not. But that is past, as all soon will be. Ciconi," said she rather suddenly, "can I ask you to do me a favour ?"—"Certainly, my dear."

"But may I trust you ? You promise you will not deceive me ?"

"What ! Anna, whom have I ever deceived ? When has Pietro Ciconi failed in his word, or run from his bargains ? to whom does he owe a shilling ?"

"I know not," said Anna ; "but it would be hard to deceive one so wretched as I am, or to refuse a request made with the dying breath of a poor broken-hearted girl."

"Say not so, Annuccia," said the old man, evidently touched. "I promise you I will faithfully perform whatever you may ask of me, if it be possible."

"It is not difficult, Ciconi. I have worn in my bosom for many weary months what does not belong to me. I have waited and sought an occasion to return it to its owner, but hitherto I have not found him. If you will undertake the task for me, I will thank you,—warmly thank you. I have nothing else to give."

"Dear girl ! I want nothing—I want no reward ; but——" and here he hesitated, and assuming a little of the old trading smile, he said ; "but you are not so poor, Anna ?"

This remark was unheard or unheeded by the poor girl, who, taking a small packet from her bosom, said, "This it is, Ciconi, that I would ask you to be the bearer of. You know the factor of Signor Martini ; take that to him—it is his."

"Ah ! observed the old man, in the cajoling voice and manner usual with him, "it is heavy—what is it, Anna ?—is it gold !—is it money !—faith ! gold or silver, it must be a good sum."

"It was obtained for a good purpose, although it failed ; say that if you like, and ask no further questions about it." Then, with an altered expression of voice and manner, she said, "It is accursed !—therefore keep it no longer about you than is necessary, but deliver it out of your hands as speedily as you can."

The old man stood weighing the little packet in his hand, and smiling, as if loath to lose so pleasant a sight. At last he put it away into one of the many pockets of his dress, with a promise that it should be delivered in the morning. The poor girl again expressed her thanks, and with a subdued and rather a vacant look, recommenced her employment. Ciconi did not observe it, but a person less occupied with his own affairs might have seen that her long, thin and emaciated hand very often passed from the earth to her basket empty, or was withdrawn without depositing the fruit it held. For a moment she ceased to move, as if all her faculties were absorbed, and then, as if suddenly roused to consciousness, she resumed her

occupation. Ciconi, whose good feelings were easily mastered by his rapacious desires, and the habits of his life and calling, still lingered, and in his silence betrayed a respect for sorrow which he found it difficult to break through. He had observed, with the keen eye of thrift, that, attached to a narrow band of silk or hair which Anna wore round her neck, there was something more weighty and singular than was customary. Every Italian, man, woman, or child, commonly wears from baptism to the grave, one, two, three, and sometimes half-a-dozen small amulets, or bags, containing relics or scraps of some kind or other as safeguards against evil. There was nothing, therefore, in the thing itself to excite attention; but Ciconi stood fascinated by one of these, which he was certain contained something unusual. Perhaps, when the packet was taken from the bosom of the unhappy girl this escaped by accident; and as the poor creature stooped and moved in a state of mind which rendered her unconscious of everything about her, this little bag, with its weighty contents, had passed out from below the handkerchief, and hung unnoticed by her, dangling in the sinister, rapacious eye of the *manetengolo*. Approaching her by little and little, and assuming his trade smile, he said,

"*Ebbene, Anna, I shall see you to-morrow, and then you shall know what the factor says. But Anna, tell me—I know you are not so poor as you said you were just now.*"

"Indeed," said the poor girl, "if I had money, Ciconi, I would pay you for your trouble; but I have none."

"No, no, Anna, I would not take a *baiocco* of you. It is not that altogether I should like—that is—have you nothing to dispose of, Anna? Have you no trinkets, nor rings, nor any—*Per Bacco*, I remember, Anna, when your fingers were covered."

"Alas!" said the poor girl, "I have none," and then regarding her wasted hand, she added, as if speaking to herself, "I had one I wore till it dropped off: it would not stay upon fingers like these. No, Ciconi, I am sorry I cannot recompense you for your trouble. I have nothing, and for myself I want nothing."

Finding he did not advance so rapidly towards his object as he wished, the *manetengolo* had recourse to his old trick of flattery and smooth words.

"Come, come, Anna," he said, simpering, "you don't look so very ill after all; and when you were in health, nobody looked so well as yourself in those things. You ought to be a lady, a *Signora Contessa*, and be covered with gold and diamonds. I have seen you on a *festa*, Anna; and, if you were to search your pocket or your bosom, I dare say you could find some little thing, for which I would give you more than I would give another."

"Cease," said the offended girl, with a look of mixed suffering and disdain; but the dealer, having warmed himself into his long-practised cupidity, either did not hear or disregarded her, and putting forth his hand, ventured to seize upon the object which had so long taken up his attention.

"What is this Anna?" he said. "'Tis heavy. What is?"—

Roused and insulted, the poor girl pushed her hand with some force against the shoulder of the old man, who slipped, and fell backwards lightly upon the ground.

A loud laugh now burst from some old women and girls, who

had been for the last few minutes watching the scene. "Ah!" said one, "the old rogue has missed his footing for once." Here they laughed and screamed, and as he made efforts to get up they bawled out, "Sir Pietro, don't inconvenience yourself; keep your seat. Bravo, Anna! bravo!" and, in order to enjoy the scene more fully, the young girls first, and the old women after, came jumping down, and surrounded their victim. Each commiserated him, mocking, laughing, and making a thousand odd starts and gestures.

Ciconi, too much of a philosopher to be disconcerted by much worse accidents, and being a really good-tempered fellow, joined heartily in the laugh, and then looking about him, asked,

"But where is Anna? *Per Bacco!* she has run away. A jade! —but I should like to speak to her before I go."

"Ugh!" said an old dame, with a severe expression of face, "that you won't do, I can tell you; for I saw her pass along by the lower wall a minute ago. You won't see her again, Ciconi, and none of us will see her long."

"No," responded one of the others, their faces all subsiding into a look of sedateness and even sympathy; "poor Anna is not long for this world. She has had her share of suffering in it."

"I have known her," said the old woman, whose occupation was that of a *levatrice* (midwife), "from the hour she was born. I attended her mother; I brought her into the world, and nursed her afterwards, and I always knew there was sorrow in her path."

"She was very silly," said a young one, "to devote herself to that *birbone*, Rinaldi. She was far too good for him."

"He never loved her," said another; "and so I don't see why she should have grieved for him as she has."

"Ugh!" said the old midwife, who knew more of Anna than any one else, "poor silly creatures! Children, ye know little of her, or of yourselves. The mountains are high, and the sea is deep, but a woman's love—ugh!"

"Poor thing! she has had good reasons," replied another; "but I think she grieved too much about her brother. There are many as good as him in the mountains." To this they all assented.

"He is not the first who has spilled the blood of an old tyrant!" said another.

"*Birbone infame, I should have laughed,*" said a short dark young girl, "if my lover had done it."

"Poor Anna!" responded Ciconi.

"*Eh! cosa volete, signori miei,*" an expression always used by the Italians to mark the fatality of things. "What will you have, sirs? The smoke rises, and the tree falls, and when it falls—ugh! But it is near at an end. *Madonna make the pass easy, poor girl!*"

"They say," said a young girl, looking with some alarm, "that the signs are out; that ever since Rinaldi's death both the ruins of the *Casa di Santis* and the rock of the ravine have been troubled. I know I never pass that way after the Ave. Many people have been terrified, and are sure they saw something. *Gnora sposa,*" said the girl, addressing the *levatrice*, "don't you think that the spirit of the doomed is often seen before death?"

"Much do I know," was her reply,—an answer usually given when an unreasonable question is asked. "Why should they not? Some are so badly lodged, they may well be glad to escape."

"*Così sia,*" responded Ciconi, who had listened with much atten-

tion. Then turning sharp round, in his usual easy and pleasant way," he observed. "Come, girls, this won't take the olives to the mill. The factor will be here before the Ave."

"Eh!" screamed each of the idlers, tossing their arms in the air, and changing from seriousness to mirth, with true Italian abruptness, and away they flew. The old dame stood still, and looking at Ciconi, said, "What is it you wish to ask me?" — "Oh! I did not say I wished to ask you anything."

"No, but I see you do."

"Well," said the old man, "to tell the truth, I should like to ask something about Anna di Santis, and — I have some particular reasons; but I ought to be on my road to Piperno. *Per Bacco!* I have always my own affairs to look after, and little do I think or care for those of others."

"Unless," continued the old woman, "it is your interest to do so." — "You say truly," smiled and responded the *manctengolo*.

"Well, sit down here," said the *levatrice*, seating herself, and the old man took his place beside her.

"You remember the death of the old Capo di Paese by the hand of Peppuccio di Santis? You know that, in company with Antonio Gasperone and Innocenzo Rinaldi, he fled to the mountains and joined the bands, to escape the persecution of the police, for the crime of singing under the window of his sweetheart?" — "Certainly."

"Well, soon after the death of the Capo, the sleepy force were spurred into a short-lived activity. Parties were sent out in different directions, spies were paid, and three unhappy men were betrayed into the hands of those who wanted the cunning and the courage to catch them." — "Umph," said Pietro, "I know it. Well, and then —"

"And then," said the *levatrice*, "came the blow — the death-blow to poor Anna." — "How?" said Ciconi.

Peppuccio was carried to Piperno, imprisoned, and strongly guarded. All the world knew him as the murderer of the old Cacciatore il Capo; and although many praised, and some pitied him, the Government resolved to make an immediate and terrible example of him. Many cruel modes of punishment and death were talked of, which had the effect of stirring sympathy in his favour, especially as the provocation he had received was generally known. His guards were doubled, and the prisoner himself was heavily ironed. But just in proportion as the watch over him was strict and unremitting, his two companions were unattended to, and allowed every indulgence. They had money, but Di Santis had none! They were allowed to spend freely; wine and food were brought in in abundance, and all partook of it but Peppuccio. A number of the idle and curious townfolks assembled round the grated window of the prison, to catch a glimpse of the youth who had rid the country of a tyrant, as they considered the old Capo; but the youth refused to make his appearance. The two other bandits, however, laughed, joked, and drank through the bars, recognised, shook hands, and kissed certain countrymen and shepherds of their acquaintance, with whom they talked or whispered as they liked. This scene was continued until one by one the idlers dropped off, and the soldiers of the police fell asleep from wine and weariness. The two brigands slept also, like innocent children: Peppuccio alone kept awake.

* This is a fact

In the morning a heavy sort of *carro*, or cart, was brought, with some straw in it, and Peppuccio and his two companions were put into it; and, attended by a great number of soldiers, they departed for Frosenone, the head of the commune. The two brigands had money still, so that they stopped at every wine-house on the road, and eat and drank with the soldiers. They then got into the cart, and sat down in the straw, singing and tossing it about in sport. From time to time they tried to cheer the drooping spirits of their comrade, who was taciturn, and had never moved from his place. At last, when they arrived at a very secluded part, he requested to be allowed to descend. This was directly complied with; but in a moment, to the great surprise of the troops, their prisoner was seen half way up some rising ground, flying with the speed of a wild goat. His two comrades set up a shout and a loud laugh; and the soldiers discharged their guns, but without effect. To follow the fugitive appeared so ridiculous, that they did not even make the attempt.

As soon as the news of the capture of Di Santis became known at his native town, many pitied, and some flew to console his mother and sister, who now regarded him as utterly lost. On the evening of the day in which he was taken from the mountains, Rinaldi made a visit to the melancholy dwelling of Anna and her mother. He found them in tears, for the news had already reached them. He could offer them but little comfort; and his sympathy with the fate of Peppuccio showed itself in oaths, imprecations, and curses, distressing to the poor girl. But her tears never failed to move him; and, after begging repeatedly that she would dry them and listen to him, he proposed an expedient for the liberation of her brother.

"Well, well, Anna," said he; "it is of no use to grieve over it; let us bestir ourselves, for something may yet be done. The case is not so desperate after all."

Making an effort to suppress her sorrow, the poor girl looked up and said. "How, Rinaldi? pray tell us what can be done."

"Money will do it," said he, "if we can get enough of it."

"Alas! Rinaldi, we have none, or very little." Then, speaking to her mother, who, absorbed and buried in her griefs, sat stupefied, she said, "Mother—dear mother! hear what he says: money will free Peppuccio from prison. Think, mother—think of the fate of your son, and let us see if it be not possible to raise a sufficient sum for the purpose."—"We have none, my child," replied her mother.

"No, mother; but we can sell the few gold ornaments we have, and perhaps borrow a small sum from some of our friends or neighbours."—"As you like, my child," replied the unhappy mother.

"Rinaldi," said Anna, "pray advise us; tell us how much we stand in need of. Oh, Heavens! have we no friend—no help?"

"I have been thinking," continued the man, "whether I could not get it for you to-night."

"How Rinaldi?" asked Anna, with a look of some alarm.

"How?" said the man: "what does it matter how, so that we get it? I missed the best chance as I came along; but I took a few things, some rings and a necklace or two, from some country women as I came at the foot of the mountain." These he drew from the bosom of his shirt, saying, "I thought they might serve,—take them, Anna."

"No, no, Rinaldi, my own and my mother's, I hope, will serve."

"Well, as you like. I have no money, or you should have it. I

lost fifty *scudi* yesterday with that fool Minco ; but it 's only lent. I am sorry I cannot assist you ; I don't want the will."

" I know it, Rinaldi, and thank you kindly. Would a hundred *scudi* suffice, do you think ? "

" Certainly ; but where will you get it ? "

" There is my father's brother at the mill in the hollow, who, if he has it, I know will give it me to save my brother. I will take all the little ornaments we have, and go and ask him to lend me what is wanted."

" Well thought of, Anna," said Rinaldi, " but you must be quick : the money must be there to-night. If you get it, however, I will see to that. Now tell me, where shall we meet ? If you return home again, we shall lose time. Come up by the Adder Path, and meet me near the new cross they have put up there."

" *Madonna mia !* that is the spot where Peppuccio——"

Here Anna hesitated, and Rinaldi finished the sentence,—“ Yes, yes, where Peppuccio killed the old Capo : what does it matter ? Well, go round the brow of the mountain, and meet me near the oratorio of St. Francesco. You are so timid, Anna ; but don't fear ; I will be there long before you can arrive. That point overlooks the road, and if any one interrupts you, call upon me, and, whoever it may be, he shall repent of his temerity.”

“ Oh, no, Rinaldi,” replied Anna ; “ no one will hurt me ; I have no fear. Go, and in an hour and a half you shall find me at the place you have named.”

Rinaldi now flung his jacket with a careless air across his shoulder, and stood upon his feet, ready to depart. “ *Iddio, gnora sposa,*” said he to the mother as he passed her, to go out at the front door, but his salutation met with no reply.

“ She does not hear you,” said Anna, wishing to excuse her mother : “ sorrow has wearied her out, and I think she sleeps.”

“ Ah ! ” ejaculated the man, “ I know why she does not hear me, but I deserve it. However, let it pass. You have not a cup of wine, have you, Anna ? I am thirsty to-night, and out of spirits. I know not what is the matter with me, but I feel—bah ! no matter, Anna,” and he turned towards the outlet at the back of the house, which Anna urged him to take, to avoid being seen.

At the threshold of the door he still lingered, holding the hand of Anna in his own, and pressing it with unusual emotion : “ I know not,” said he, “ Anna, what is the reason, but a thought crosses me that I shall never enter this house again. I know it is folly, but I cannot help it ; and last night I dreamt that my mother came to me—my father I never saw—and I felt, as she leant over me, her tears drop hot upon my cheek. It is strange that I, who never knew a mother's care, and who for years have attempted in vain to recal her image, remembered and knew her in a moment ; and now I shall never forget her again.”

The poor girl was moved, and was attempting to speak, when he said, “ I know, Anna, I know it is a weakness, but”—and here he hesitated,—“ tell me, Anna,” said he, “ if I were to give up this cursed life,—tell me, could you love me, and would you be —”

“ Heavens ! Rinaldi,” exclaimed the poor girl, “ what is there on earth I would not sacrifice to bring you back an honest —”

“ Well, well, Anna, you have often said so, and I believe you ;

but — but now we cannot talk about it — we have not a moment to lose ; farewell, and Heaven bless you ! ”

The next moment he had leaped the wall, and Anna stood listening to his quick, light step with emotions of a very unusual character. Roused, however, by the urgency of the business she was engaged in, and the threatened danger of her brother, she prepared to depart for the house of her relative, who lived at some distance. She collected in haste the few rings and trinkets she meant to offer and leave as a security for the sum she wished to borrow, reflecting at the same time in what other way she should dispose of them, or sacrifice them, in case the friend she was going to could not assist her. To obtain the money she felt to be absolutely necessary ; and explaining the object to her mother, and invoking the Madonna to protect and prosper her, Anna departed with speed upon her mission. She left the town by the shortest route ; and rapidly descending a steep pathway that joined the high road at the little church of St. Giovanni, she passed the Convent of St. Francesco, continuing on the beautiful road that leads to Piperno, and in half an hour afterwards arrived at the mill in the hollow. She was quickly admitted, and made her errand known : but, alas ! no help was to be obtained. Her relative expressed his sorrow both for the situation of Peppuccio, as well as for his own inability to assist in obtaining his liberation. The affliction and disappointment of the poor girl were severe in the extreme. Knowing nothing of the ingenious devices made use of in the world for refusing the assistance that humiliated necessity implores, she implicitly believed the story told her, and felt her case hopeless. Her relative told her that not ten minutes before her arrival he had paid the last paul he possessed to the factor of Signor Martini for the rent of the house and the mill, and regretted she had not come to him earlier. Gathering together the few ornaments she had brought with her, she begged a draught of water, and prepared to depart. The miller was deeply touched, and asked her to stay and repose herself, or, if she would return, to take one of the lads with her as a protector, asserting what was too true, that the road she had to walk was far from being safe at that time of the evening.

Anna refused all, appearing to pay little attention to the reasonable alarm, or the expressions of sympathy and regret, of her relative. Hurrying forth, she gained the main road, but then hesitated, as if undetermined in her purpose. At last she struck across some uninclosed olive-grounds, and having reached the foot of the mountain, began the ascent, as if she had taken a sudden resolution. The whole of the country hereabouts, and the spot appointed by Rinaldi, were perfectly well known to Anna ; but, having taken one path, in which she continued for some paces, she returned and took another, and then again hesitated, as if uncertain of her way. At last, with rather a faltering step, she continued to ascend, but apparently without confidence, and after a few seconds she left the path and kept ascending the bare side of the mountain, going towards the point of her destination. Presently she came upon another narrow path, or sheep-track, where a low walk presented itself, inclosing a thick grove of olives. Taking the upward path that offered itself, she came suddenly upon a new wooden cross, which had been erected to mark the spot where blood had been spilt. Here stopping and crossing herself in the usual way, a sudden and unaccountable terror seized her, and the conviction came upon her with terrible force, that this was the spot in which the old Capo di Paese

met his death by the hand of her brother. She shuddered, and hesitated to proceed or return ; but her good sense after a moment prevailed, and after offering a short prayer for the soul of the unhappy man, and praying the Madonna to seek pardon for her brother and protect herself, with trembling foot she continued her walk to the top of the mountain. Arrived at the spot at which she expected to meet Rinaldi, she stopped, and looking round, her eye fell on the soft and wide-spread landscape, and the distant sea that lay sleeping below in the subdued and quiet starlight: but she saw it not. She gazed around, and some slight fears assailed her ; she listened, but heard only the beating of her own heart. She felt a conviction that Rinaldi would not even have suffered her to take this little journey alone if he had not been certain of her safety. The little chapel, or oratorio, he had named was but a short distance, a little lower on the opposite brow of the mountain, and thither the anxious and lonely girl bent her steps. As she proceeded she mused on the words Rinaldi had dropped at parting. He had often spoken of abandoning his desperate life, but not in a way which left a reasonable hope of its execution in the mind of Anna. If for a moment, however, she entertained so pleasing a thought, the next snatched it from her, and she saw in her lover a reckless and innate love of wild and desperate pursuits. But there was something peculiarly touching in the tone and manner in which he had addressed her this evening. She had often seen him affected whenever his parentless condition was referred to, but to-night the fierce and bitter denunciation of his lot had been changed into a touching melancholy, which could not fail to reach the heart that pitied and abundantly loved him. It was not the moment, however, for these thoughts—but they were, and would be attended to. Rinaldi had shown great zeal and sympathy, in his rough way, in the fate of Peppuccio, and Anna had no doubt that would exert himself to the utmost to save him. Her heart rose in gratitude as she regarded him as the friend of her brother, but it fell again in the thought that he had been the means of leading that brother from his honest calling to his now desperate profession—from being the protector of his helpless mother and sister, to becoming the destroyer of their respectability, their peace, and happiness. But a woman's love, which is equal to all things, lifted his image again, and placed it as a sacrifice upon the altar of her affections.

Having approached the little chapel, Anna paused ; and looking in intently, she saw a man on his knees at the grated window, apparently engaged in the most earnest devotions ; his hat, decorated in the mode of the brigands, lay at his side, with his cloak wrapped round the long gun, as it had been carried in that way, upon the shoulder. He did not appear conscious of her presence ; but bent his head, pressing his hands upon his forehead, and moaned and sighed heavily. Anna looked again, and saw it was Rinaldi. For a moment she stood without motion ; and then dropping upon her knees by the side of him, and placing both her hands upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of tears. The unhappy man was roused, and appeared deeply affected ; he crossed himself, took one of Anna's hands, put his arm round her, and attempted to lift her from her position, standing up himself. Brushing his long dark hair aside, and taking his hat, he said, in a subdued tone of voice, " Now, Anna, what have you done ? " but the poor girl was too much affected to reply at once. While he still pressed her hand warmly between both his, he said, " *Annuccia mia, tears are useless, and I cannot bear to see —* "

His voice faltered, and he turned away his head. Rousing herself, Anna replied, "Alas! Rinaldi, I have done nothing."

An oath was on his lips, but he suppressed it, exclaiming, "Why, Anna, why?"—"We are unfortunate. I arrived only a few minutes after a sum of money had been paid to the factor of Il Signor Martini."

Taking her up sharply, "How, Anna," said he, "are you sure of what you say?"—"Yes, Rinaldi; my uncle told me that the factor, attended by a little boy, had gone home, and had not left his house five minutes."

"Is he on horseback," said the man.—"He is," replied Anna.

"Then I know the road he must take. Secure yourself in the chapel, Anna: the door is not fastened. Enter and wait there till I return." Anna was on the point of remonstrating, but the brigand with the rapidity of lightning had fled, and was out of sight.

"You know the rugged path which goes down into the road that leads to the casino of Signor Martini?" said the crone.

"Certainly," said old Ciconi, "the road from the mill winds round the foot of the mountain, and is a good five miles long; the path from the chapel is scarcely more than a quarter of that distance. Oh, I know," said he; "a cripple might hop the one, whilst a hare could not run the other."

"Well," said the old woman, "descending this path till he reached the road that he knew the factor must pass, Rinaldi listened for the foot of the horse, and soon heard it, although still distant. Half an hour elapsed; and every now and then, and as the road showed itself zigzag to the point where Rinaldi stood, two figures might be seen descending. At last the factor and a boy at his side, who carried a gun, came into the road, and were proceeding, when Rinaldi started from behind a projecting bit of rock, seized the bridle of the horse, and demanded the money of the rider. The terrified man made no resistance, but, begging that the brigand would spare his life, tendered him a heavy purse.

Rinaldi took it—"It is enough," said he. "Now go back the way you came, and come not again upon this road until the morning. There are some waiting for you farther on, who will not treat you so tenderly as I have done. Go, and say nothing." Saying this, the brigand pushed the head of the horse backwards, and the factor turned round. The neck and head of the animal had covered the brigand while he held the bridle, and stood speaking to the rider; but as the horse moved backwards, he stood exposed, and at that moment a shot was fired from out some brushwood on the other side of the road, directly opposite. The boy escaped, dashing resolutely down the steep road, and Rinaldi found himself wounded. The factor followed the boy at a full gallop, glad to escape, and not knowing, from any sign given by the brigand, whether or not the shot had taken effect.

Holding the purse in his hand, and without a groan or a word, Rinaldi commenced climbing the steep mountain near the path by which he had descended. He mounted slowly and steadily for some time, and then flung himself down on a convenient spot for resting. Presently he renewed his toil, and made about half the distance, when he rested again. The third time when he rose he staggered, put his hand to his head for a moment, and then pressed resolutely forward, until he again stopped, and sat down, as if from exhaustion. He remained here several minutes, swaying from side to side as he sat:

at length, with a sound as if clearing his throat, he began again to climb, panting audibly, and assisting himself by such branches and roots of shrubs and bushes as he could lay hold of. Presently he fell on his face with a groan ; but after many attempts he struggled, righted himself, and with great difficulty again sat up.

Anna had heard the report of a gun, and fearing that Rinaldi had made an attack on some unfortunate wayfarer, left her retreat in the chapel, and was delighted to find the gun and the cloak lying as her lover had left it. Still she had just reason for alarm, and could not return to her place of concealment. She waited and listened, and at last made her way to the brow of the mountain, over which she had seen Rinaldi vanish. Just as she had reached it, the unhappy man rose staggering from some of the uppermost bushes, and made towards her.

"Heavens!" said the poor girl, "Rinaldi, what has happened?"

"Take—take this," he said, putting the purse into her hand, "and help me if you can, Anna. I am hurt."

"Where, where, Rinaldi? Dear Rinaldi, lean on me. Cannot I go for the surgeon, or find some one who will? *Madonna mia!* what is to be done!"

"Nothing," whisp'ered the wounded man. "Help me on to the other side near the water-course; there I can drink and die, and some of the band will find me."

"O Heaven!" ejaculated the poor girl, "pity and save him!"

With much difficulty, and while the poor wretch was sinking fast, they reached the top of a long gulley, which descended in rough, and broken steps to the foot of the mountain. On both sides of it olive-grounds extended for some distance. Down these it was not difficult to pass; but with great labour, and by an exertion of strength by which the wounded man was almost exhausted, a convenient spot was reached, where water was to be found. Scarcely had he been placed leaning with his back against one of the many projecting blocks of broken rock before the refreshing draught was at his lips.

"The Mother of Heaven reward you, Anna!" exclaimed the man, reviving a little from the death-swoon coming over him.

"Where are you wounded?" said Anna.

"Here! here!" said he, putting his hand on his right breast a little below the shoulder. His shirt was open at the neck, and pulling it aside, Anna saw a small red spot.

"Dear Rinaldi," said the girl; "I see no blood."

"So much the worse," was the reply. "It bleeds inwardly."

"Heaven! can nothing be done for you?"

"Nothing, Anna—it is—too late," and here his head fell over upon the shoulder of his affectionate attendant.

"Rinaldi!" said she, while her tears gushed forth in torrents, "Oh! for Heaven's sake, speak to me!"

He pressed her hand faintly, and in a broken sentence, exclaimed, "Anna, I must die. Poor Peppuccio! Take the mon—" and he struggled to speak, but the gripe of death was on his throat, and no sound came.

Anna wept with her whole heart in every gush of sorrow that filled her eyes, and ran over upon the object of her ill-placed love. She held him in her arms, pressed him to her bosom; and, as her scalding tears fell upon the cold cheek of the brigand, he said, in a tone scarcely audible, "Anna, *addio!*—mother—" and died.

At day-break two shepherds, who were passing near the spot,

stopped suddenly on hearing the violent barking of their dogs, and, going to see what occasioned it, were not a little alarmed at finding the dead body of the brigand leaning still against the bit of rock, and the body of Anna lying insensible at his side. Scarcely knowing whether to fly, or to try and render assistance, the men stood for a minute or two gazing, and irresolute.

At last one of them stooped, and took her hand, and fancying he should be treating her in the right way, with rough kindness lifted her up upon her feet. She stood like a "corpse, still keeping the position in which she had been lying. They spoke to her; but her voice was silent, and her eyes were still closed. The rude, well-meaning men were perplexed; so they carried her to the top of the mountain, and placing her in a convenient posture, one of them ran directly to the town, which was but a short distance, to fetch the doctor. A very short time elapsed before he came, attended by several neighbours and gossips, and the poor girl was lifted in their arms still insensible. In that state she was conveyed to her home, where her mother still watched for her, and was put into bed.

Many weeks passed over: but no one of the neighbours during that time ever saw Anna. Her mother, when asked about her, said she was better, but did not apparently wish to speak about her. When she appeared, she was so much changed that no one knew her, and from that hour to the present she has never smiled, or looked up, but has bent her eyes upon the earth, as if looking for a place to make her grave!

"Poor girl! poor girl!" ejaculated the old *manetengolo*. "But, tell me," said he to the old woman in an under-tone, "what became of the trinkets and rings that Anna took to her relations?"

"You vile rogue!" said the old woman, rising from her seat in disgust.

"But, neighbour mine," rejoined the man. "Indeed, neighbour, I pity Anna very much; but it's a pity if the things were lost."

"I know nothing about them," reiterated the old woman.

"But what, neighbour mine," said the wheedling old man, "what it is that Anna wears about her neck? 'tis heavy."

"Brute! once more I tell you, I know nothing about it."

"Well," replied the man, assuming his usual smile, "there is no harm in asking."—"Perhaps there is, perhaps not."

"Well," observed Ciconi, "I shall do Anna's bidding, and shall be back this way in the morning."

The old woman stood steadily looking after Ciconi as he tripped away with his usual quick step; then speaking to herself she muttered, "What a beast does the love of gain make of a man! Rocks are hard, but human sympathies—ugh! That old wretch had a heart given him by nature, but he has made it the store-house of his cupidity: the goodly treasures that it once contained have left it, and are scattered forth like vagrants without a parent or a home, which, when they claim kindred, are looked on shyly, and are half disowned. Ugh! the world's idol is God's curse and the soul's bane! But the adder makes its poison in the dew that nourishes the flower, and revives the grass on which the lamb and the kid feed. *Dio buono*—the heavens are lifted far above us, and the earth goes deeper than men's thoughts!—but, anon, anon!" Here rousing herself from her reverie, the old dame, put her hands ~~further~~, ^{further}, exclaiming in a tone of the deepest intensity and feeling, "Poor Anna!—poor child of sorrow! daughter of the human kind,

and victim of the human lot — woman ! soon shalt thou find thy place of rest ! Even now they have spread the low couch at the foot of the altar—have strewed the flowers, pinched the ribands, placed the fillets, and set the wax-lights around the bier. Poor girl!—for thee sorrow has done its worst, and the priest and *beccamorti* soon will do the rest ! But I must search for thy sad retreat, poor girl ! I have watched thee, and I know thy fate is not far distant, not many days—perhaps not many hours !” and the old woman moved slowly and pensively away in the direction whence she had last seen Anna. The morning broke with a face smiling and bright as if it had never looked on sorrow, or that it brought another day to lengthen out the term of human endurance. Anna’s had ceased !

Ciconi was now seen returning. The old woman stood on a prominent part of the mountain, her tall lean figure strongly relieved by the bright dawn behind her. A group of peasants had gathered round the stone on which the brigand had died, and there, looking as if she slept, with her cold pale cheek pressing against the rock,—and, like it, cold and senseless, her hands clasped and resting in her lap, lay the still beautiful faded form of the unfortunate Anna di Santis !

Whatever it was that she had worn and preserved with such care in her bosom was still a secret, for the little bag which contained it had been opened, and its contents were gone. The old crone was often questioned by those who were curious to know. It was supposed, whether upon good grounds or otherwise, that it was the bullet which had killed her lover. The little packet intrusted to the *manetengolo*, who faithfully delivered it, proved to be the sum taken from the factor, in the same state in which it had been received.

PHIL FLANNIGAN'S ADVENTURES.

BY J. STERLING COYNE.

A SHARP sleet was rattling against the windows, and a shrill wintry wind whistling down the chimney of Phil Flannigan’s snug, well-thatched dwelling, which stood within a “short mile” of the little village of Ballyscolgan. But the music of the storm without was unheeded by the joyous party assembled under Phil’s hospitable roof-tree, or was only alluded to occasionally for the purpose of giving a richer zest to the mirth, or a deeper inspiration to the draughts of hot ale and whisky-punch that passed in foaming jugs from hand to hand.

It was Christmas night ; and Phil Flannigan, who was reputed amongst his neighbours a “strong farmer,” and well-to-do in the world, had, according to his annual custom, invited a party of his friends and relatives “to take a dhrap of comfort with him, in honour of the night that was in it.” On such a pleasant occasion there were few absentees,—old gossips and young lovers hastened to the scene of festivity,—and many a

Cousin Judy with her Cousin Harry,
And Cousin Peggy with her Cousin Lary,

came in loving couples to join the merry throng.

The *beal-tinne* log—a huge block of wood, that extended quite across the ample hearth at the back of the fire,—crackled cheerfully, and shot forth a bright and social flame ; the painted Christmas candles were lighted in polished candlesticks upon the well-scoured deal table, and

around the apartment hung branches of holly and ivy, with red berries and black, shining in rich clusters amidst their dark-green leaves.

"Healths a-piece to you, friends and neighbours all, and many a merry Christmas may you live to see!" cried Phil, nodding round with a smile upon his guests, and then applying the reeking punch-can to his lips, he hid the upper part of his features in the spacious vessel, and indulged himself in a prolonged investigation of its contents. "Sowl!" he exclaimed, drawing his breath, and smacking his lips with indescribable relish, as he drew the sleeve of his coat along the brim of the can, and handed it to his neighbour, Jim Costigan,— "sowl! but that's the rale stuff to raise the cockles of a man's heart. I'll be on my affidavy that a drop of such beautiful punch never went inside my teeth *all the time I was in England.*"

This allusion to "the time he was in England" invariably preceded the recital of a famous adventure which had happened to Phil in his younger days. This story he had been in the habit of relating upon every favourable opportunity to his friends for the last thirty years,— but with such considerable variations that it possessed all the charm of novelty at every fresh recital.

"Well," said Phil, after a short pause, "I'll tell you something that will divart you, if I can; but what is it to be? Did any of yees ever hear of my thravels to Liverpool?"

"No, Phil, sorra one of us ever heerd that from you yet. Tell us a piece of your thravels, and more power to you," was the general reply.

"You must know, then, that it's now near two-and-thirty years since the notion of thravelling came first into my head. I was then a smart and active young fellow, with a leg like a parish priest's, and a fist—oh! by the powers of turf! that was a fist to go coort with! 'Well,' says I to myself one fine morning, while I was trenching the young ~~pyates~~ in my mother's garden, 'what's the use,' says I, 'of nathnral janius, if a man lets it get mowldy? It's an old and a true saying, if you want to sell your pig, you must keep in the middle of the fair. So, bedad! 'hit or miss,' as the blind man said when he beat his wife, I'll be off to England: that's the place for a man to make his fortune; and, if impudence can do it, I won't be behind-hand.'

"The next morning saw me with a short stick in my fist, and ten hogs in my pocket, on the road to Dublin, whistling 'The Rakes of Mallow,' to keep away the lowness of sperrits that was coming over me, when I thought of my poor mother that I had left without so much as a word at parting. 'But,' says I, 'I'll make her amends when I come back to her in my coach and six, with my servants in their cocked hats and silk stockings, and myself covered over with goold and di'monds enough to take the sight out of her eyes; and a beautiful young crather of a wife walking by my side, dressed in silks and satins, and an illigant long white veil trailing along after her on the ground, for she'll be too proud to lift it out of the dirt herself.'

"I needn't take up your time telling you how I got to Dublin, and how I bargained with the captain of a sailing-vessel—the steamers warn't in fashion at that time—to carry me to Liverpool for seven hogs.

"'Well,' says I, 'here I am in England, and now for the fortune.' But the divil a taste of a fortune could I see lying about anywhere: the houses looked as black and as hard as stone and mortar could make them; and the people looked quite as black and as hard as the houses. 'Many a bad beginning makes a fair ending,' thinks I. 'Maybe this isn't the place where my luck's to commence.' So, gripping my shil-

lelah tighter in my fist, I marched right into the town, up one street, and down another, looking into the shop-windows as I passed, and wondhering at all the grandeur I saw. After trapesing the town for four hours, I found myself again on the spot where I had started from. 'What's to be done next?' says I. At last a bright thought struck me: 'I'll inquire of everybody I meet the shortest and easiest way of making a fortune. Somebody, surely, will be able to put me on the right track of it.'

"But I was wrong; everybody I asked laughed at and jeered me: one chap told me the sure way of rising in the world was up a ladder, with a hod of mortar on my shoulder; and another assured me that I could not fail of making a great impression on the public, if I joined the labours of half-a-dozen gentlemen, who were knocking decency into the paving-stones with big wooden mallets. 'Twas lucky for the spaldeen he didn't wait for my answer, or I'd have left him as nate an impression of my little sapling on his skull as would serve to keep me in his mind for many a day. Night was now coming on; and without as much as would pay turnpike for a walking-stick in my pocket, I was beginning to think that I should have the wide world for a feather-bed, and the beautiful sky for a blanket that night, when I saw a-smart, well-dressed young woman, standing at a hall-door.

"'Who's afraid?' says I to myself. 'I'll put my *commedher* on the darling; and, if her heart's made of the usual faymale materials, she'll take pity on my dissolute situation.'

With that I walks up to the door, and making a bow to her, in the most engaging manner I could consave, I began telling her my story; but before I could get two words out, she threw her arms about my neck, and giving me a kiss that nearly took away my breath,

"'Ah! then, dear, is it yourself that's here?' says she.

"'Divil a doubt of it, ma'am,' says I, making answer, and looking very hard at the young lady.

"'And what on airth brought you to these parts?' says she.

"'Bad luck, I b'lieve,' says I, 'if I'm to get no better trament here than I've met already.'

"'But come in. The masther and mistress are out taking tay; and there's nobody at home but the masther's ould aunt, and she's in bed these two hours. So come down to the kitchen, and we'll have a little quiet talk of ould times. God help you for a poor *gomoliagh*! But, you must be kilt with hunger, *acushla*! Stop a bit, and I'll get you something for your supper. There's a piece of cowld beef in the larder.'

"Well, in less time than I could tell you, Peggy had laid a beautiful dish of beef on the table before me. The sight of it made my teeth water; and I was preparing for a grand attack upon it, when—bang!—there came a tundhering double knock at the hall-door, that shook the house to the foundations.

"'Oh! mother o' Moses! that's the masther's knock!' says Peggy, turning as white as a turnip; "I'm murthered and ruined for ever."

"'Tare an' agers! don't say so, Peggy,' cries I; "can't you hide me anywhere?'

"'Bang-dang-der-rang-dang! t-rrr-r-r-r rat-tat-tatt-tr-r-r-r-r-rat tat-tat-trat-tat-tatt!' went the knocker again.

"'There,—he'll break the door down if he's kept waiting,' says she, trembling from the bow in her cap down to her shoe-strings.

"'I'll crup into an auger-hole, Peggy.'

"'Stop!' says she; "there's an old lumber-room that you can hide

in. Here, up these back stairs with you. At the top of the second landing, turn to the right, and the first door on your left is the one. Make no noise now.'

"'Nabocklish!' says I, and I began to mount the stairs as softly as a fly upon butter; but, when I came to the second landing, I could not tell whether it was the right-hand turn and the left-hand door, or left-hand door and the right-hand turn, I was told to take. I was fairly bothered between them; and there I stood in the dark, till at last I took the left-hand turn for luck, and coming to a door on my right hand, I opened it quite aisly, and walked in.

"'All's right!' thinks I, and I began to grope about for a sate of some kind, when I bobbed my head again' a bed-post.

"'Small thanks to you for that,' says I, and, stretching out my hand, I laid it plump upon the nose of somebody in the bed.

"'Who's there?' cried a voice that sounded like a cracked fiddle under a blanket.

"'Dished again, by the powers! I've got into the aunt's room as sure as there's turf in Athlone!' says I.

"'Thieves!—murdher!—robbery!—fire!—murdher!' bawled the ould body at the pitch of her voice; and tumbling out on the floor on the opposite side of the bed, she rushed out of the room, screeching all sorts of murdher as she ran down stairs.

"'What's to be done now?' says I; 'I'll be either hanged or shot as a robber if I don't get out of this.' And there was no time to lose, for I h'ard the master calling for his blundherbush and pistols, and in another minute I might have more slugs in my body than ever was seen in a head of spring-cabbage. I looked out of the window,—it was four stories from the ground; the sight of them made my head turn. I looked up the chimney; it was as black and narrow as a dog's throat. However it was no time to stand on thrifles; so, getting into the chimney, by dint of squeezing and scrounging I managed at last to get to the top. What to do next I didn't know; so, letting myself slip gradually down again till I was over the fire-place, I listened, and listened, but not a word or a sound could I hear from the room below.

"'All's quiet there: I've put them on a wrong scent,' thinks I to myself; and with that I let myself sliddher down into the grate, and stepped out upon the hearth, and found myself in an illigant little room, with a lamp lighted upon a table in the centre of it. The walls were all hung round with curtains of rale silk, and lovely pictures, and little images of white marvel were stuck here and there about the room. There was a beautiful carpet, too, on the floor, that it went again' my conscience to tread upon; and a small sophy beside the table, with chairs and stools, and everything compleate but the bed,—*that* had vanished, I couldn't tell how. I rubbed my forehead, and there sure enough was the lump, near as big as a duck egg, that I got when I ran my head against the bed-post in the dark,—there could be no mistake about *that*. So I began to pondher and think, and at last it struck me that in coming down the chimney I had got into a wrong flue, and I was now in another house.

"'Well,' thinks I, 'maybe 'tis all for good luck, as the mouse said when he fell into the male-tub.'

"'At that moment I heard a key turning in the lock of the door; but, as I had no wish to meet any of the family at that time, I slipped behind one of the window-curtains just as a fine, comfortable, red-faced lady walked in, followed by a tall, lank-sided, preacher-looking fellow,

dressed all in black, who sat himself down beside her on the sophy, and put his arm around her waist as impudent as you please.

“ ‘Mr. Twang,’ says the lady, ‘this is a very wicked world—a sad wicked world !’ Heigho!—we must subdue our appetites, to make us worthy of entering the tabernacle of the elect.’

“ ‘Divinely spoken,’ says the black chap, ‘divinely spoken, madam. Nevertheless the sweet savour of earthly viands is pleasing unto the palates of the babes of grace.’

“ ‘I have ordered a stewed chicken and some other trifles for supper, Mr. Twang,’ observed the lady.

“ ‘Chickens!—heavenly birds!—celestial fowl!—angelic widow!—charming Mrs. Tufton !’ cried Twang, laying a smack upon her lips that sounded like a pistol-shot.

“ ‘Whoo ! Ballyscoglan for ever !’ shouted I, forgetting where I was. The lady gave a scream, and fell back on the sophy.

“ ‘*Millia murdher !*’ says myself, running out, and lifting up the lady as tindherly as I could. ‘Don’t be afeard, ma’am ; I’m a decent Irish boy, that wouldn’t hurt a hair of your head for all the goold in the world.’

“ ‘Don’t believe him ! He’s the devil!—he’s the devil!—he’s the unclean spirit !’ cries the preaching chap from a corner.

“ ‘Who do you call an unclane sperrit, you thieving vagabond ? I’ll soon larn you that (barrin’ the taste of *sul* I got in the chimbley,) I’m a clener and a better sperrit than ever stood in your shoes,’ says I, making over to’ards him.

“ ‘Oh!—don’t hurt him !’ cries the lady catching hoult of me.

“ ‘Anything to oblige a lady,’ says I, making my best bow ; ‘but don’t let me catch that ugly thief at Ballyscolban fair,—that’s all !’

“ ‘In Heaven’s name, how came you here ?’ says the widow.

“ ‘There you puzzle me, ma’am ; for I may say I came in rather a promiscuous sort of way. But if my company be inconvaynient, I’ll be off in a jiffy again,’ says I, moving to the door.

“ ‘Stop, stop !’ says she, ‘not that way. What would the servants think ? My character would be destroyed.’

“ ‘And mine,’ groaned the preacher, who had got close behind her.

“ ‘There is but one way,’ says the lady to me, after a pause. ‘You must leave this house instantly, and secretly, as you came.’

“ ‘Through the chimney ? No ; I bar that, my lady.’

“ ‘Well, by yonder window. Beneath it is a sculptor’s marble-yard, from whence you may easily get into the street.’

“ ‘Whew !—necks, my lady, ain’t put in danger for nothing.’

“ ‘I understand you,’ says she, putting her hand in her pocket, and taking out a green net purse, in which a nest of goldfinches were chirping most beautifully. ‘Here are twenty guineas,’ says she. ‘Promise to keep our secret, and they are yours.’

“ ‘Of course I made all the promises she wanted, and then, by the help of the bell-cords, the widow, and the preacher, I was lowered down from the window into the marble-yard.

“ ‘Well, there I was, among all the baythen gods and goddesses, cut out of stone, and ranged under sheds, and the devil a way of getting out of their company ; for the walls were too high to climb, and the gate was locked as fast as a miser’s fist.

“ ‘There’s no help for misfortunes,’ says I. ‘I’ll try and make myself as comfortable as I can till morning, when I’ll slip out unknownst to any one.’

"So I rummaged about until I stumbled upon a large dale box. Lifting the lid, which was loose, I saw a white marble image of an ugly ould thief, with a beard like a billy-goat, lying at his ase in a most illigant bed of straw and shavings.

"More grandeur to you, my ould trout!" says I. "It's snug and comfortable you look there in your nice warm bed; but fair play's a jewel. It's my turn now to take a snooze. So, by your lave!"

With that I tumbled out my bould haro, rowled him into a corner of the yard, and took his place among the shavings. I then drew the cover on the box to keep out the night air, and before many minutes I was as fast as the rock of Cashel. I don't know how long I slept; but the first thing I felt when I awoke was somebody hammering like fury on the top of the box.

"Oh! tundher and turf! what's this at all?" thinks I. Then I listened, and I heard a man's voice say,

"Make haste, Jim, or we shall be late."

"Pillulieu, murdher! What's going to happen to me next?" says I to myself; for I was afeard to make the least noise, lest they should discover me. So I kept as quiet as a mouse, and immaydately the box was laid upon a cart, and away I was carried fair and aisy. After a while the cart stopped, and I could hear men swearing and talking; and then there was a drawing of ropes, a rattling of chains, and a creaking of wheels, and I felt, by the way that the box went swinging and swaying about, that I had been hoisted into the air. *Dharrá dhic!* the thoughts of it makes me thrimble to this day. I couldn't shout if I was to get the world for it; for my tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth, and the big drops of perspiration was streaming down my cheeks with the fright.

"Heave oh—yo!" shouts the sailors, giving the box a great rowl and a heave.

I felt they had got it upon the side of a ship. The hair of my head stood out as straight as the bristles of a sweeping brush, and my heart grew as small as a pin's head, when by good luck I got my face clear of the shavings that were smothering me, and I gave a shout that made the sailors drop the box like a hot p'tatee upon the deck.

"Tare an' ounties!—don't throw me into the say!" I bawls out.

"The devil's in the box!" says one of the sailors.

"Murdher!—help!—murdher!" roars myself.

"What's the matter?" asks the captain.

"Davy Jones has got into this 'ere case, sir, and we're a going to shove him into his own locker," answers the mate.

"Stop," says the captain; "I'd like to see the gentleman first."

"With that he gave the box a tip with a handspike, that made the cover fly off in smithereens, and behould you, there was my beautiful self to the fore!"

"Hollo!" says the captain, as soon as I shook myself out of the shavings; "how did you come here, my good fellow?"

"That's the very question I was going to make bould to ax your honour," says I, taking off my caubeen, and making my manners.

"I sot down near the end of the ship with the captain, and tould him every word of all that happened to me, just as I tould it now to you. Of coarse he laughed heartily, and gave me half a crown to drink his health; which I undoubtedly did in a *gauliogue* of the rale cordial at Mrs. Houlaghan's, five minnits afther I set my ten toes upon the Quay of Dublin."

STANLEY THORN.

DNCLUDING CHAPTER.

STANLEY, who had been throughout the day anxiously expecting Sir William, in the evening despatched a messenger with the following note:—"DEAR AMELIA,—Why do you not either come or send to me? Wormwell, who has, of course, explained all, has not been near me the whole of the day. Send a note by the bearer. All will soon be well; but do not neglect Your own STANLEY."

This note Amelia read again and again without being able to understand what it meant. Certainly, Sir William had stated that he knew where Stanley was, but then he had endeavoured to induce the belief that he was in disreputable society, and yet Stanley himself evidently thought it strange that she had neither gone nor sent to him. While dwelling upon these conflicting features of the mystery, and before she had had time to solve any one of them, Albert returned, with a smile of triumph, and having kissed her with unusual warmth, the note was placed in his hands.

"There has been," said he, having read it, "some treachery here."—"But where is he?"

"Oh, that we can soon ascertain from the fellow below. I'll inquire."

He did so; and on being informed, sent his card back by the messenger, and desired him to tell Stanley that he would immediately be with him.

He then started off, and on reaching the house, threw Stanley into a state of the most intense astonishment, by relating to him all that had occurred.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, old fellow," said Albert, "I'd better go at once to the Governor."

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Stanley. "I would not let him know of it for twenty times the amount."

"Well, what do you think, then, of the old General. *He* knows a trick or two. Shall I go and tell him?"

"No, that will not do; the rest would know of it immediately."

"Well, then, shall I go and explain it to your mother?"

"What could *she* do in the matter?"

"Well, something must be done."

"Will you call upon this attorney?"

"I'll tell you what, old fellow. I'd bet a million I should only do you more harm than good. What could I say to him?"

"You could ask him, at all events, what he means to do."

"So I can; but just look at the result. I go, and I say to him, 'Now, old fellow, what do you mean to do in this business?'

His answer will be, 'I mean to keep him in custody, of course, until the amount claimed be paid.'—"But it's a swindle."—"I know nothing about that: I am employed to get the money, and the money I must have."—"But we'll bring it to trial."—"You can't: you have already suffered judgment by default."—"Then I'll tell you what it is, old fellow, we'll indict the whole gang for conspiracy.' His reply would be, 'Do so; but let me strongly recommend you, in the first place, to find out the men.' I should never be able to get over such a fellow as that. However, as nothing can be done in the matter to-

night, let us dream about it. Something will suggest itself. You 'll be at home when I call, I suppose?"

Stanley smiled.

" Well, come, old fellow, give us a glass of wine, and I 'll be off."

Stanley rang the bell, and in due time an attendant appeared.

" I say, old boy," said Albert, " give my love to Mrs. Moses—"

" Isaacs," said Stanley,—" Isaacs."

" Oh, Isaacs is it? Well, it's all the same. Give my love to Mrs. Isaacs, and tell her to send up a bottle of her most superb port."

The attendant vanished; and when the wine had been produced, Albert took a couple of glasses, and, having promised to be with Stanley very early in the morning, left with a strong recommendation which touched immediately upon the wisdom of a man keeping up his spirits. On his return to Amelia, Albert explained to her all that he imagined a woman ought, under the circumstances, to know.

" Well, old girl," he began, " seen him—sends his love, and so on—right as a rook—happy—comfortable—slap rooms—wine—every-thing regular—soon be home—little mess—settled in no time. But," he added, " as I shall sleep here to-night, let 's talk about business. We want some experienced old file just to take this little matter in hand. Who can we get?"

" Why, I should say," replied Amelia, " that papa would be the person to apply to."

" But Stanley won't have it. He wants it to be kept dark at home. Do you think, now, his mother knows any old boy?"—" I should say so."

" Well, then, suppose we go to her at once."—" Would Stanley approve of it?"

" Oh, we mustn't be too squeamish. He has got himself into a mess, and we must now get him out of it. Go and put on your things. You can explain it to her. I can put in a word or two, you know, here and there."

Although apprehensive that Stanley would be displeased, Amelia followed Albert's instructions, and they started. Finding, on their arrival, that the widow had not retired, they sent the servant up to announce them.

" Gracious!" she exclaimed as she met them at the drawing-room door. " What has happened? Is there anything the matter?"

Amelia proceeded to relate what had occurred; but when the perfidy of Sir William had been duly explained, the widow became so bewildered, that she confessed that she really didn't know exactly whether she was asleep or awake.

" Man, man!" she exclaimed: " they are all alike — all! But I could not have believed it of him. But what are we to do for poor Stanley? What can be done?"

" Albert," said Amelia, " you have something to suggest."

" Why, yes," returned Albert, " I was thinking that as Stanley objects to the interference of the Governor, you might know some experienced individual, who wouldn't mind taking the matter in hand. Do you know such a one?"—" Why—let me see," replied the widow, considering. " I do know a gentleman—a perfect man of business—"

" The very thing!—just the very fellow we want."—" But," continued the widow, " I don't see — really — how I can — now — with any degree of propriety — send to him."

"Does he know Stanley?" — "Oh yes, perfectly ; he has known him from childhood."

"Then *he'd* do it ! Shall I go and see him ? What's his name ?" — "Why, his name," replied the widow, "is Ripstone." And, as she pronounced that name she slightly blushed.

"Ripstone ; ah ! well," said Albert ; "where does he live ? I'd better call upon him the first thing in the morning." — "Why, I'm thinking of its propriety ! And yet—I don't know—Stanley, it is true, might not like it. Well—I don't know—perhaps it is very ridiculous for me to hesitate. I *think* that I might." — "Oh, yes !—do it at once."

At length she gave Albert the address, with a variety of instructions, when he and Amelia left her, to collect her faculties, which had been so completely upset. Early on the following morning, Albert waited upon Mr. Ripstone, who assured him that Mrs. Thorn was a lady whom he highly esteemed, and that there was no soul on earth whom it would give him greater pleasure to serve.

Albert then explained all that had immediate reference to Stanley, and having finished, Mr. Ripstone accompanied him to the residence of the widow.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Ripstone, as he entered, "I am happy, most happy to see you looking so well."

The widow smiled, and bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Believe me," pursued Mr. Ripstone, "nothing ever gave me more real pleasure than this opportunity of serving one from whom I have experienced such high consideration."

The widow blushed deeply ; and when Ripstone had explained that he should do himself the honour of calling, from time to time, in order to report progress, he pressed her hand, and with an expression of profound respect, left her inspired with some of the oddest feelings that were ever experienced by a lady in either ancient or modern times. Having obtained from Stanley all the information he had the power to impart, Ripstone set to work, and succeeded in three days in buying up the whole of the bills, and thus setting Stanley free. From that auspicious period Mr. Ripstone was securely reinstated in the widow's ardent heart ; indeed, scarcely a day passed on which she was not visited by him. And thus things went on for a month, during which the widow frequently felt that he might as well come to the point at once ; but although he had perfectly made up his mind, he had never been able to screw his courage sufficiently up. One evening, however, when he and the widow had been sitting for some time in silence, he gave a most resolute sigh.

"Well," thought the widow, "it's coming at last." A pause ensued, during which Ripstone zealously twirled his bunch of seals at the rate of three thousand turns per minute, while the widow was apparently lost in admiration of the pattern of the lace with which her handkerchief was bordered.

At length Ripstone spoke : "I recollect, my dear madam," said he, "that when I was comparatively poor, a certain lady whom I held, and still hold in high esteem, on one occasion solicited my advice on a certain—delicate—subject." — "I see, I see," thought the widow, "I see."

"Now," pursued Mr. Ripstone, "now, as that lady—that is to say

as the question—I mean the subject—or rather the advice which that lady solicited was somewhat—at least she considered it to be somewhat—delicate, do you think—I merely put it to you, whether you think—that I could, without any impropriety, solicit the advice of that lady on a subject, perhaps, equally delicate?"

"What do you mean, you funny man?"—"I'll tell you," cried Ripstone, with desperate nerve,—"I'll tell you at once: I want to marry; I want to marry a lady—a certain lady! Very well. Now I want to know how I'm to go to work."

"Well, then, all you have to do is—but you know much better than I can." "Well, I can only say what I should do if I were in your situation."—"Exactly—yes—that's the very point."

"Well, I'd go to her and say 'I have been thinking that marriage is a state from which springs every species of social felicity. I have also been thinking that, if we were to marry, our happiness would be increased.'—"Well, my dear madam—and then?"

"Why, that you would have but to say, 'In a word, will you have me?'"—"Very good—and then her answer?"

"Oh, I canhot tell what that would be."

"Can you not tell what your answer would be?"—"Mine!—Under the same circumstances?"

"Precisely. Now, what would be your answer? Nay, what is your answer? Will you have me?"

The widow blushed—that she felt herself bound to do, of course—and was silent; but Ripstone, as she prudently fixed her eyes upon the carpet, seized her unresisting hand, and having kissed it very correctly, pressed it to his heart, exclaiming, "Yes!—I will answer for you—Yes!—You will be mine."—"You are a kind, good creature," said the widow, having sufficiently paused, "one whom I would not for the world deceive."

The compact was then in the usual manner sealed—indeed, they sealed it in the usual manner many times in the course of that truly happy evening—and so fully did they enter into each other's views, that within a week they stood at the altar, and in the cheering presence of their most highly valued friends—were united.

By the generosity of Mr. Ripstone, Stanley's income was raised to a thousand a year; and having by this time purchased sufficient experience not only to guard him against the designs of dashing knaves, but to inspire him with an utter contempt for those fashionable follies, in which there is neither manliness, justice, nor reason, he resolved to enjoy those substantial delights of which honour and love are the germs. Had he previously to his marriage seen more of what is denominated "life," before he undertook the duties of a husband, his heart, which was of a manly, generous caste, would never have permitted him to treat with neglect one so amiable, so gentle as Amelia. He now, however, saw how unworthily he had acted, and became one of the most attentive and considerate husbands that ever charmed a gentle spirit with joy. Then indeed did Amelia deem herself blessed. He appreciated fully her innumerable virtues, and that appreciation alone was the source of pure happiness to both.

Sir William he never again met by any accident; a dissolution of Parliament having occurred, Sir William lost his seat, to which he was not re-elected; his creditors pounced upon and forced him into the Bench, within the rules of which he lived and died. Nor did

Stanley ever again meet "Captain" Filcher ; but, passing on one occasion with Amelia through Burlington Arcade, he stopped with her at one of the windows to admire a box of extremely delicate French gloves, and, being desirous of making a purchase, entered the shop. The very moment, however, Stanley entered, the young person in attendance sighed deeply, and almost fainted.

"My precious!" exclaimed a more elderly person, rushing forward at the moment,—"my precious!" and turning round, she almost fainted too, as Stanley recognised in them the "Countess" and her mamma. Amelia looked somewhat seriously at Stanley. "Do you know these persons?" she inquired.

Stanley privately explained who they were, when, turning to Mrs. Gills, he observed that he was happy to see her in a position of so much comfort. Mrs. Gills then related all that had occurred since the elopement, of which the substance was, that on her arrival at Calais, Filcher explained to the "Countess" the real nature of her social position—that he promised to marry her himself, but he never performed that promise—that in three months from the time it was made he deserted her—and that [REDACTED] month after that he was duly apprehended for swindling, and had been in a French prison ever since—that on the return of the "Countess" to England, an application was made to the Earl, an *exposé* was threatened, and that eventually, in order to avoid that, he consented to pay a certain sum down to enable her to get into business.

As that venerable gentleman—"Venerable Joe"—has been frequently alluded to in the progress of this history, it will not perhaps be uninteresting to state, that he faithfully married the gentle Joanna—that she wore what he termed the "oh-no-we-never-mentionables" strictly—that she naturally considered them to be an excellent fit, and very comfortable things, too she found them,—that he went to smoke his pipe every evening at the sign of the "Cat and Constitution,"—a house kept by his valued friend Bob, to whom Stanley lent nominally, but actually gave, a sufficient sum of money to take it; and that the venerable gentleman was the oracle of the parlour, the frequenters of which were at all times delighted with his profoundly philosophical dissertations.

But in the height of his prosperity, and he certainly was very prosperous, Bob never ceased to look upon Stanley as the best friend he had. Indeed, Stanley became an universal favourite. The General prided himself upon having laid the first stone of that which he cautiously termed his reformation; and while the Captain, in common with the whole of his friends, highly admired his character, it scarcely need be added that Amelia was proud of him as a husband, and that the *ci-devant* widow, who had settled down with Ripstone to the tranquil enjoyment of life, was beyond all expression proud of him as a son.



THE TEATOTALERS' ARMS.

Argent, a toast-rack *proper*; on a chief *gules*, three cups and saucers *argent*.

Crest, a tea-kettle *sable*.

Supporters, two Chinamen, *habited proper*.

MALACHI MEAGRIM, —

THE TEATOTALER.

EDIFIED [REDACTED] BY PAUL PINDAR.

月	Polly
蚕	put
上	the
木	kettle
升	on.

CONFUCIUS, *Opera Omnia*, tom. ccxxxvii.

MALACHI MEAGRIM was a clerk in a banking-house in the City. Though his salary was never considerable, he was an admirer of good living, and would go a long way to dine with any friend who happened to be the possessor of some delicacy. Yet, strange to say, Malachi never improved in appearance, but remained attenuated in frame, and pale of visage, to the end of his days.

Gentlest reader of periodicals, we will not bore you by descanting at length on the *personnel* of Mr. Meagrim, seeing that we have attempted with our feeble pencil to represent him, as he was, in the sketches accompanying this fragment.

Mr. Meagrim was wont to indulge himself with a glass or two after supper; and, when he had reached the ripe age of fifty-six, he discovered, to use his own phrase, that "he couldn't do without it." In winter it sent him to bed warm, and caused him pleasant dreams; and in the summer it was a panacea for cholera morbus: so Mr. Meagrim reconciled himself to the habit, and it stuck to him as habits generally stick to us all. It happened, however, that a dangerous fit of illness nearly brought Meagrim to death's door, and then his "medical adviser" discovered that he had indulged too much in his favourite habit. Brandy and water in ever so small a quantity was therefore sternly interdicted. Strange to say, Meagrim found himself much better without it; and when he recovered his strength, he discovered also that his hand did not shake as it was wont in the morning, and his nose was not of quite so deep a hue at the tip. To be brief, Mr. Meagrim forswore brandy and water, and became a teatotaler! Not so, *Mrs. Meagrim*; "she

couldn't abide the teatotalers. Tea was very good in its way, but there wasn't nothin' strengthenin' in it;" so when her lord and master went to a tea-party, she mixed for herself, and sipped in silence and solitude at home.

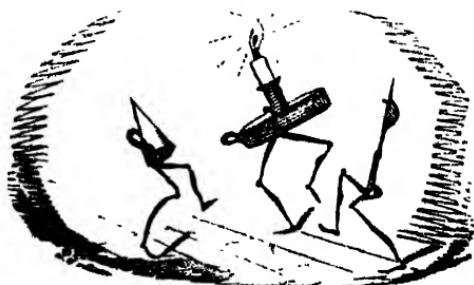
One night Mr. Meagrim attended a tea-party in that favoured locality, the Mile End Road, where, beguiled by "the Chinese nymph of tears," he remained sipping and chatting till a late hour. As he walked home he found his spirits very low, and the drizzling rain which was falling did not in the least tend to improve them. He had on his light shoes; he was destitute of umbrella, and as a very natural consequence, the omnibuses were all crammed full; he hailed them as they passed him, but the cads gripped impudently when he held up his hand. Though the noise prevented his *hearing* them, he knew by the movement of their lips that the only recognition was "No go, old buffer!" So Mr. Meagrim trudged home on foot.

When he reached his domicile he found a miserable cat sitting in the doorway, mewing piteously; and when he attempted to drive it away, it spat at him fiercely. Then he knocked, and the door was opened by the servant-girl, who seemed half asleep. Mr. Meagrim thought she looked very pale, and that the candle she held in her hand burnt very blue.

"Missus is gone to bed, sir, — can I get yer anythink?" said the domestic.

Mr. Meagrim shook his head, asked for his slippers, and proceeded to his chamber, where he found his faithful partner asleep and snoring. Having carefully pressed the extinguisher upon the candle — for he had always a fear of fire, — he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep; but this was not an easy matter. He felt nervous and restless, and began to think he had taken too much tea, having reckoned that he had swallowed no less than thirteen caps!

While he lay tossing and turning, his eye wandered from corner to corner of the chamber; and fancy began to exaggerate the shadows of several objects indistinctly seen through the gloom. Among other things, Mrs. Meagrim's silk gown, hung up behind the door, looked very black and dismal, and at times seemed to dilate and assume the form and semblance of a huge negro. Suddenly a lambent flame from his chamber candlestick shot upwards, the extinguisher was detached, and Mr. Meagrim saw a pair of legs grow out from beneath it! The candlestick and snuffers quickly assumed the same appendages, and, slipping down on the floor without noise, commenced a *pas de trois*. Mr. Meagrim was struck dumb by the strange sight; he nudged his sleeping partner, but the only reply was an indignant "Lie still, Meagrim!" Though alarmed at the spectacle, Mr. Meagrim could not help looking at it. The candlestick whirled itself round and round, like Jack in the Green on the first of May; the extinguisher frisked like a cricket; while the snuffers, with the *adagio* movement of a "lean and slumped pantaloons," appeared to consider that "true dignity is slow paced."

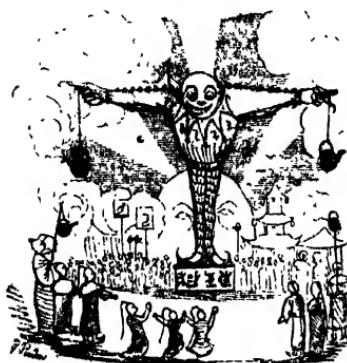


While these objects were giving proof of their not being objects of "still life," Mr. Meagrim rubbed his eyes, and, like another Richard, sighed, "Ah, soft! 'tis but a dream;" but as he uttered this, the supernatural dancers shuffled up to his bedside! This was too much; and Mr. Meagrim hid his head beneath the bed-clothes.

He remained thus shrouded for some time. At length he ventured to take a peep, when, lo! an invisible hand seemed to raise him from his bed, and bear him with the speed of a "mail-train" through the air!

Mr. Meagrim closed his eyes, and resigned himself to his fate, expecting every moment to find himself falling to earth again like a spent rocket; but no such thing, he was soon set down as quietly as if he had been riding in a sedan-chair, and then he ventured to open his eyes.

Wonderful was the sight which now met the gaze of the astonished Meagrim. He was standing in the midst of a large square, in the centre of which was a statue of colossal dimensions, formed, as it appeared, of dark green stone, which seemed to be the counterfeit presentment of one of those "anthropophagi, or men whose heads doe grow beneath their shoulders," discoursed of by old writers. Its huge head was on its breast, and its two arms were stretched out horizontally, while from each clawed hand depended



a vase, which to the eyes of Meagrim appeared like a tea-kettle. Its feet and legs seemed to have grown together, like those of the early Asiatic deities, and the whole figure of the gigantic idol resembled in shape the letter T. The pedestal which supported it was inscribed with characters similar to those which he had observed on the tea-chests at the grocers' doors. Loud shouts rent the air from the assembled multitudes, who were on their knees before the Deity. "Twankay!—Twankay!" resounded from ten thousand throats, and the place was perfumed with the fragrant odour of the "finest teas," which the people were offering as libations to their tutelar deity. The sun was descending in all its glory behind the statue, whose dark figure was thus shown in fine relief as it stood boldly out against the clear sky.

Mr. Meagrim was determined to know something of the ceremony he was witnessing, and tapping the shoulder of an elderly person standing next him, whose finger-nails and pig-tail were of inordinate length, he respectfully asked what it all meant.

"Hi yaw!" cried the personage addressed, turning sharply round, when he perceived at a glance that his interrogator was a foreigner—a barbarian! In an instant all was confusion, and loud cries of vengeance resounded from every quarter. Mr. Meagrim's heart sunk within him as several men in military costume, with mustaches as long as the lash of a whip, rushed forward flourishing their swords. But here his good genius was by his side, and Mr. Meagrim found himself suddenly seized by the nape of the neck, and borne up in the air, to the wonderment of the multitude below, whose shouts pierced his ear as he soared above them.

Again the teatotaler found himself cleaving the air with great velocity. The earth was soon lost to his view, and the rapidity with which

he was borne through space deprived him for a second time of his senses. Suddenly he found himself in contact with mother earth, and on his legs. He had been left in a garden, the flowers of which far surpassed in size anything of the kind he had ever witnessed. There were roses much larger than a cabbage, and every other object on the same scale of grandeur. But there was another thing not quite so pleasant to Mr. Meagrim, namely, the magnitude of the bees, which were buzzing about in great numbers,—they were as large as sparrows; and the teatotaler, avoiding the flower-beds over which they were sporting, turned down a shady walk.

While Mr. Meagrim was musing on what he had already witnessed, the sound of many voices struck on his ear. He listened, and heard a dialogue in a language which appeared to be composed solely of monosyllables. It seemed as if the parties were using speaking-trumpets, their voices were so loud. All at once three figures came in sight, and one glance at them caused Mr. Meagrim's heart to flutter; for they were fellows of Brobdignagian proportions. They were dressed in Chinese costume, and their pig-tails were as large as a cable. Though Mr. Meagrim was sadly in want of an interpreter, he listened with great attention, and by the frequent occurrence of "Chang," "Ching," and "Cheng," he concluded that they were three brothers thus named.

Cautiously creeping under a small shrub, Mr. Meagrim determined to watch their movements, when, unfortunately, the noise he made caused Chang to look in that direction. In an instant, as quickly as a cat pounces upon a mouse, Chang's hand was upon him.

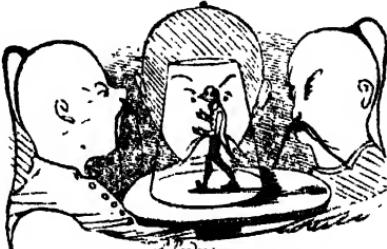
Struggling and kicking were of little avail in the grasp of such a hand; indeed, Mr. Meagrim quickly discovered that his only chance of safety was in remaining perfectly quiet; for the giant's fingers pressed his ribs rather tightly, while his long finger-nails threatened his eyes.

Chang held the pigmy between his thumb and fore-finger, and called to his brethren to come and look at the creature he had caught. Then commenced a chattering and grimacing, which would have been very amusing to Mr. Meagrim under other circumstances; but here, alas! it filled him with apprehension. Perhaps these huge fellows were cannibals, and were discussing the best means of cooking him for supper. Perhaps they contemplated running a pin through him, and causing him to spin like a cockchafer; or, horrible thought! they might consider him a tid-bit fit for their cat, or some other domestic animal. Mr. Meagrim thus tormented by grim doubts, trembled with apprehension. His mind was a little relieved, however, when Chang placed him gently in the palm of his hand, and smiled benignantly.

Having gratified their curiosity sufficiently, the giants took their little prisoner into the house, and placed him under a large glass, resembling an English tumbler in shape.

They were much amused to see him shake himself, and adjust his cravat and collar, after the handling he had experienced; and having satisfied themselves that he was perfectly safe, they left him to his meditations.

"What will be the end of this?" thought the poor teatotaler, "what will be the end of this? Where am I? and what will be my fate? I shall lose my



situation, that's certain ; and Mrs. Meagrim will die broken-hearted ! While he thus indulged his grief, he saw from the window of the room, which reached to the floor, and stood wide open, a huge creature, in shape somewhat like a lizard, frisking about the garden. Mr. Meagrim quailed at the sight. *What if the monster should come into the room ! The thought had scarcely occurred to him when the creature, in pursuit of a fly or some other insect, bounced into the apartment. Fainting with terror, the teatotaler cowered down, in the hope of hiding himself from view ; but in vain !—the creature espied him, and leaping upon the table, overturned the glass which shrouded him, and dashed it in a thousand pieces !

Reader, did you ever find a rat in your parlour, and whistle to Pincher to come and rid you of it ?—and did you note the agility of the creature in striving to avoid its mortal enemy, jumping, diving, ducking, and running its head in every corner likely to screen it from the pursuer, uttering at intervals squeaks of alarm and terror ? If you have witnessed such a sight, you can picture to yourself the situation of the unfortunate Mr. Meagrim ; if you have not, our feeble pen will scarcely achieve the description.



Fear gave a supernatural agility to the teatotaler, who baffled his enemy for some time by availing himself of several articles of furniture, which afforded him momentary shelter, but these were successively overturned by the fell creature in pursuit ; and Mr. Meagrim, finding all chance of escape hopeless while he remained in the room, bolted out of it like a rat from a trap, and flew along the garden, followed by the enemy.

Benevolent reader, picture to yourself Tam o' Shanter with the witches in full cry, or the Devil* in pursuit of the Baker in the pantomime, or a half-starved weasel on the traces of a hare ;—picture to yourself one of these scenes of speed, distress, and horror, and you may then form a notion of the agony of poor Meagrim. He ran—he flew—he bounded over everything that came in his way—but, oh, horrible ! he felt that the monster was coming up with him “ hand over hand.” He felt the steam of its hot breath, which almost overpowered him, and with a desperate effort he bounded toward a sort of outhouse, in the closed door of which was cut a small hole for the entrance and exit of poultry. No rabbit ever shot with more rapidity into its burrow than did the teatotaler into this harbour of refuge. He rolled himself over and over several times, to be out of the reach of the claws of his pursuer, when suddenly an angry voice cried out,

“ Meagrim ! Meagrim ! you've dragged all the clothes off me !”—and the teatotaler found himself extended on the cold floor of his bed-chamber !—“ My dear,” said he, rising and rubbing his eyes, “ I'm very sorry ; but I've been DREAMING !”—“ Serves you right,” cried Mrs. Meagrim, snappishly. “ You shouldn't go drinking with them teatotalers. I'm glad of it. Serves you right !”

* We beg the galantee-showman's pardon—the ou'd un.—P. P.



A Sketch of part of the Vaults of the Gray's Inn Wine Establishment, 23, High Holborn.

GRAY'S-INN WINE ESTABLISHMENT, No. 23, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

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For List of Prices, see the other side.

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No.

LXXIV.
February 1, 1829.

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FEBRUARY, 1843.

Contents.

	Page	
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON,	BY ALBERT SMITH, WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH	105
THE TWO LIEUTENANTS ; A SKETCH OF THE YEAR 1628, .	BY PAUL PINDAR	129
TO ELLEN,	BY ALEXANDER M'DOUGALL	134
MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN, .	BY HIS SON	135
SAINT VALENTINE ; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE EVIL OF LOVE IN A MERCANTILE COMMUNITY, .	BY JACK GOSSAMER, RAILROAD PHILOSOPHER	151
CHILDHOOD,	BY WILLIAM JONES	155
KIRKBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE—LEGENDS OF LUNE, .	BY HENRY H. DAVIS	156
ON A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, NOT REMARKABLE FOR HIS VERACITY,	BY ALEX. M'DOUGALL	160
MADGE MYERS. THE SPORTSMAN'S TALE,	BY DALTON	161
ILLUSTRATIONS OF WINE AND WINE-DRINKERS, .	BY A BACCHANALIAN	165
CANZONET,	BY T. J. OUSELEY	176
THE OLD CASTLE OF ARDEN—LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE, .	BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS	177
THE BAND OF THE FORTY-SEVEN. A ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES,	BY HENRY CURLING WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK	184
THE "LONELY HOUSE,"	195
ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR, FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS,	EDITED BY H. CURLING, WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK	197
THE DEVOTION OF RIZPAH, THE CONCUBINE	199
THE "BROWN," BY CROWQUILL, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS TEN EYES IN QUARANTINE,	BY BENJAMIN BUNTING	200 206



THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS
FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which we find Jack Johnson at home.

THE morning had advanced to an hour halfway between the average time of breakfast and lunch in sober and well-conducted families, ere Jack Johnson awoke, on the day subsequent to the party at Ledbury's. Upon retiring to bed, in the vanity of his heart, and the reliance upon his strength of mind, he had set the alarm of a small clock, which hung in his chamber, to go off at half-past eight; but, when the time came, and the weight ran down in a most intoxicated manner, to the shrill clatter of its own bell, he was still wrapt in a deep slumber. Nor were his dreams disturbed either by the noise in the house, the perambulating euterpeon in the streets, (which always reminded one of many trumpets put into a coffee-mill,) or the occasional information conveyed to him by the servant at the door, that each time she came it was half-an-hour after her last visit; and that the warm water had been changed three times, in consequence (to use the language of useful knowledge) of diminution of caloric caused by gradual evaporation.

At length he awoke; and, collecting an immense quantity of resolution, as soon as he understood clearly that he was in proper possession of his faculties, he proceeded to make his toilet, which he did pretty well, considering that he got through the greater part of the process with his eyes shut. But all the time he could not banish the vision of Emma Ledbury from his imagination; and when he sat down to breakfast, he thought what an elysium his second-floor front would become if she were there to make coffee for him! With her for a companion, how smoothly the current of his life would flow, and how very pretty she looked last night! with many wonders as to whether she cared for him, or merely regarded him as she did other friends of her brother; and various other pleasant speculations which young gentlemen are apt to fall into after they have met attractive young ladies at evening-parties. But, perhaps, all these reveries were the more singular in Jack Johnson, because he had not often amused himself, before this time, with building matrimonial bowers in the air, or giving way to any other delicious absurdities of the same class.

He was trying to persuade himself that he really had an appetite for his breakfast—a custom usual with people after a festive evening—when the servant announced that a man wished to speak to him; and, as she appeared anxious not to leave him alone in the passage longer than was absolutely necessary, Johnson ordered him up. As he entered the room, our friend immediately recognised the professor of "misery for the million," whom he had met in the cellar in St. Giles.



"I've brought this bit of paper, doctor," said the man, who apparently still believed such to be Johnson's profession, "from the young man as was ill in our crib."

Johnson hastily took the note, and read with some difficulty the following words, faintly scrawled in pencil:

"I have not thought it advisable to stay here longer; and, by the time you receive this, I shall have left the place. You will hear from me as soon as I have again settled. Take care of that—you ~~know~~ ~~what~~ may need it."

"When was this written?" asked Johnson.

"It night, sir," was the reply; "before he left. I don't think he was much fit to ~~go~~. He ~~had~~ uncommon franky, to be sure!"

"Did any one ever come to see him besides myself?"

"There was a gentleman, sir, as come two or three times, and went off in a cab with him last night."

"What sort of a man?"

"A perfect gentleman, sir. He wore a scarlet neckcloth and mustachios."

Johnson made no further remark, but remained for a few minutes lost in reflection. His visitor also kept perfectly silent, perched upon the extreme corner of a chair, with his legs tucked underneath it, after the manner of the common orders in general, when they sit down in company with their superiors,—as if they thought it was good breeding to wear out as little of the carpet and furniture as possible. And so they rested for a short period. Johnson finding out models of the Alps in the moist sugar, and the man looking about at the neighbouring windows of the street, apparently calculating what sort of an audience he could entice to them, on a future occasion.

"I beg pardon, doctor," said the visitor, at length breaking silence; "but, perhaps, you can be of some service to me."

"Oh! certainly," replied Johnson, not exactly hearing the question. "What is it?"

"I keeps a fantoscopy, magic lantern, and punch; and perwides amusements for parties," continued the man. "I'll make bold, sir, to give you my card."

Whereupon he searched in some mysterious pocket of his fustian coat, and produced a small parallelogram of dirty pasteboard, imprinted with the information which he had conveyed to Johnson; and immediately afterwards dived into another spacious opening in his jacket, and dragged out a Punch's head, which he exhibited with great admiration, accompanying the action by one of the squeaks peculiar to that facetious puppet.

"There's a pictur', sir! ain't it nat'r'nal?" asked the man, looking at it with the affection of a parent. "My pardner's going to tog it to-night; and then we shall keep it for families of respectability."

"I think it is too smart for the streets," said Johnson, feeling himself called upon to pay some compliment to the wooden offspring of his visitor.

"Bless you! he'll never perform in the streets!" answered the man, apparently feeling his *prolégé* insulted; "the doctes there is too violent for such a handsome Punch as this. He's too genteel to attract the street-people, he is. He wouldn't draw no more than a second-hand blister upon a milestone."

"Then, what is he for?" asked Jack.

"Why, you see, sir, we are obliged to cut the jokes uncommon underdone for families ; they doesn't like the baby being thrown out o' window, nor the coffin for Jack Ketch."

"And, why not?"

"Because the children always pitches their dolls into the streets, to imitate us, from the nursery-windows. I 've know'd 'em try to hang the babies, where there has been any, before this."

Johnson could not forbear smiling at the man's caution, in assuming to himself the censorship of his own drama ; but, as he was at present in no very great humour for talking, he told him that he would let him know if he required his services, previously to wishing him good morning. And, when he was gone, Jack again fell into a train of anxious thought respecting his cousin, mingled with a certain proportion of apprehension least he should be inveigled into my unpleasant position from the trifling share he had taken in the transaction. More than once he felt tempted to start immediately to the bank from which Morris had absconded, and return the whole of the money entrusted to his charge, which, to his surprise, amounted to upwards of a hundred sovereigns : but, then, the solemn promise he had made to his cousin, and the hope that he might still be reclaimed, again changed his resolution, and for a period he remained in exceeding perplexity ; the reaction, after his high spirits of the previous evening, in no wise tending to make him think the better of the world, or its inmates ; or helping him, for the moment, to place things in a more cheering point of view. Then he thought of his own position, and the little prospect which appeared of his ever being able to improve it sufficiently to reach that proper station in society, which, with all his levity, he wished to occupy ; and this point of his ruminations brought him again to Emma Ledbury, towards whom, he could not persuade himself that his feelings were altogether indifferent. And, finally, he thought of all these things at once, until he got into a labyrinth of intricate ideas, that almost made him imagine his brain was revolving on its own axis.

We have never studied metaphysics, nor shall we make the attempt until we have heard an argument upon that science which will conclude by one of the parties disputing being brought round to the other's way of thinking—a consummation we never yet witnessed ; but we may, perhaps, be allowed to speak of the elasticity of the mind as one of its most glorious attributes. It turns the brain into a stuffed spring-seat for the weary spirits to repose upon after any unusual exertion ; and provides an easy-chair for thought nearly worn out by trouble, luxurious and repose-inviting as an hydrostatic bed. And, very accommodating indeed was Jack Johnson's mental organisation in this respect, for it resembled the metal-coil of a patent candlestick ; since, however forced down by contingent circumstances, yet, as soon as a light dispelled the dark shade that hovered round, it rose up again higher and higher, until the cause of its depression had disappeared altogether, and it retained its wonted freedom and elevation. He might, perhaps, have been as aptly considered as a human *Jack-in-the-box*, whom no adverse casualties, however forcible at the time, could permanently beat down ; but, on the contrary, they enabled him to rise again above the gloom of his troubles, even with increased power, and aspiring

energy. Had he allowed himself to be depressed by every unpleasantry, he would have experienced a sad time of it altogether ; but he was, as we have seen, of a cheerful and vivacious disposition, rather inclined to look at the bright side of everything and everybody, and seldom paying trouble the compliment of meeting it half-way : which proceeding, from a sense of politeness on the part of the coming evil, often causes it to advance with greater confidence, when it would otherwise have kept off altogether.

Although Jack was not above six-and-twenty, yet he had lived and seen more than many with ten or twelve additional years on their shoulders. Thrown upon his own resources at comparatively an early age, he had precociously acquired a practical knowledge of the world, and the usages of nearly all classes of society. His father had been an idle and improvident man, always in embarrassed circumstances, although, it is but fair to state, more from carelessness than dishonesty ; and allowing his children to grow up, rather than be brought up, solely because he would not exert himself to put them in the right path. The consequence was, that, upon his death a perfect separation of the family took place ; one or two of the boys going to situations in the colonies, or other refuges for the destitute social-suicides ; and Jack, who was the eldest, inheriting what little property was left behind ; which, whilst it was scarcely enough to enable him to live in moderate comfort, was yet sufficient to give him a distaste for exertion in following any avocation. And so, after trying various schemes ; after having taken up medicine, literature, law, and even the drama, he gave up the pursuit of employment under difficulties, and eked out his small property by some of those mysterious occupations which men follow who are reported to live by their wits.

He had just determined upon taking a walk to Hampstead, to imbibe a little fresh air, when he heard a knock at his door ; and Mr. Ledbury came in, all smiles and pleasantry, with some violets in his button-hole, and looking quite like a gallant cavalier. From this Jack inferred that he had been calling to inquire after the health of one of the *belles* who had shone on the preceding evening, which proved to be the case ; Mr. Ledbury having risen rather earlier than he would otherwise have done, and, by crafty mechanical appliances of glue, ribbon, and gold-paper, mended a fan in most workmanlike style, which the most attractive of his partners had broken in one of the quadrilles ; and now he had been to return it, with many delightful speeches and compliments, and energetic assurances from the young lady that "it was the most delightful evening she ever recollect'd," as is customary upon such occasions.

"Well, Jack old man ! how are you ?" was Mr. Ledbury's first question, as he shook hands with his friend.

"Oh ! very well, as the times go, Leddy ! What fun we had ! And, what are you going to do to-day ?"

"Nothing particular," replied Ledbury : "can you put up anything ? I am not much inclined for work ; and they are doing nothing at home but putting things away. There's no great fun in that, Jack ?"

"Not much. How's the governor ?"

"Nobody has seen anything of him. The servants say he went into the city this morning, as usual — I believe, a little time before they thought of going to bed. Well ; what shall we do ?"

"Rush out, and take our chance of whatever may turn up," replied Jack. "I feel myself as if I wanted to be shaken about a little; and I suppose they will not miss you at home?"

"Not at all!" said Ledbury. "It will be a decided case of go-to-bed-early with all of them."

Whereupon they both agreed that they would make a night of it; and Ledbury went back to Islington, intending to get the key, as well as a highly-fashionable and picturesque ten-and-sixpence sack-looking coat, which he had been persuaded by Jack Johnson to buy, for night-excursions; promising to meet his friend in the afternoon, and dine with him at the old eating-house where we first introduced them both to the reader.

CHAPTER XV.

Of the adventure which Mr. Ledbury, in company with his friend, met with at a penny-show.

TRUE to the appointment, just as the gas-lamps were beginning to glimmer in the haze of the declining daylight, and Hanway Yard and Great Russell Street were nearly filled with a stream of population, (chiefly young ladies, governesses, and little girls, hurrying home in a north-easterly direction, to the squares, with the purchases they had been making at the West-End,) just as the post-meridian milk-pails intimated their arrival, with melancholy cry, at the areas of Alfred Place, and the *al-fresco* merchants of Tottenham Court Road began to exhibit their whity-brown paper transparencies, casting a mellow and subdued light upon the baskets; which, in company with Hesperus, brought 'all good things home to the weary, to the hungry, cheer,'—as we have it so well described by a great poet, who goes on to talk about the "welcome stall" and "hearthstones," which prove incontrovertibly he had Tottenham Court Road in his mind when he penned the stanza;—just at this time, then, (for we are losing ourselves in a very long sentence, and must come back to where we began,) Mr. Ledbury once more found himself at Jack Johnson's lodgings. His friend was finishing a letter for the post; and, requesting Ledbury to sit down for a short time, begged him to send out for some very immense and finely-flavoured half-and-half, which was to be obtained round the corner,—a peculiar locality, connected with *every* house where *everything* is always to be got. But, as dinner-time was approaching, Ledbury declined; contenting himself with borrowing Johnson's pipe, which he filled with some tobacco from the capacious stomach of a broken Lablache tumbler-doll, standing on the mantelpiece, and then puffing away with suitable gravity, watching the smoke as it assumed ~~usand~~ ^{and} fantastic shapes ere it disappeared; which occupation is ~~umed~~ ^{umed} to be one of the chief pleasures which a pipe can offer.

At last they started off; and the moment they left the door all Jack Johnson's vivacity returned, his merriment being in no degree lessened by the recollection of bygone frolics, which being out once more alone with Ledbury gave rise to. And Mr. Ledbury partook of his friend's hilarity, and even once attempted to chaff a policeman, by making a courteous inquiry after the health of his inspector. After which Jack knocked over a row of little boys, one after another, who were standing on their heads by the side of the

pavement ; which proceeding drew after them a volley of salutations peculiar to little boys, much increased when he put one of their caps in his pocket, and carried it with him an indefinite distance, concluding the insult by throwing it a great way into a linendraper's shop ; where it hit one of the gentlemen in the white neckcloths, who revenged himself upon the little boy by kicking him out of the shop, across the pavement, and clean over to the cab-stand, the minister in to ask for it.

The dinner passed off with considerable spirit, aided by the "feast of reason, and the flow of"—beer ; and, having ordered a pint of wine in a reckless manner, that completely paralysed the waiter, no such fluid ever having made its appearance there before in the memory of the oldest frequenter, they sallied forth again.

"I shall trust to you, Jack," said Ledbury ; "for I am quite as ignorant of the ways of London as I was of Paris when I first got there. But I shall soon improve under your tuition."

"Of course," replied Johnson ; "before I have done with you I'll make you 'such a fellow !' Do you ever go into Piccadilly when there is a levée or drawing-room ?"

Ledbury replied in the negative.

"Well, then," said Jack, "I always do ; and great fun you may have there. I get a walking-stick, with a pin at the end of it : and when I see a particularly nice John Thomas behind a carriage, who does not seem at all proud of his calves and whiskers, and thinks he's nobody, I pretend to cross, and gently dig the pin into his leg —only a little way, to amuse him."

"And what does he do ?" asked Ledbury.

"Do !" replied Johnson ; "what can he do ? fixed up on the board, and bobbing about, like a solitary potato in a wheelbarrow. He usually looks very indignant ; and, if he's insolent, and it chances to be muddy, I dip my stick in the dirt, and dab his silk stockings."

They wandered through a number of back-streets, making various observations, philosophical and playful, upon what they saw, until their attention was arrested by the announcement of an exhibition of peculiar interest at the door of a house which they were passing ; and several loiterers were on the pavement, listening to the organ, that was playing to entice an audience, or endeavouring to peer into the mysteries of the *penetralia* beyond the entrance. The price of admission was one penny, which they both paid, after Johnson had offered to toss the proprietor whether they should give him two-pence or nothing — a speculation which the exhibitor repulsed with much indignation.

Mr. Ledbury ~~felt~~ rather nervous as he approached the dark portal of the exhibition room ; and was not re-assured, upon asking a decent-looking female seated at the door which was the way, in receiving no answer ; until he perceived he had been addressing a wax-likeness of Maria Martin. At last they arrived at a long room, adorned with panoramic paintings of several of the most favourite localities in the artist's imagination,—the most effective being a view of Constantinople from the middle arch of Blackfriars' Bridge. A large party of wax heads, put upon bodies, and furnished with clothes, were ranged round the room ; and the inventive facetiousness of the owner had been taxed in assigning to them various names of popular or notorious individuals, whom he supposed or wished

them to resemble. Mr. Ledbury had never been to Madame Tussaud's, nor, indeed, had he seen any wax-figures at all, except the vivid representation of a gentleman as he appeared with his hair curled in the window of a *coiffeur* at Islington, who had been by turns Marshal Soult, Prince Albert, and the King of Prussia, — so that he was still somewhat awed at finding himself in the presence of so many great people. • But at last he took courage from watching the reckless manner in which Jack Johnson behaved, questioning the exhibitor right and left respecting his curiosities.

"This," said the man, approaching a species of oblong cucumber-frame with great importance,—“this is the mummy of an Egyptian above three thousand year old.”

“Bless me!” observed Jack, with an air of great importance; “what an age they lived to in Egypt! Pray, sir, is it Cheops?”

“No, sir,” replied the man indignantly; “it’s real bones and flesh.”

“I never saw a mummy,” said Ledbury, peering into the case, upon the compound of pitch and brown paper which it enclosed.

“You’ll see thousands soon,” replied Jack. “The New Asphalte Company are going to import all they can find in Egypt, to pound them up, and pave the walks of Kensal Cemetery with. Come along, or we shall lose the description.”

“This is George the Fourth,” said the man, pointing to a very slim figure, with a theatrical crown on its head.

“I thought he was a very stout man,” observed Ledbury, plucking up sufficient courage to make an observation.

“Very likely,” replied the man shortly, not approving of the comments of his visitors; “but, if you’d been here without victuals half as long as he has, you’d be twice as thin!”

There was a laugh from the other spectators; and Mr. Ledbury, completely overcome, did not try any more chaff, but followed the man and his audience to another *salon* upstairs, where a coarse, red curtain was drawn across the room, concealing more wonders. The exhibitor formed his audience into a semicircle upon low forms round the chamber; and then, first of all, led forward a young lady with pink eyes, who appeared to have allowed no end of silkworms to spin all over her head; and next, a little man, about two feet high, in knee-breeches and mustachios, who bowed very politely to the company, and then, without further preface, struck up a song, with a very indistinct articulation, which Jack Johnson defined to be expressive of fear, commencing, as nearly as he could catch the words “My heart’s in my highlows!”

He had not got through four lines, when Ledbury heard a sudden noise in the thoroughfare, upon which the window close to him looked down—one of those mysterious localities only disclosed when their unknown topography is occasionally invaded by a new street. A hack-cab had stopped at the top of the court, surrounded by a crowd of people, who beset it on either side, peeping in at the windows, crawling up to the box, and betraying various other signs of intense curiosity to behold what was inside. Presently a couple of policemen appeared, and cleared a passage to the door; and then Ledbury saw a female, in what appeared to him a theatrical dress, carried from the cab to the door.

“Look here! what is going on below?” said Ledbury, interrupting the dwarf’s song, and calling the attention of the man to the window.

The noise in the court had put all the inhabitants on the *qui vive*, and every window had an occupant gazing upon the tumult. The neighbours, also, had assembled on the steps of each other's doors, to inquire "What was the row?" and add to the general Babel of chatter; for a disturbed ant's nest is a scene of tranquillity compared to the sudden gathering of a court in a low London neighbourhood, when an itinerant posture-master, a drunken riot, an insulted policeman, or an unexpected accident, breaks in upon its general uniformity of dirt, drunkenness, and poverty.

"I'm shot if it ain't Letty brought home bad!" observed the man to the dwarf, as he caught a sight of the girl, who was being taken into the house.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the little dwarf, in accents of distress, as he stopped his song, "what has happened to her?" And, hurrying towards the window, round which the greater part of the audience now collected, he ran backwards and forwards, trying to peep between them, as we have seen a mouse do between the wires of his cage, when newly introduced.

"I'll be much obliged to you to go away, ladies and gentlemen, if you please," said the showman. "I think an accident has happened to a young woman as lives in the house."

"Keep by me," whispered Johnson to Ledbury, as the people were departing, "and we may see something here. I am a medical man," he continued, addressing the exhibitor, "and so is my friend. We shall be happy if we can be of any service to you."

The offer was thankfully accepted; and, leaving Ledbury for a minute to make the agreeable to the young lady with the pink eyes, Johnson and the showman, followed by the dwarf, whose countenance betrayed extreme anxiety, went down stairs, and met a policeman carrying the girl, whom they immediately assisted.

Being directed to one of the rooms at the top of the house, they had no little difficulty in supporting their patient up the steep and narrow stairs; nor were their clothes improved by the contact of the rough and craggy walls on each side of them, the plaster from which had fallen off in large flakes, laying bare the laths in several places, and crushing under their feet as they ascended. At every landing the occupants had collected from curiosity, peeping over one another's heads through the half-opened doorways of their apartments, one or two miserable slip-shod females following them up stairs.

They kept going up and up, until they came to the topmost garret, and here they entered, when Johnson ordered the policeman to remain at the door, admitting only Ledbury, the Albinese, and the dwarf. They then placed their patient upon an apology for a bed in the corner of the room, and proceeded to ascertain what had befallen her.

It appeared that she had been dancing on the tight rope as a "Swiss gleaner," or something of the kind, at one of the inferior musical taverns of the neighbourhood; and the rope, not having been firmly secured by the pulley, had slipped, and thrown her upon the floor, giving her foot a severe wrench. She was unable to stand, and her face assumed an expression of acute pain, ill disguised by the coarse rouge and powder covering her features, which, but for their jaded and anxious look, would have been perfectly beautiful.

Whilst the pink-eyed girl was divesting the suffrer of a few outer

portions of her tawdry, spangled dress, Johnson sat upon an old deal-box in the corner, and cast a glance round the room. From the slanting roof, it was evidently immediately beneath the tiles, and about ten feet square. A few bricks, divided by pieces of old iron-hooping, formed the fire-place ; but the blackened front of the mantelpiece, and ceiling altogether, showed the smoke had a predilection for the interior of the apartment, instead of going up the chimney, in spite of the tattered piece of drapery nailed across the top of the aperture to improve the draught. A patched and ancient bed-curtain, which had once been blue-check, attached to a line, divided the room into two small portions. There was an old Dutch clock in one corner of the apartment, surmounted by a quaint little figure of a skeleton, which mowed away in unceasing unison with the beat of the pendulum ; but, as the hands pertinaciously refused to move, except when they went occasionally a little backwards, the whole affair seemed in the situation of a favourite done-up horse, turned out for the rest of his life in a paddock, who having worked hard in his time, and being no longer useful, is allowed to go on as he likes, just for his own amusement. A few articles of stage-costume and jewellery were scattered about the room, and some worn-out slippers, edged with tarnished lace, were lying upon the floor.

"Well, now we 'll see the foot," said Johnson kindly, as he approached the bed.

"I hope you 're not going to cut me, sir ?" said the dancer, entertaining the common opinion of the lower orders, that no operation can be accomplished without knives.

"No, no ; you need not alarm yourself," replied Johnson, grasping the foot, and moving it in different directions. We have said that he knew something of surgery, and the examination sufficed to show him that no bones were broken. But he kept up the importance of his assumed profession, and, turning round to his friend, said, "Now, Mr. Ledbury, have the kindness to look at this. I think you will agree with me that there is no fracture."

For a wonder, Ledbury perceived his drift, and, pretending to examine the joint, although with much trepidation, returned a satisfactory answer.

"It is a bad sprain," continued Johnson, "and will require rest. Have you any rags, for some pads and a bandage ?" he asked of the Albinese.

The pink-eyed girl didn't know—she was not quite sure—the children did take everything so,—and she had only been saying that morning that they shouldn't do so. Last week she had plenty,—more than she knew what to do with ; but now she hadn't any."

The dwarf, who had been silently watching the whole of the scene with great interest, went outside the door, and communicated with the man on the landing. The result of the conference was an agreement to rob the heads of Courvoisier and Oliver Cromwell of their contents ; and, the plan being adopted, a quantity of rags was the result, which Johnson soaked in some vinegar, and applied with praiseworthy adroitness.

"How long do you think it will be before my sister can dance again, sir ?" asked the dwarf.

"Is this your sister ?" exclaimed Johnson, somewhat amazed to think that so small a man could have so well-formed a relation.

"She is indeed, sir,—by the same mother," replied the dwarf, as he clasped one or two of her fingers in his tiny hand.

"She must not think of moving just yet," said Johnson, not knowing exactly what space of time to mention.

"It is a bad job both for Madame Angelique and myself," said the girl despondingly.

"And who is Madame Angelique?" inquired Jack.

"She dances the double dance with me, sir, that earns us most money," said the girl. "She cannot do it by herself."

"Tilly Davis could learn it very soon, I'm sure," said the dwarf, most probably alluding to another *artiste*; "but I don't know where she's gone, since she quarrelled with the Chinese Gladiator at Croydon Fair."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the pink-eyed girl, "if she is one of the Styrian Stunners at the Albert Pavilion. You can see to-morrow."

This appeared to be a great triumph of suggestion, from the manner in which it was received by the girl and her friends. And now, upon the patient's declaring that she felt much easier, Johnson and Ledbury prepared to take their departure, having promised, with grave looks, to call and see how the foot was going on the next day. And then, leaving the Albinese with her, they went down stairs to the room they had quitted at the time of the accident, lighted by the dwarf, who carried an emaciated candle stuck in an old ink-stand, so yellow and thin, that it appeared to have suffered from jaundice for some time.

The policeman having been treated to a glass of gin, went away, having first engaged to call upon Johnson the next morning, who promised to procure him an out-door patient's order for one of the hospitals, to cure a bad cough from which he suffered; the man having applied to him, believing him to be a surgeon, and receiving no benefit from the medical man attached to the force.

"I beg you'll be seated, gentlemen," said the dwarf, as they entered the show-room, now quite deserted. "I have nothing to offer but a glass of whisky, which I hope you will do me the favour to taste."

There was such an appearance of gratitude, and anxiety to evince it, in the little man's manner, that Ledbury and his companion seated themselves at the fire-place, and accepted the proffered refreshment.

"That is very fine," said Johnson, as he drank off the contents of a wine-glass without a sten, and handed it to Ledbury.

"It is very good, I believe, sir," answered the dwarf. "I had an Irishman in my exhibition once, who was the Wild Malay. We were very good friends, and sometimes he sends me some."

"You are master, then, of this establishment?" asked Ledbury, with as staid a politeness as a fit of coughing, brought on by the whisky, would permit.

"I am, sir," returned the little man. "It is very hard work, though; and my health is not very good. I have sung my song four-and-twenty times in a day, when I could hardly hold my head up. Once I used to wince under the coarse jokes of the spectators at my figure; but I do not mind them now."

"Does your sister belong to the show as well?" inquired Johnson.

"She did, until about a twelvemonth ago, sir," replied the dwarf, as his voice fell, "and then she left me for a time. Poor thing!"

poor thing!—I believe him to have been a villain, although she was very fond of him. But she has suffered for it!"

There was something very touching in the mannekin's voice as he uttered these words. Johnson, with ready tact, immediately turned the conversation, fully sorry that he had led up to it. They sat some little time longer, much amused at the intelligence and conversation of their small host; and then, wishing him good night, took their leave, promising to return.

"It is very strange," said Johnson to Ledbury, when they gained the street, "that all this should have happened. I know that girl's face as well as I know yours, and I thought that once or twice she regarded me very strangely. Where can we have met?"

"I would not trouble myself to find it out," said Ledbury. "Those things always come upon you all at once, and so will this. In the meantime let us hunt some more amusement."

CHAPTER XVI.

Of the diverting manner in which Mr. Ledbury concluded the evening.

AFTER a variety of minor adventures, not of sufficient importance for us to chronicle, although highly interesting to the parties concerned, our friends found themselves, about midnight, in the neighbourhood of the theatres. Crossing over in the direction of Covent Garden Market, and enlivening the journey by occasional banterings with the basket-women, in which, it must be confessed, they generally got the worst of it, they entered Maiden Lane. Lingering an instant over the kitchen-grating of the Cyder cellars, in contemplation of the large fire, and affectionate admiration of the viands there displayed, they went down one flight of stairs, and up another, until they stood at the entrance of the supper-room.

"Now, then, Leddy, go a-head!" said Johnson, giving his friend a push.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," interrupted the waiter at the door, placing himself in their way; "song's going on."

"Well, let it go on, if it likes," said Johnson; "I don't want to stop it."

"No, sir," replied the waiter, in a vague negative; "only it interrupts the harmony."

In the course of two minutes, an unusual excitement in singing the chorus proclaimed that the "harmony" was about to finish.

"Is this your first visit here?" asked Jack of Ledbury, to which he received an answer in the affirmative.

"Very well, then," he continued, "they will be sure to applaud you, as a welcome, when you enter; so be prepared."

In another instant the song concluded; and, as Jack seized Ledbury by the hand, and led him into the room, the burst of applause commenced, meant, of course, for the singer. But Mr. Ledbury took it to himself, and, removing his hat, as he would have done in a French *café*, smiled very amicably, and kept bowing on either side with much grace, all the way to the top of the room, to the great admiration of the spectators; and at last he took his seat, amidst the jingling of stout-glasses, the cries of "encore," the shouts for "waiter," and the concussions of pewter-goes upon the table. The room had just filled from the theatres, and the usual bustle was in full

play. There were a great many guests walking into poached eggs and roast-potatoes, as if they had eaten nothing for a month ; and a great many others smoking and drinking grog, and some talking, and others asleep, so that altogether there was a large company.

"This is a gratifying sight, indeed, Jack!" said Mr. Ledbury, rubbing his hands with glee, and feeling considerably better for a pint of stout. "What a noble room!"

"And noble company, too," replied Johnson, getting wicked. "You would not credit the number of great people who come here."

"Law! Point out some of them to me," said Ledbury.

"Do you see that gentleman in the white Chesterfield, with the green shawl, and his hat on one side, sitting by the third pillar? Well, that's Sir Robert Peel."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Ledbury, rising, to get a better view of the gentleman. "And who are those two next to him?"

"Why, I think they are Count Kielmans ~~and~~ and Baron Bjornst-jerna."

"Who?" asked Mr. Ledbury, somewhat confounded.

"Don't ask me again," said Johnson : "they are troublesome names to pronounce. They are the Hanoverian and Swedish ambassadors."

"I suppose Prince Albert never comes?" observed Ledbury.

"I think not," said Johnson, sinking his voice, and speaking confidentially ; "but I have seen Herr Von Joel here."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury, not liking to appear ignorant, and setting down the last-named person as a relative of the Prince.

A knock from the chairman's hammer on the table commanded silence for a song, which was immediately obeyed by everybody calling out "order!" at once. When quiet was obtained, the gentleman who did the comic melody sung a humorous song, at which Mr. Ledbury so laughed, that his joyous hilarity was the admiration of everybody near him. There were one or two points in the song at which very staid people might have taken a slight exception ; but it told very well in the present company, and was followed up by enthusiastic cries of "encore!"—a word implying a wish to hear anything over again, which the singer attended to by trolling out an entirely different one.

Thus things went on, and, aided by grog and excitement, Mr. Ledbury's mirth became fast and furious. He was in ecstasies. He laughed at the comic songs, applauded the sentimental ones, slapped Jack Johnson on the back, and once even attempted to make a pun ; but this was not until after the second go of brandy. At last Jack reminded him that it was getting late, and he had a long way to go home.

"Home!" said Mr. Ledbury ; "never mind home! What's the use of going home? You can always go there, when you can go nowhere else."

And indeed he did not seem at all inclined to seek his paternal roof, until Johnson had used all his eloquence and influence to persuade him. But then, before he left, he insisted upon thanking the company publicly for their kind reception of him ; and next he shook hands with all the singers, telling them how happy he was sure his father would be to see them all at Islington to stay a fort-

night. Then he paid the like compliment to the waiters, and finally to Mr. Rhodes himself, thanking him for his hospitality, and assuring him that he had spent a very delightful evening.

Spirituos excitement does not receive much benefit from cold air, and, in consequence, Mr. Ledbury's vivacity increased when he got out of the room. As he really had a great distance before him, Johnson, who felt little inclined to go to bed, walked with him almost as far as Sadler's Wells' theatre, and then wishing him good-b'ye, and telling him to take care of himself, returned home. It was a fine frosty, moonlight night, and Titus remained for a little time gazing on the New River, between the iron rails, and allowed his thoughts to wander romantically to the happy days of his childhood when he fished therein, always buying his tackle at the adjacent shop, where there was a large stuffed perch in the window, about a foot and a half long, in the firm belief that he should catch nothing but similar ones. Having ruminated here for some little time, he pursued his journey towards the Angel ; and when he arrived there, as he had not a very great distance further to go, he mechanically felt in his waistcoat pocket for his key. But how was he horrified to find it was not there ! He searched all his pockets twice over ; he took out his handkerchief, and shook it ; he even looked in the lining of his hat ; but all to no purpose—the key was gone ! And now in an instant the sense of his situation broke upon him. He could not go home. They had, doubtless, all retired to bed early, fatigued from the preceding evening ; and what would his father say if he disturbed the house at that unusual hour ? Johnson, he knew, would have given him a bed ; but he was at home by this time,—upwards of two miles off. It was so late, that the very inns were fast closed ; he did not even see a policeman to make inquiries of ; nor were any other persons about in the street that he chose to apply to. The nights were also the longest of the year, and he was very tired already, or he would have walked about until morning. In fact, he felt in a very awkward and uncomfortable plight, from which he saw at present no chance of escape.

But oftentimes, when everything around us assumes its darkest form, a light will break in from a quarter whence it was least of all expected ; and so it proved in the present instance. It will be hardly necessary to inform our readers, that High Street, Islington, where Mr. Ledbury now found himself, is an airy and imposing thoroughfare, intersected by a colossal turnpike, and bordered with broad footpaths and trees. The intelligent and enterprising tradesmen of this locality have the custom of placing their wares for show on the broad space in front of their houses, and emblazoning their names and callings on standards there erected. Now one of these good people—a cunning worker in metals—had caused a huge slipper-bath to be fixed against a tree in front of his house, about ten feet from the ground, possibly for the purpose of advertising the passers-by that he kept such articles for sale or hire. We believe this may be seen at the present hour.

Driven to desperation by circumstances, Mr. Ledbury resolved, as the bath caught his eye, to make it his lodging for the night, to which end it seemed very well adapted. At another time he would have thought himself in the last stage of insanity to have even dreamt of such a proceeding ; but now the plan appeared very fea-

sible, and by no means to be disapproved of. Making a rapid survey up and down the street, to see that he was unobserved, he took off his rough coat, and pitched it up on to the bath; and then ascended himself, by means of certain large nails and hooks, which the curious observer may still perceive driven into the trunk of the tree. Having ascertained, to his satisfaction, that the bath would bear his weight, he let himself gently into it; and, pulling his coat over his shoulders, was in five minutes perfectly settled and comfortable, delighted at his enterprising spirit, and feeling a thrill of excitement from his novel position.

For a time he employed his mental powers in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies; and then, his love of harmony once more gaining the ascendant, he indulged in a few snatches of songs, commencing with "I'll watch for thee from my lonely tower," as the most appropriate. But he had not sung above half a dozen, when a policeman of the N division, parading down High Street in his beat, and holding his lantern successively to the keyholes, as if he expected to find a thief getting through them, was struck by sounds of harmony, proceeding evidently from some elevated situation close at hand. His first impulse was to look up to the houses; but, as the middle of January is a strange time for people to sing with open windows at three in the morning, he found no solution of the mystery. Then he looked up the trees, and amongst some tubs piled at their feet, but nobody was there; and he was giving up the search, and going away, when a sudden burst of melody once more attracted his attention; and, looking round, he perceived, in strong relief against the moon, what eventually turned out to be Mr. Ledbury's conical French hat showing above the rim of the bath, and rocking backwards and forwards in time to the song he was giving forth.

"Halloo there!" shouted the policeman, as he advanced to the foot of the tree. "Who are you?"

Mr. Ledbury's song immediately ceased, and his head peeped over the top of his tin bed-room.

"Come, I'll trouble you to walk a short distance with me," continued 135 N.

"I don't want your company," said Mr. Ledbury, rather haughtily. "I am not in the habit of associating with policemen."

"Now, are you coming?" repeated the policeman, getting impatient.

"No," replied Ledbury, "I am not; and I 'won't go home till morning, until daylight does appear.'"

"Where is your home, then?" asked the policeman.

"Mr. Ledbury's, you know: you were at the door last evening. So go away and leave me; 'for it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year,' to sleep where I choose. It's a wager."

The man immediately recognised his intended prisoner, and, seeing it was all right, and that he was not a burglar, directly altered his tone, coming to the conclusion that Mr. Ledbury was a little flighty.

"You must find it very cold, sir," said N; "I think you had better come down."

"Cold!" said Ledbury, still harmonious; "not at all: it's the warmth of its December, and the smiles of its July."

"There's a fire at the station-house," observed the policeman, holding out an inducement for Titus to descend.

"Now, don't worry me, there 's a good fellow!" replied Mr. Ledbury. "I 'm very well here, and mean to stay. Leave me alone, and call me at seven o'clock, if I am not down."

Seeing that the gentleman was determined, and not exactly making out how he could be got down, if he did not choose to descend himself, the policeman walked away. But he kept watch still over the bath and its contents, returning at short intervals, to see that all was right. At two or three visits Mr. Ledbury was still singing; but at length he became tired, and, pulling his coat all over the top of the bath, covered himself in, and, it is presumed, went into a doze. And when the first grey light of morning crept over the district, before the crowd of passengers had commenced, he came cautiously down, and returned to his home. The servants were just up, so that he had no occasion to disturb the household; only telling them not to say anything about his entrance, he walked quietly up to his own room, and, undressing himself, got into bed,—his brain being still a little confused, although he was pleased to see the key of the door on the dressing-table, whence he had forgotten to take it the evening before.



CHAPTER XVII.

The encampment in Burnham Beeches.

If the reader wished us to point out to him one of the loveliest pictures of rural scenery in our leafy England, so tranquil and secluded, and yet comparatively so small a distance from an important and bustling highway, that any one wishing to live the life of a convivial anchorite could therein combine his retirement with every novelty or luxury that the great world could offer, we would conduct him into the centre of a finely-wooded district in Buckinghamshire. Its goodly trees may be perceived by the traveller on the Great Western Railway, after he has passed the Slough station, on the headland to the right of the line between Farnham Common and Dropmore, and it is known as Burnham Beeches.

The tract of land, broken and irregular, is thickly covered with the trees from which it takes its name, presenting some of the finest and most picturesque specimens of forest scenery in the kingdom. Long shady avenues of velvet turf, spangled with daisies, and teeming with quivering harebells, which ever and anon ring out their soft music to the fairies who ride by on the passing zephyr,—for, after all, we cannot believe that the fairies have entirely gone away from us,—pierce the green-wood in every direction; now as small footpaths, climbing up the side, and running along the edge of some forsaken and precipitous gravel-pit; and now plunging into the depths of the forest, apart from the beaten track, amidst coverts of fern and underwood, until they widen into fair glades. These are bordered on either side by the gnarled and misshapen bolls of trees, venerable in their garniture of hoary lichen, whose moss-covered and distorted trunks, far above the ground, offer natural and luxurious settles to the visitor, and induce him to rest awhile, as he lingers with a sense of intense pleasure so exquisite that it almost amounts to pain, upon the deep tranquillity and loveliness around him. And many changes have those old trees seen, during the cen-

turies of smiling summers and stern winters that have rolled their sunshine and shadow over their venerable head-tops: they have budded and put on their foliage when the chimes of Burnham Abbey called the villagers to the *compline*, and the low ~~haunt~~ of Saxon prayer floated on the breeze towards them; they will still put forth their verdure when the very recollection of those who now loiter in their shade shall have passed away. The remembrance of the calm seclusion of Burnham Beeches, when once visited, will never be banished from the mind of the traveller, but come back fresh and green upon his heart, after many years of worldly toil and harassing existence, and cheer his pilgrimage, by awakening every old and pleasant association connected with the time when all was fair and peaceful as the surrounding prospect.

But at the exact period of our story few of these attributes were visible, for it was towards the end of January; whilst a heavy snow lay upon the ground, and was still falling, from which the huge stems of the trees started up like spectres, black and fantastic from the contrast. Everything was wrapped in the dead silence of the country, broken only by the occasional report of a gun, sharp and clear, in the freezing air, which echoed for a few seconds through the woodland, and then died away; or the fall of small heaps of snow, disturbed from their equilibrium by the perchings of some intrusive sparrow restless with hunger, and tumbling through the crisp and naked branches of the trees. Even the waggons and horses, with muffled wheels and feet, went noiselessly across the common, pulling up the snow after them, and leaving marks like those we see upon removing the ornaments of a twelfth-cake,—the only evidences of sound which they gave out being the creaking and straining of the wheels as they lumbered over the heavy ground, or the flick of the driver's whip.

Along one of the principal avenues of the beeches, about the middle of the day, any one who had chosen to take his station there at such an uninviting time, and keep an attentive look-out, might have seen a solitary pedestrian trying to make what way he might towards the centre of the wood. Had he been previously acquainted with the person, he would probably have recognised Spriggy Smithers—the gentleman in ankle-jacks, the acquaintance of Jack Johnson, who, it may be recollectcd, assisted him in building the temporary supper-room on the morning of the party at Ledbury's. We say he would, 'probably,' have recognised our friend, because he might have been readily pardoned for not perceiving at first who it really was, Spriggy having swaddled himself up in so many old worsted-comforters about his neck, and haybands round his feet and legs, as to destroy all leading traces of identity. His toilet was never very carefully made at the best of times; but now it was even more eccentric than ever; and he had mounted an additional ornament, in the shape of a red-cotton handkerchief tied round his hat, over the band,—for what exact purpose it is difficult to determine. An old game-bag, patched and mended with pieces of sacking, carpet, net, and whatever had come uppermost at the time it was required, was slung over his shoulder, offering certain evidence, from its outward appearance, of being well filled; and he carried a long staff in his hand, which had been, without doubt, pulled from some eligible spray-pile that had fallen in the line of his journey.

It was snowing hard, as we have stated ; and the feathery particles seemed to have combined against Spriggy, and put all their inventive powers to the stretch, that they might render his progress as uncomfortable as possible. They had, evidently, made friends with the wind, who entered into the joke as well, and blew them into his eyes, whenever he opened them wider than usual, or lifted up his face, until they made him ~~wince~~ again. Then they waited for him in sly corners at the tops of avenues, and when he came by they all scuttled out at once, and tumbled and whifflled about his head, the more desperate getting into his ears, and violently rushing down his neck ; but by the time he put up his hand to catch them, they had all vanished away. The idler flakes did not personally insult him, but settled gently upon his hat, as well as the perfect absence of nap would allow them to remain there ; and contented themselves with being carried a little way for nothing, when they quietly disappeared, and were seen no more.

But, in spite of these intrusive annoyances, Spriggy still kept on his journey, occasionally turning off along a by-track, whose situation beneath the deep snow could be ascertained only by some peculiar briar or hornbeam in its vicinity ; all of which were, however, as well known to him as our various coast landmarks to a channel-pilot. It was heavy walking, to be sure, and there was not a trace left by previous travellers to guide him, for the snow kept falling so thickly that even his own footmarks were soon obliterated, and all was as dazzling and level as before. But he had, as he termed it, put the steam on ; which process was accomplished by lighting a short pipe, and, setting the snow at defiance, he crunched his way still deeper into the wood, until a sudden turn round a thicket of holly, yew, and other evergreens, brought him to the end of his walk.

The spot at which he now arrived was situated on the side of a small, but steep declivity ; part of which had given way in a landslip, forming the hill, as it were, into two large steps. Upon this platform, and against the embankment above, a large, rude tent, had been constructed of poles and ragged canvass, apparently the remnants of some ancient race-course or fair drinking-booth. Before it the greater part of the snow had been swept away, and two fires lighted, round which a large party of individuals were gathered, more or less disreputable : several having the costume and expression of real gipsies, but the majority evidently belonging to that anomalous class of perambulating manufacturers known as "tramps." A couple of tilted carts with chimneys were stationed near the tent, in one of which a fire was also burning, and to these were attached bundles of the thick sticks used to throw at snuff-boxes, as well as poles for building stalls ; and one of them also carried a light deal table, with three legs, from which an ingenious observer might have inferred that some of the party were versed in the necromantic mysteries of the pea-and-thimble. A pile of fire-wood had been collected, and stacked up close at hand ; and lower down the slope, in a decayed cow-shed, two miserable horses and a donkey were nimblying such scanty fodder as their owners could procure for them.

"Well, my beans, — here we is," said Spriggy, announcing his own arrival, which was perfectly unnecessary, to judge from the cordial manner in which he was received. "How's the times?"

"Brickish," replied one of the party, showing a small bit of wool to the new comer. "Cooper took something in that line the night afore last from a farm t'other side the Splash."

"Cut up?" inquired Spriggy.

"Safe," replied the man, pointing to the large saucepan which was slung over one of the fires. "What have you brought?"

With an air of anticipated triumph, Spriggy unslung the game-bag he was carrying, and, shooting out a quantity of vegetables, at last produced a very fine jack, of some ten or twelve pounds' weight.

"There's a jockey!" he exclaimed admiringly. "I took a pair of 'em with trimmers in Squire Who-is-it's fleet last night, and sold one to him this morning. Wouldn't the guv'nor swear neither if he ~~kn~~ew it!"

Whereupon, chuckling at his deception, in that hearty spirit ever displayed by the lower orders when they impose upon their superiors, Spriggy was attacked with such a fit of coughing, aggravated by the combined influence of night-air and mountain-dew, that it was found necessary to produce some cordial from a flat stone bottle in possession of one of the party, to bring him round again; and, after a tolerable draught of its contents, poured into a small pipkin without a handle, he felt considerably relieved.

"And now to business," he observed, as soon as he recovered his breath. "Is the Londoner still here?"

The man nodded his head, and pointed towards the cart.

"He's got into rayther a okkard fix, then," continued Spriggy. "I've walked ten blessed miles this very morning to get him away, for there's no time to be lost."

"Are the beaks fly?" asked the man.

"Downy as goslins," returned Smithers. "They're coming here all in a lump, you may depend upon it, and won't do you much good if you ain't careful. How about that mutton?"

"All right," replied the tramp. "The snow hides it, and it will keep for ever if the frost lasts. But lock sharp, if the young un is to be got off; for them rails is terrible things for quick journeys."

Following his advice, Spriggy went towards the cart, from whose chimney the smoke was ascending, and knocked at the door, which was fastened on the inner side. It was opened by Edward Morris, —the cousin to whom Jack Johnson had paid the visit in St. Giles', the night of his arrival in London. We have learned already that he had left the cellar; and he had now joined the present party, with one or two of whom he became acquainted in his late domicile, in the hope of remaining safely in the refuge which their encampment offered, from the vigilance of the London police.

One of those delusive changes—the occasional supposed ameliorations which form, to the professional eye, the most distressing evidence of confirmed phthisis—had somewhat improved his appearance since the interview in St. Giles. But his eye was brighter, his lips more vividly tinted; and the same self-satisfied conviction that he was quickly recovering from his "slight cough," only went to prove how the blighting canker was still rapidly, though silently, at work within. As Smithers informed him in a few words that his retreat was suspected, he betrayed some slight emotion; but immediately afterwards assumed his customary indifference as he calmly inquired of his visitor what course was best to pursue.

"I reckon you are not much of a hand at walking now you are bad?" said Spriggy; "and yet, there are four or five miles of snow to be trudged through this afternoon, if you wish to get away!"

"Why should I not walk?" asked Morris hastily. "I am strong enough now to go any distance."

"I only want you to go as far as Eton Brocas," returned Spriggy. "I've got a skiff lying there that will soon take us to my place at Penton Hook. The river's as full as a tick, and will carry us down in no time of itself; but we haven't a minute to lose."

"I will be with you directly," said Morris; "as soon as I have collected these few things. Tell them to keep awake, in case of any pursuit; and, of course, not to know anything about it. Do you hear?"

"All right!" replied Smithers, clapping his hand against his open mouth, intending to intimate by the pantomime that they would be silent.

Then, going back to his friends, he made a hasty, but very satisfactory meal, whilst Morris was preparing for his departure. The whole business, rapidly transacted as it had been, scarcely seemed to disturb the economy of the camp in the slightest degree. Possibly they were accustomed to such scenes, for they took no notice of what was going on, although by this time all of them were perfectly aware of the circumstances; their only care being, apparently, directed to putting their social establishment in order, and disposing of such objects as might give rise to any unpleasant arguments with the expected police as to right of possession, or lawful acquisition; and, when this was done, they set to work in their tent, making clothes-pegs and door-mats, with an alacrity that would have led any one to believe he was visiting a most industrious community of hard-working individuals.

In a quarter of an hour from the commencement of this hurried interview all was arranged, and Spriggy, re-lighting his pipe, led the way, having put the parcel of the other into his empty game-bag, followed by Morris, to whom he had given his staff as an assistance. The gipsies watched their forms until they were lost in the copse of evergreens, and then resumed their wonted occupations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The flight of Johnson and Morris at Savory's Weir.

THE policeman for whom Jack Johnson had promised to procure the outpatient's ticket to the hospital, presented himself at that gentleman's ledgings the next morning, some little time before the appointed hour. He apologised for so doing by informing Jack that he had received orders, in company with others of the force, to proceed that very day to the country, in pursuit of a young man charged with felony, who was supposed to be concealed in the neighbourhood. It is needless to state that Johnson's suspicions were immediately aroused as to the object of the search; but, assuming an indifference as well as he was able, he contrived not only to learn that it was indeed Morris they were in search of, but also to worm out a description of the locality in which they expected to find him...

Informed of the danger that threatened his cousin by this singular chance, as soon as the officer had departed he began to consider by what means it was possible to avert the impending evil ; and, after half an hour of anxious thought, he determined upon leaving town without delay, and endeavouring to give Morris timely notice of the pursuit by arriving at the Beeches before the police, should he be fortunate enough to get the start of them. He, therefore, lost no time in proceeding to the railway ; but had the mortification of finding that one of the trains had left scarcely a minute before he arrived at the terminus, involving a delay of two hours : and, to add to his dismay, he learnt from one of the guards, after a few indirect inquiries, that several police-officers were included amongst the passengers. Under the present circumstances this was most unfortunate, as there was no resource left except to wait until the next departure. At length, after two hours—which appeared multiplied into half-a-dozen—of harassing suspense, Johnson took his seat in the train, and set off, as fast as steam could take him, for the Slough station.

There was yet some little daylight before him when he arrived at the end of his journey ; and the fall of snow had ceased for a time, although the sky still looked threatening. He immediately went to the hotel, and procured a horse, thinking that he should travel quicker by that means ; at the same time he was anxious not to be embarrassed by the company of another person. Whilst the animal was being saddled he got all the information he wished respecting his route to the Beeches from the ostler ; and also found out that the officers had not long departed, having waited some time at the inn “to keep out the cold.” This information induced him to use more haste ; so that, in three-quarters of an hour from his leaving Paddington he was riding in the direction of Farnham Common, across the uplands, as fast as the state of the roads would permit.

As he arrived at the less-frequented lanes and bridle-paths, he plainly made out the traces of the party who had preceded him, as well as some prints of horse-shoes, from which he conceived that they had procured the assistance of the local horse-patrol as guides. He inquired of every person he met how long the police had passed ? and from every one received the reply, that they were about twenty minutes ahead of him ; but were not using ~~very~~ great speed, in consequence of one or two of them being upon foot. There was but a slender chance, he knew, of reaching Morris before them ; more especially as they ~~were~~ in advance : but still, the chance was worth pushing for, and he determined at all hazards to ride on at a quickened pace, and pass the officers as a casual traveller. He therefore took advantage of a favourable piece of road to increase his speed, and soon reached the borders of the common at a sharp trot.

A shepherd was standing, with his dog, at the gate of a field which he now came to, and he pulled up for a minute to ask which road he should take ; for several thoroughfares crossed one another at this point, and the footmarks were lost amidst many others.

“Are you along of them patrols?” asked the rustic.

Johnson hesitated for an instant ; and then thought it best to answer in the affirmative.

“I seed them go up the hill, nigh half an hour back,” continued the rustic ; “they’re after a poacher in the Shaw—ain’t ‘em !”

"Yes—yes!" answered Johnson impatiently, "I think they are; but, which is the nearest way?"

"Why, if you likes to come over this field," said the man; "and through that gap at the end, you'll cut off two mile or more."

"That will do!" cried Johnson; "and there's a shilling for you!"

"Thank ye, sir!" answered the man, touching his hat, and apparently overcome by the munificence of the present. "You'll just put up the hurdle again when you've got through."

"All right!" exclaimed the other; and, setting off again, he was soon at the end of the field.

Skirting the copse all the way, he passed through the gap, as directed; and then, crossing another long meadow, he pushed down the hurdles, without caring to replace them, and entered one of the avenues of the Beeches. Fortunately, whilst he was deliberating which direction to proceed in, an urchin came up, with a bundle of dry brushwood; and, finding that he was going to the very spot, forming in himself a small member of the gipsy community, Johnson stimulated him to a little increased action by the promise of a few pence; and, starting the boy to run before him, he followed as closely as he could, without riding him down. They traversed several thickets, in some of which the branches hung so low that Johnson was compelled to stoop completely forward, until his head touched the horse's neck. At length, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the fire of the encampment shining through the trees of the Shaw in intermitting flashes.

The whole party of gipsies, and their associates, were apparently in great confusion when Johnson arrived; and one or two approached him, when they saw that he was alone, with countenances expressive of anything but courtesy or polite reception. But, luckily, the man who had conversed with Spriggy Smithers in the morning was amongst them, and he directly recognised Johnson as a friend of Morris, having been in the St. Giles's cellar on the evening when the former called. He immediately explained to him what had occurred, producing no little alarm in our hero's mind when he told him that he was too late after all, for that the police had been there already; in fact, it was singular enough he did not meet them, as they had not left above ten minutes.

"And what has become of Morris?" inquired Johnson anxiously.

"Of the young man?" replied the other. "Oh! he's all safe at present with Smithers; but I don't know how long he'll be so."

The tramp here informed Johnson of his cousin's having left them with Spriggy in the morning; but added, that the police had gained intelligence of his flight, by some extraordinary means or another; for that, upon failing to discover their expected prisoner in the Shaw, he had heard them express their intention of going directly to Penton Hook, where Smithers resided.

"They're uncommon crafty birds, them police," he concluded. "I think they'd find a man in the middle of a hay-stack, when he wasn't there even."

"Would there be a chance of passing them?" asked Johnson.

"Like enough, like enough," returned the man. "It's nine miles if it's an inch; and they are sure to have a drain or two upon the journey."

"There is a hope yet, then," thought Jack ; and, bestowing another trifling gratuity upon the man for his information, he turned his horse's head, and once more started upon his enterprise.

The wind howled mournfully through the naked branches of the copse, whilst the day was rapidly declining, as he quitted the Beeches, and gazed upon the dreary expanse of country before him which he had to traverse, in its one unbroken cloak of snow, now darkening in the cold wintery twilight. Large flakes, the indications of an approaching heavy fall, began to descend, and the drifts were in many spots so high, that the boundary of the road was scarcely perceptible. But, under the excitement of the position, Johnson urged his horse along a narrow lane, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the first fall, and, by dint of caution, and no small degree of courage,—for the snow in some places reached to his stirrups,—he passed the more exposed portion of the country, and arrived at the comparatively low grounds below East Burnham, where the road was somewhat clearer, and allowed him to progress for a trifling distance with tolerable speed. But this was of short duration ; the drifts had again collected from the uplands, and when he reached the line of the railroad, which crossed the lane, he found the archway completely filled up with snow. This presented, at first sight, an insurmountable obstacle to any further advance. It was impossible to cross the line, or he would immediately have done so ; for the embankment directly beyond the ox-rails that bounded it, rising up like a wall, precluded the possibility of clearing them by a leap ; nor, indeed, would it have been practicable on level ground, from the quantity of snow on either side. There was but one chance left, and that was to ride right through it, trusting to its being a mere curtain. But the horse refused to charge it, as if it had been a solid mass, and turned sharp round each time Johnson approached it. At length he hit upon a new plan. Without descending from the saddle, he took out his handkerchief and tied it as a bandage over the animal's eyes ; then, applying the whip pretty vigorously, urged him forward against it. The whole body of snow immediately crumbled down about him, and the horse, alarmed at the falling mass, made a violent plunge forward, which nearly threw Johnson from the saddle, but sufficed at the same time to clear the archway. The road to the leeward of the embankment was tolerably practicable ; and, taking the handkerchief from the head of the horse who was snorting and quivering with fright, he rode on with little delay through Slough, and along the turnpike road to Eton.

As he reached Windsor bridge, and halted at the gate, he was much gratified to learn from the toll-keeper that the officers had not yet passed, and the lamps and animation of the town, as he slowly rode through its streets, somewhat reassured him ; but, when he had passed it, the darkness seemed more apparent from the lights which he had quitted. Still he kept on his way, stopping only for ten minutes at the "Bells of Ouseley," to take some hurried refreshment, before he crossed Runnymede.

The distant bell of Egham church tolled the hour of six as he arrived at this extended waste, and it was now quite dark, scarcely a star appearing in the black sky. The river, too, had in some places overflowed the road, rendering the greatest caution necessary to distinguish between its depths and the firm ground, whilst the col-

lected snow began to ball in the horse's feet, rendering every step precarious. There was no alternative for Johnson but to get down, and walk at the head ; and this he did with much difficulty and exertion, until he reached the causeway on the high road. Here there was very little snow, the sharp wind having carried it all away into the hollows as it fell ; so, clearing out the shoes of his horse, he once more mounted, and the animal's hoofs rang sharply over the frozen ground towards Staines Bridge, the gas-lamps on which could now be seen about a mile off. After several inquiries, he learned the situation of Smithers' house ;—indeed he could not well miss it, for they told him there was no other dwelling upon the road for two miles ; and, turning off from the great road, at the foot of the bridge, he traversed another rough piece of country, and in twenty minutes more was shouting for entrance at the gate of Spriggy's almost amphibious habitation on the banks of the Thames.

After some little delay, the owner of the mansion made his appearance at the door, where he remained, imagining that the noise proceeded from some traveller who had lost his way — interruptions of this kind, on such an out-of-the-way road, being by no means unusual. But, as soon as he recognised Johnson's voice, he hustled forward, and assisted him to dismount, leading the horse round to a small shed at the side of the house ; and then, with a few expressions of surprise at his unexpected appearance, ushered him into the interior of the cottage. Morris was smoking at the fireside, but he started up, as if alarmed, when Johnson entered ; and, shading the light of the solitary candle from his eyes, gazed anxiously towards the door.

"Jack ! is it only you ?" he exclaimed, as soon as he knew it was his cousin. "Who would have dreamt of seeing you here at this time of night ? I declare I thought it was the police."

And, with an attempt to force a laugh of indifference, he resumed his place on the settle of the hearth.

"Is this all you have to say to me, Morris ?" returned Johnson, as he approached the fire-place. "I am sorry you do not think me worth a better welcome."

"Oh !—well, then, how d'ye do ?—if that's it," replied the other, carelessly, holding out his hand. "I'm better, you see ; my cold is quite gone ; I told you that it was nothing. But what brings you here ?"

"The police are after you ; they have discovered your retreat."

"I know it," returned Morris ; "but we have given them the slip,

"You are deceived," returned Johnson, with an earnestness that checked his cousin's derisive laugh. "They are now in pursuit of you, and a few minutes may bring them to the gate."

"Oh ! you must be mistaken. How could they have found out where I had gone to ?"

"I know not ; it suffices that they have done so, and are close upon my track."

As he spoke, a short, expressive whistle from Spriggy, who was stationed at the window, attracted their attention.

"Look !" he exclaimed, "if there isn't the bull's-eye lanterns coming down the lane, may I never set a night-line again ! Up with the dead-lights, until we see what stuff they are made on !"

He closed up the window-shutter as he concluded this sentence, and a few seconds passed of anxious silence, so perfect, that nothing disturbed it but the quick, fevered respiration of Morris, which was painfully audible. Johnson held his breath, and compressed his lips between his teeth, until he had nearly bitten them through; whilst Smithers rapidly threw some water on the wood embers in the fire-place, extinguished the candle, and took up his position of sentinel at the door, having put up the bar, assuming an attitude of earnest watchfulness.

"Hush!" exclaimed the fisherman, after a short pause; "it's them, sure enough! Ah! werry good!—werry good!" he continued, as the party were heard calling out from the lane; "you must wait a bit! we're all gone to bed, and asleep."

"We are taken!" cried Morris, in accents of distress, now losing all his fortitude. "What can be done?"

"Get down to the river as fast as you can, by the back-door," answered Spriggy. "You'll find the punt lying there; and I'll keep 'em all right for five minutes; but you must lose no time."

Quickly collecting their outer articles of dress, they prepared to follow his advice. Johnson gave a few brief directions to Smithers respecting the horse; and then, catching up the lantern, which Spriggy had left on the floor, folded his coat round it, to conceal the light, and hurried towards the Thames, in company with his cousin. The punt was moored there, hauled a little way up the bank. Morris directly entered, and took his seat at the end, whilst Johnson pulled up the iron-spike that fastened the boat by a chain to the land; and, pushing it off with all the force he could collect, jumped on to it as it floated in the deep water.

The river, swollen with the floods, was rapid and powerful; and directly bore the punt away from the shore, whirling it round with ungovernable force in the eddies, and then bearing it at a fearful rate down the stream. But they had scarcely started when Johnson, to his horror, found that in their hurried departure they had forgotten to bring anything with them to guide it, and were, consequently, entirely at the mercy of the angry waters. In vain he endeavoured to arrest its progress with a few slight rods, pertaining to some fishing apparatus, that were lying in the boat; they snapped off like reeds. In vain he caught at the large rushes that danced and coquettled with the stream, as the punt occasionally neared the side of the river. They eluded his grasp, or were torn away from their stems as if they were pieces of thread. On, on went the boat in its headlong career; the rapidly-passing outlines of the bare and ghastly pollards on the river's bank proving how swift was their progress. And, now, for the first time, they heard a deep and continued roar, which increased each moment, as if they were quickly approaching its source. Neither could offer an explanation of the noise; and they remained in painful anxiety for some seconds, until Johnson, who was endeavouring to peer through the darkness, cried out,

"I can see the barge-piles of the lock! We shall be carried down the weir!"

THE TWO LIEUTENANTS.

A SKETCH OF THE YEAR 1628.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

" Revenge is a kind of wild justice. A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well."—BACON.

ONE evening in August, in the year 1628, the upper room of the tavern called "The Anchor," looking on Tower Hill, was filled with company, among which were several officers of foot, quartered in the Tower. Some of them had been drinking pretty freely, and their boisterous manners, hard swearing, and profane songs, seemed to be ill relished by half a dozen staid-looking citizens in one corner of the room. Among the officers was one who sat a little apart from the rest, and maintained a moody silence, taking no part in the revelry, though occasionally addressed by his military brethren with freedom, and by some with familiarity, especially by one who, like himself, wore the uniform of a lieutenant. This young man, of handsome features, and elegant figure, had exceeded his companions in his libations, and was talking and making more noise than any two of the company.

" Why, Jack ! " cried he, addressing the silent officer, " honest Jack, what makes thee so moody, man ? Cheer up, cheer up, my heart ? What saith thy favourite, Flaccus ?

—‘ non si malè nunc, et olim
Sic erit.’ ”

He to whom this remonstrance was addressed raised his downcast eyes for a moment, glanced reprovingly at the speaker, and then resumed his look of abstraction.

" Well," continued the young man, " if you *won't* take a leaf out o' your favourite, 'tis not my fault. I 've heard you say 'twas a good book for those out o' favour with Fortune. As for me, I 'll laugh at grizly Care, till he flee from me with the speed of Sir Tristram !—ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

" Silence ! Sam Lovell ! " cried one of the company ; " or, if thou wilt be uproarious, prithee, give us a song ; we can then turn thy noise to some profit."

" With all my heart ! " replied the lieutenant. " What shall it be ? ' King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid ? '—or ' Greene Sleeves ? '—or ' The Tanner of Tedbury ? ' It matters not to me ; but first let me call for a cool tankard ; this wine hath made my throat like an oven. What ho ! drawer ! bring me a tankard of ale, and look ye, sirrah, that it be well stirred with an icicle ! ”

While the drawer was gone on his errand, Lovell took his purse, and, probing it with his fore-finger, extracted a small silver coin, the only one left therein.

" There 's room for the Devil to dance in thee to-night," said he, as if talking to himself. " I must send thee to plead with my venerated uncle, Sir Timothy, who, I trow, will bestow on thee more curses than Caroluses. Well, never mind—' *La speranza è il pan de' poveri,* ' as my little master o' fence hath it ; and I have lived upon it often."

The ale was now brought, and he was about to raise the tankard to his lips, when he suddenly proffered it to his silent friend, who shook his head in token of refusal.

"Come, come, Jack," said he imploringly, "don't refuse to drink with thy old friend! It may be years before we meet again."

"I drink to thy good fortune, Sam," said the other, taking the tankard; then adding, in a low, subdued tone, "'tis the last I shall drink with thee, I ween!"

Lovell heeded not this remark; perhaps he did not hear it; and his brother officers now called for the promised song.

"You shall have it," said he, laughing, and finishing the ale. "The whistle being wetted, you shall hear it anon. Remember to join in the burden.

'Twas in the piping time of June,
When Nature was in merry mood,
The sparrow chirp'd upon the thatch,
The jay was chattering in the wood,
And gossips at my birth did say
My life would be one holiday.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

When boyhood came, I proved that they
Were right in this their prophecy;
I frolick'd all the live-long day,
None was so gay, so blithe as I;
And, free as Nature's child should be,
'Twas summer always then with me.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy,
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

But, when to man's estate I came,
And Fortune looked no longer fair;
When old familiar friends grew shy,
Who whilom did my bounty share,
I quitted all, nor did I grieve
Such cold, unfeeling mates to leave.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy!
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!

They tell us of an ancient wight,
Who, laughing always, Care defied;
Then, let not such ensample be
By moping moderns c'er decried;
For laughing—take this truth from me—
's the sum of all philosophy.
Then take thy pipe and tabor, boy!
And strike me up a merry tune;
For I was born in peascod time,
All in the merry month of June!"

"An excellent ditty!" cried the men of the sword. "'Twas surely made by thyself on thy mother's own son."

"A fitting stave for one who is on the high road to perdition!" charitably grunted one of the aforesaid puritan-looking citizens; but the observation, luckily for him, was not heard.

The silent lieutenant here rose, drew on his gloves, and was leaving the room.

"What! going, honest Jack!" exclaimed Lovell; "then I will bear thee company. Gentlemen! valiant cavaliers! give you good even!" And, taking the arm of his friend, he reeled out of the room.

"Sam!" sighed the elder of the two officers, as they got into the street, "thou art always merry. Oh! for the light heart I once had! It is nigh breaking now!"

Lovell stopped short, and, steadying himself by a post, which happened to be at hand, looked earnestly in his friend's face. "Why, what now?" said he, endeavouring to assume a serious air.

"The die is cast," continued the other; "my hopes are blighted; even that I cherished, is fled; the Duke threw my letter into the fire, with a curse upon the writer!"

"How know you this?"

"I have it from good report."

"Tush! I don't believe it! he will send for thee, some day, be assured."

"Never!" exclaimed his friend bitterly; "he is heartless and worthless, a hollow friend, a traitor to his country, a ——"

"Whist! whist, man!" interrupted Lovell, taking his arm, "these loiterers here may catch thy words, and bear them where they may work thee mischief."

"They can work no mischief on a desperate man!" observed the other despairingly.

"Nay—nay; despair is for cowards! and thou hast a stout heart. Pluck up a spirit, and come with me, and try thy luck with the dice this evening."

The elder officer smiled sarcastically.

"Why," said he, "if mine eyes deceived me not, I saw thee draw the last groat from thy purse!"

"Tut—tut!" replied Lovell, laughing; "they will take my word of honour. I shall stake my week's pay; which, thou knowest full well, is the goodly sum of fourteen shillings for a poor lieutenant of foot; and, if Fortune's my friend, why I may march away with as many broad pieces!"

"They will fleece thee!"

"Nay, good Jack! I shall fleece them! Come with me, man; and thou shalt see me sweep the board—come!"

"I will not come; they will make thee a beggar, like myself, who am bankrupt of hope and fortune!"

"Then good even to thee! I will call at thy lodging to-morrow," said the young lieutenant, and he strode away across Tower Hill.

His friend looked after him for a moment.

"Farewell!" he mentally ejaculated, "thou hast a kind heart and a high spirit; but the accursed vices of gambling and drinking cleave to thee like rank weeds around a noble plant! Farewell! we shall meet no more in this world!"

While the younger of the two officers reeled away to the gaming-table, the other sauntered moodily into Barking churchyard, and, entering the shop of a Jew, after a few minutes emerged from it

without his sword. He then crossed the hill, and entered the Tower.

Scarcely half an hour had worn away when the moody officer quitted the Tower by the postern-gate. With his hands folded behind him, and his eyes bent on the ground, he again crossed the hill, muttering to himself, and heeding nothing around him.

"The parliament are right!" soliloquised he; "his sentence is pronounced, but who dare execute it? who will strike the blow? who dare wag his tongue? who dares raise a finger against this favourite of Fortune? this rank fungus, raised in the hot-bed of a corrupt court?"

He ceased for a moment, and looked furtively around him, as if he suspected his musings might be overheard, and then continued:

"But, what said the preacher at St. Faith's? '*Every man in a good cause is both judge and executioner of sin!*' Yet, fool that I am! I have parted with my weapon! Lo! yonder is a fitting one for my purpose."

At the moment that he uttered this, his eye fell on a glass-case on the stall of a cutler, within which, among other instruments, was a knife, designed, as its shape denoted, more for some useful and peaceful purpose of every-day life than as a weapon of offence, the blade and handle together being scarcely twelve inches in length.

"Goodman cutler," said the officer, pointing with his finger to the knife, "I would fain know thy price for that misshapen tool yonder."

The shopkeeper, with a smirk, opened the glass-case, and taking out the object thus designated, carefully wiped the blade with his leather apron, and handed it to the querist.

"'Tis an excellent blade, sir!" said he, "fashioned from a morsel of Spanish steel, and might be stricken through an oaken panel without snapping."

"Ha! how know'st thou that?" asked the officer. "Know'st thou anything of steel beyond thy craft?"

"I know a Bilboa-blade from a Flemish tuck, sir," replied the cutler, drawing himself up to his full height, for he was somewhat doubled by age. "I served under the Lord Essex in Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's days, and have seen hard blows given, coming in for a share myself."

"Good! then I will take thy word for its quality. What hast thou the conscience to ask for it?"

"Sixteen pence, sir," was the reply. "I'll not bate a farthing, even to the Prince, or the great Duke himself."

A smile of dubious import illumined for a moment the rigid and sombre features of the customer; but they quickly relapsed into their former moody expression, while he drew from his purse, which appeared anything but plethoric, a shilling and a groat, which he threw down on the counter. He then pocketed the knife, and walked away.

The sun was rising in all his splendour, and the yellow corn waved to the gentle breath of a south wind, as a man of woe-begone aspect, in a thread-bare suit, of military cut, but without any weapon at his side, trudged wearily along the road leading to the town of

Portsmouth. He was well powdered with dust, and seemed foot-sore with walking. It was the moody lieutenant, who had purchased the knife at the cutler's shop on Tower Hill. A sudden turning in the road brought him in sight of a ruined cross, upon the steps of which he threw himself down to rest awhile. Half sitting, half reclining, he covered his face with his hands, and remained for some moments as if lost in contemplation. So completely insensible was he to everything around, that a thunderbolt might have fallen near and not aroused him from his fit of abstraction. Two countrymen, proceeding along the road with their team, passed a coarse joke upon the wayfarer; while a farmer's wife, as she trotted by, "supposed it was one o' the Duke o' Buckingham's people, who had strolled out, and got a leetle drap too much last night."

We have said that the weary man heeded nothing around; but, when the road was again clear, he raised himself from his recumbent posture, and looked vacantly about him.

"Shall I do it?" he muttered, "shall I send him, with all his sins upon him, into that dread presence?" Then, after a pause, "Pshaw! what means this trembling? Hath distress palsied my hand, and rendered me nerveless? I'll up and be doing. Come forth, thou only remedy for so great an evil! thou scalpel, that shalt excise this great moral cancer! and, if thou art true to thine owner, thou shalt be honoured, ay, more than the sword of Arthur or Charlemagne!" He drew forth the knife from his bosom, and continued,—"Lo! on this monument of our forefathers' idolatry I'll fit thee for the destruction of an idol, whose worshipers are more corrupt than those of Baal."

With these words, he proceeded to improve the point of the knife on the steps of the cross, which having accomplished, he placed it in his bosom, and, snatching up his walking-staff, walked towards the town.

Portsmouth was then, as it has been ever since, in time of war, a scene of bustle and preparation. The Duke of Buckingham was at his lodgings, and the fleet was on the point of sailing to the relief of Rochelle. As the travel-worn officer entered the town, the crowd around a certain house told him where the Duke was staying; and it was with no small surprise that he saw emerge from it his friend, Sam Lovell, gaily appareled, and with the flush of excitement and expectation on his cheek. Lovell did not see him, and proceeded towards the harbour with a joyous step.

"Ha! Sam!" sighed the lieutenant, "thy good looks and gallant bearing have done for thee what long service would have failed to procure."

People were every moment passing in and out of the house, and the new-comer had no difficulty in finding ingress. He had scarcely entered, when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the Duke, followed by Sir Thomas Friar, one of his colonels, descended into the passage.

"Farewell, my Lord Duke!" said Friar, bowing low.

"Farewell—farewell, honest Tom!" replied Buckingham, bending his tall and graceful figure, and embracing the colonel. He then attempted to draw aside the hangings which concealed the door of the parlour in which he was about to enter, when the intruder stepped forward, as if he would have performed this service; and with a single blow stabbed the Duke to the heart!

Not a word escaped the victim, who, with a gasp, drew the fatal weapon from the wound, and fell dead on the floor of the passage !

The consternation and tumult which followed this frightful deed may be imagined. Men were hieing in every direction in pursuit of the assassin, who, in the confusion, had walked away unmolested ; the drums were beating, and the troops flew to arms. In the midst of the uproar, Lovell came running from the harbour, and with difficulty forced his way into the house. Directed by a violent uproar in the kitchen, he proceeded thither, and found it crammed with persons of all ranks ; some of whom, with their swords drawn, were making passes at the assassin, who, though held and shaken by a dozen pair of hands, betrayed no fear of the impending danger.

With a feeling which he would have found it difficult to explain, but which, perhaps, originated in the very natural one that it would be unnecessary thus to dispatch a man already seized and disarmed, Lovell drew, and struck up the threatening weapons, one of which flew over the head of its owner, Stamford, a follower of the Duke, who had nearly accomplished his purpose ; but, as he did so, his eye glanced at the prisoner. Dashing his own weapon to the ground, he cried, with bitter emphasis,

“ Merciful heaven ! FELTON ! ” Then wringing his hands, he added, in accents which made even the assassin start and shudder, “ Oh, Jack ! thou art damned for ever for this bloody deed ! ”

The sequel to this story need not be recapitulated ; it is known to every reader of English history. The arrival of the homicide in London was greeted with acclamations by thousands of republican spirits, and his health was toasted in all the taverns—an indulgence which cost some of the drinkers their ears. Among these was Alexander Gill (the son of Dr. Gill, master of Saint Paul’s School,) the tutor of Milton ; who, on three charges, one of which was the drinking the health of Felton, was heavily fined by the Star-Chamber, and condemned to that barbarous punishment !

TO ELLEN.

BY ALEXANDER M'DOUGALL, ESQ., OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THOUGH thy bosom appear like the drifted snow,
There’s a heart that can cherish a flame below.
Thy hair has its “ Cupids in ev’ry curl,”
And thy white, white teeth are like rows of pearl,
That shine in despite of thy coral lips ;
And thine eyes are like stars in the moon’s eclipse !

There’s a charm on thy cheek, with its crimson dye ;
There’s a spell in the light of thy soft blue eye ;
There’s a thrilling touch on thy finger’s tip,
And a magic dew on thy rosy lip ;
While a potent pow’r, which I gladly own,
Exists in thy voice, with its silver tone !

What joy is mine, when I fondly see
The light of thy face shining down on me ;
When thy fairy fingers I faintly press,
I woo thy cheek with a soft caress ;
While thy sweet voice, swell’d to its utmost stretch,
Cries “ What are you arter ? Get out, you wretch ! ”

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN,
COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

MISS FRANCES BUTLER had been born to affluence. She was a lineal descendant from Wollaston, the author of "The Religion of Nature," and, consequently, nearly related to Dr. Wollaston, head-master of the Charter-house, and Dr. Wollaston, the great chemist, the discoverer of the metals, palladium and rhodium, and the method of rendering platina malleable. Her father, a private gentleman of landed property, usually resided at one of his estates near Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. He had two sons apprenticed at Birmingham. When they were out of their time, he was induced, with the view of bringing them forward in the world, to remove to Birmingham, and enter into trade as, what was then termed, a merchant, taking them, and another person acquainted with the business, into partnership. The extravagance of the former, and ill conduct of the latter, soon brought him into the Gazette. He stayed some time at Lichfield, and then repaired to London, where he shortly afterwards died. Miss Butler maintained her mother by working at millinery and embroidery. She was at length persuaded by some friend to try the stage, and made her first appearance at the Lewes theatre, on the 28th July, 1785, as Louisa Dudley, in "The West Indian." Osborne, the Lewes manager, subsequently obtained the Coventry theatre. Miss Butler, being there thrown among her father's old connexions, was much patronised at her benefit. She was afterwards engaged, at the particular instance of some respectable townspeople, at Birmingham, by the celebrated comedian, Yates,* the manager there; subsequently at Lichfield, where she received much kindness from Miss Seward, the distinguished poetess; and was favoured with a letter of introduction from Mr. George Garrick, brother to the Roscius, for the purpose of presenting a MS. play. When she had an opportunity of delivering the letter to Mr. Garrick, at his house in the Adelphi, that eminent man had retired from all interference with theatricals. He told Miss Butler that he had not recommended a play to the theatre since the appearance of Miss Hannah More's "Percy." He conversed with her for a considerable time, and with great affability. She had also an interview with Mr. Sheridan on the same subject. Her last removal was to the company of Messrs. Austin and Whitlock, where she met with Mr. Munden. In all these journeys, and during all her performances, she was accompanied by, and watched over with parental care, by

* Miss Butler called on Yates at his residence at Pimlico. The manager requested a specimen of her abilities. After she had recited a speech, Yates repeated the speech himself, commenting as he went. On a sudden the folding-doors were burst open, and in rushed Mrs. Yates. She was one of the greatest of Mrs. Siddons' predecessors, and had been the rival of Mrs. Crawford. Turning to her husband, she said, in an angry tone, "What do you teach the young woman in that foolish way for? Listen, Miss; speak the speech as I pronounce it;" and, though then a coarse old woman, bedaubed with rouge, she delivered it with an energy, which proved that the latent fire of genius was not yet extinguished.

her mother. Munden was united in marriage to Miss Butcher, in the parish church of St. Oswald, in Chester, on the 20th of October, 1789, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock. Whilst absent on the wedding excursion, Mrs. Munden's mother, from whom she had not been separated before for years, was suddenly taken ill at Chester, and died. Her affectionate daughter, in a diary of that date, bitterly laments that she was not present to close her eyes, terming herself "a bride and orphan within a month." After her marriage, Mrs. Munden quitted the stage.

By his wife, Munden had two children,—a boy, who died an infant, and is buried at Lancaster, and the writer of the present narrative. But Mrs. Munden, compassionating the helpless condition of her husband's illegitimate children, and the prospect of their being consigned to obscurity, not many years afterwards took them to her home, tended them in infancy like her own offspring, saw that they were properly educated, and, by her respectable sanction, elevated them to a station in society, through which two of the daughters formed happy and wealthy alliances in marriage. One of them, Alice, who died some years ago, was a lady of extreme beauty, and most amiable disposition. Valentine, the son, an ingenuous and brave young man, rose to the rank of chief mate in the East India Company's naval service. Although in a merchantman, he was three times in action. He ruptured a blood-vessel off St. Helena, whilst in the active discharge of his duty, in command of the vessel, during a gale of wind,—was landed on the island, and, dying soon afterwards, was followed to his grave by the military and naval officers on the station. No stone or monument marks the spot where his remains rest, though something of the kind might have been looked for at the hands of those connected with him by the ties of relationship. These children, of whom only one survives, testified a grateful sense of the obligations they were under to Mrs. Munden, with one exception.*

Returning to Chester, Munden, who had led hitherto rather a free life, now moored "in the calm haven of domestic bliss," settled down into quiet habits. The theatre was profitable, and he began to save money. He received great attention from the neighbouring gentry. Amongst other compliments paid to him, was an invitation from the late Earl Grosvenor to some private theatricals at Eaton Hall. He used to describe these performances as ludicrous in the extreme. The noble actors and actresses, accustomed to tread in drawing-rooms with perfect ease, no sooner found themselves on the stage than they were thoroughly embarrassed. They did not know what to do with their arms, and could not contrive to get off the stage without turning their backs to the audience. Even Lord Belgrave, (the present Marquis of Westminster,) then an elegant young man, in addressing the audience to apologise for a delay in the performance, occasioned by the detention of some of the aristocratical performers in a snow-storm, committed the *gaucherie* of commencing with "Gentlemen and ladies;" but Munden said he played very

* Truth obliges me to state that the exception is the survivor—a lady of fortune, who, when her benefactress was languishing under the affliction of blindness and extreme old age, (she was then above eighty,) neither visited nor inquired after her for some years previous to her death, nor sought her forgiveness in her dying moments!—T. S. M.

well, and was the only one that did. It is to be hoped that the theatricals at Bridgewater House are better managed ; otherwise, Mrs Bradshaw must be sadly confused. An illustrious personage is said to have inquired of one of the colleagues of an amiable and intelligent nobleman, who is fond of acting, "what sort of an actor he was?"—"A very bad one, madam," is the reported reply of the Minister ; *ne sutor*, &c.

In 1790 died the "Inimitable Edwin," as he is called in the records of the times. Very little is preserved which can give us a notion of his peculiar qualities. A writer, who seems to understand his subject, describes him as "a thin, tidy, drollish kind of man, with a quizzical, drollish air. He acted a sort of fribble, a weak-headed dandy of those times. There was a quaintness about his manner which took possession of the town, although, in general, he played solely to the upper classes—the gallery." He must have been much better than this criticism describes ; for few comedians ever carried the town so far with them as Edwin did. It is undoubted that he was one of the best comic singers that ever trod the stage. The subjoined original letter will show that he was not a man of much education or refined feeling.* He is said to have been as fond of raising the glass to his lips as Cooke was. The late Stephen Kemble once asked, rather jesuitically, if Cooke did not owe much of his celebrity to this vice, and his utter disdain of public opinion. There might be something in this insinuation. The crowds who flocked to see Richard the Third, and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, were always in doubt whether they should have value for the price of their admission ; since it was an even chance that, before the curtain rose an apology would be made for Mr. Cooke, who was suffering under "violent spasms." This, unquestionably, created excitement, and rendered him a rarity, which his more regular rival, Kemble, was not. When he did appear, the rapture of the audience knew no bounds. In a similar way, Edwin, as is described by the writer before referred to, "was brought to the stage-door, senseless and motionless at the bottom of a chaise. Brandon was then called in as practising physician. If they could put on him the proper dress, and push him to the lamps, he rubbed his stupid eyes for a minute ; consciousness and quaint humour awoke together, and he seemed to play the better for it." Be that as it may, the public thought Edwin a great actor ; and great, without doubt, he was ; for the public are seldom wrong.†

* "DEAR MARY,—I wrote to you by the post before dinner to-day, in answer to your letter of eleven o'clock this morning ; but, fearing, as I wrote it in a hurry, I might say something to displease you, I write again, to request the favour of your company at Mrs. P.'s to-night to explain myself, and you may rest assured I will not say anything to displease you. I wish to explain myself entirely to you. I am not in the farce, and will go to Leicester Street as soon as I have finished in the play. Your letter has made me unhappy. Oh ! dearest love ! think how much I esteem and admire you. I would do everything for you. I love and adore you ! my heart bleeds when I reflect on your displeasure, and can never be happy but in your smiles. Reflect on my truth and love ; and I am certain of my honour and my friendship. Do not be so easy to be offended. C. to me, and continue to love, EDWIN."

"Tuesday, six o'clock.

"To the only one that is lov'd by Edwin."

† The Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser for Friday, 26th Nov. 1790, contains the following

This huge void in the green-room it seemed impossible to fill. It happened that Mr. Const (the late chairman of the Clerkenwell Sessions,) who held a share in Covent Garden theatre, had a *liaison* with Miss Chapman, an actress respectable in her line. Miss Chapman having frequently played with Munden in the country, spoke warmly of his merits, and strongly pressed Mr. Const to engage Munden to supply the place of Edwin. Mr. Const wrote to the country-manager to offer him four, five, and six pounds per week; the answer, as reported in Mr. Bunn's book, is perfectly true: "I can't think of it, sir; it is too much—it is, indeed; I shall never be able to gain you as much." Miss Chapman's friendship went further. She remonstrated with her friend, and strongly urged that, to render the new actor of value to the theatre, he ought to have more; at least sufficient to entitle him to the *entrée* of the principal green-room. The salary, it is believed, was finally fixed at eight pounds per week. Munden came to London with his wife, having previously disposed of his share in the country theatres to Mr. Stephen Kemble. He took lodgings at the corner of Portugal Street, Clare Market—now a coal-shed. Here, again, Miss Chapman's foresight interposed. She called upon him on his arrival, and, looking round the rooms, said, "Munden, you must not live here; these lodgings are not sufficiently respectable for you." He, consequently, removed to Catherine Street, in the Strand, where he occupied apartments at the house of Mr. Steele, who was afterwards so barbarously murdered on Hounslow Heath.

Munden determined to "take the bull by the horns," as the phrase is, and at once to measure his strength with the memory of the defunct comedian in one of his best parts.* On entering upon

"LINES EXTEMPORE ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN.

"Here, master of the comic art,
Who ne'er in vain that art applied,
Lies Edwin! finished now his part;
He gave but sorrow when he died.

"Failings he proved—the human lot,
Let Pity shed a kindly tear;
For, ah! when these shall be forgot,
Shall Mirth hang drooping o'er his bier!

"Too late departed worth we prize,
To living merit oft unkind;
Regret exclaims, with sad surprise,
He has not left his like behind!"

The same newspaper contains an announcement underneath the Covent Garden bill, "On Thursday, Mr. Munden will make his first appearance on this stage, in the characters of Sir Francis Gripe and Jemmy Jumps, in the comedy of "The Busy Body," and the opera of "The Farmer."

* The annexed is a copy of the original play-bill:—

"Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

This present Thursday, December 2, 1790, will be presented a comedy,
called

"THE BUSY BODY.

Mr. Lot, . . Mr. Lewis, . . Sir George Airy, . . Mr. Holman,
Sir Jealous Jeaffie, . . Mr. Thompson, . . Charles Gripe, . . Mr. Macready.
Whieber, . . Mr. Bernard.
Sir Francis Gripe, . . Mr. Munden (being his first appearance on this stage).
Isabinda, . . Mrs. Mountain, . . Patch, . . Mrs. Harlowe.

the stage he was received with much applause, which he bore with great presence of mind; but was for a moment disconcerted by observing an old Newcastle acquaintance in the centre of the pit, standing on the bench, waving, in the enthusiasm of the moment, his wig above his head, and bawling out "Bravo! Joe Munden!" This well-meaning person had a short time previously made his way to his dressing-room, whilst the new actor was dressing, in a state of nervous excitement; and, bursting in, addressed him in these terms, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder, by way of encouragement, "Now, Joey, my boy! show 'em what thee art, for the honour of Newcastle!" The success of the débutant is thus described by Mr. Boadlen:—

"On December 2nd, 1790, Mr. Munden, an actor of great provincial celebrity, made his first bow at Covent Garden theatre, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe, in 'The Busy Body.' Since the days of Shuter nothing had been so rich, for Wilson was not a tythe of him; and his mind seemed teeming with every surprise of comic humour, which his features expressed by an incessant diversity of playful action, and his utterance conveyed in an articulation of much force and neatness. He was received by a very crowded house with triumphant applause; and, with the proper confidence of a great master of his art, he acted in the farce also, the facetious Jemmy Jumps. Here he felt some alarm, from the recent impression of poor Edwin; but he was above imitation, and played from himself so peculiarly and divertingly that he pleased even those who could not think him equal to Edwin; and, although the latter was a master in musical science, Munden sang the 'Fair-haired lassie' in a style so powerful as to show that burletta had gained in him nearly as much as comedy."

A more moderate criticism is given in the "Public Advertiser" of December 3rd, 1790:—"Covent Garden. Mr. Munden, a gentleman who had acquired much celebrity in many of the provincial theatres for his comic talents, yesterday made his first appearance in the character of Sir Francis Gripe, in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of 'The Busy Body,' and in Jemmy Jumps in 'The Farmer.'

"Mr. Munden evinced a considerable share of ability in Sir Francis Gripe; and, though labouring under the disadvantages of a muscular person, joined to a powerful voice, contrived to make a very favourable impression upon the audience. His conception of the character was correct; and he played in a style of chaste and dry humour, rather than with great force of comic colouring.

Scentwell, . Mrs. Platt.

Miranda, . Mrs. Pope (being her first appearance in that character).

End of the play, a dance, called
The Wapping Landlady

To which will be added, the comic opera of

THE FARMER.

Jemmy Jumps, . Mr. Munden. Valentine, . Mr. Jobstone.

Rundy, . Mr. Blanchard. Duval, . Mr. Hu-

Fairly, . Mr. Thompson. Farnet, Stubble, . Mr. Powell.

Blackberry (first time), . Mr. Bannister.

Molly Maybush, . Mrs. Martyr. Louisa, . Mrs. Mountain.

Landlady, . Mrs. Platt. Betty Blackberry, . Mrs. Dattocks."

"Mr. Munden afterwards appeared in *Jemmy Jumps*. To follow the late Mr. Edwin with success extraordinary talents are requisite. This gentleman, considering the great drawback the name of his predecessor will have upon the performance of the person who succeeds him, made a very tolerable stand in the character. In some parts he reminded us strongly of the original, and in others he played from himself, and with deserved applause. His tavern-scene, in particular, was excellently acted.

"Upon the whole, we think this gentleman will prove an useful addition to the company, though we do not think his abilities of that very powerful nature which the sanguine reports of his friends had given us reason to expect. He was extremely well received by a most numerous and elegant audience."

Munden's success was, indeed, complete and immediate. The public and the critics were alike satisfied. Of the latter, Anthony Pasquin alone carped, and wrote an epigram, in the last line of which he asserted,

"He is neither the Quick nor the dead."*

The actors hailed him as a brother. The veteran comedian King, writing shortly afterwards to Mr. Austin, spoke of him in these terms:—"Munden is a great favourite with the public, and with me also: but they have given him a hint lately about *improving* Shakespeare in *Dogberry*."

Thus was the highest object attained which a provincial actor covets—to fill first-rate parts on the London boards, and to have his merits appreciated by the acknowledged criterion of English taste.

Munden found Mr. Quick in possession of the best parts, as was justly his due, from priority, admitted talent, and high favour with the public. At Covent Garden was, also, Wilson; at Drury Lane, King, Parsons, and Suet, fearful competitors to contend with: however, he

* Of course this allusion was to Quick and Edwin. Anthony Pasquin (or, as his real name was, John Williams,) was the most degraded of human beings. He wrote only for the purpose of extorting money, and defamed everything and everybody venerable in the land. He published the "Children of Thespis," a bad imitation of Churchill's "Rosciad," and gave to the world, from time to time, extracts from a MS. poem, entitled "The Kembliad," which he pretended to have written, no doubt, in the hope of forcing a bribe from Mr. Kemble for its suppression,—a hope which, assuredly, he did not realize. Mr. Adolphus states, that, after partaking of John Bannister's hospitality, he proceeded to some den in the neighbourhood to write a foul attack on him. He wrote to Mrs. Martyr, with a threat, for a set of shirts, and obtained them. He had the impudence to bring an action against Mr. Gifford for a libel on him in the "Baviad or the Mœviad," which alluded to "the rank fume of Tony Pasquin's brains;" but got so severely handled by Garrow, that he judged it expedient to proceed to the United States of America. Cobbett, who was there at the time, enacting Peter Porcupine, alludes, in language as coarse as the subject he treated of, to his arrival. "They tell me that dirty fellow, Anthony Pasquin, has come here. I have often heard say that people like their own stink, but I never heard they liked another's stink; so I trust they will drag him through the Hudson to make him clean, before they allow him to land," Williams afterwards returned to England, abused Sir Walter Scott and Edmund Kean, until the newspapers would have nothing to do with him. He died in a garret, near Tottenham-court-road. From Munden he never got a farthing, though he afterwards paid much court to him. It was Munden's habit never to reply to a newspaper attack. "I do," he said, very sensibly, "I play into their hands, and raise a nest of hornets around me; if I do not, they'll fall upon somebody else to-morrow, and I shall be forgotten."

studied carefully, played what was set down for him, and lost no ground. It is a great mistake of actors to suppose that they derogate from their station in performing occasionally second-rate characters. In some instances there may be reasons for such a belief. Cooke used to remark that in playing Iago to John Kemble's Othello, he felt the difficulty of making a point. "It seemed to me," he said, "as if I were a snail, which, endeavouring to issue from its shell, finds a large stone impeding its progress." Without taking into account the great powers of his antagonist, and the disparity between the parts, it must be admitted by all who witnessed Mr. Cooke's performance, that, although displaying great vigour in a portion of it, it was an entire misconception of the character. It was the very reverse of "honest—honest Iago." His villainy was so apparent that it degraded Othello from a confiding dupe to a credulous dotard. The spectators wondered that he could not discern what they saw—the manifest imposture. "If Cooke," said a gentleman of great experience in theatricals, on leaving the pit, "be right, Henderson must have been sadly mistaken." Setting aside this digression, it is really of benefit to a good actor to play at times an inferior part. Granting that vanity be wounded, the public perceive that the talent which produces such effects, when they have been accustomed to witness inanity, must be extraordinary; and the whole *tableau* is complete; the actors play up to each other, and wonderful is the emulation when the one in the superior part feels him in the inferior treading on his kibes. Murray's performance of the Old Man in "The Stranger," and (the late) Mr. Macready's delivery of the few speeches in the small part of the Hosier in "The Road to Ruin," were cases in point: they could not have obtained more applause had they played Alexander the Great. Munden, after filling equal parts with his great rivals, played, without a murmur, the First Carrier (in "Henry IV.") to Wilson's Falstaff.

On the 4th February, 1791, he performed his first original part, Sir Samuel Sheepy, in "The School for Arrogance," by Holcroft. Holcroft's politics, and an impression that Mr. Harris was unfavourable to him, induced him to request Marshall to father the piece. February 16, he played Lazarillo, in "Two Strings to your bow,"—"never before acted in this kingdom." March 14th, Frank, in "Modern Antiques," a new farce, by O'Keefe. Cockletop by Mr. Quick. Munden's excellence in Cockletop, which he, and he only, performed in later days, is recorded in a chapter by Charles Lamb, in language as eloquent as the criticism is just and discriminative. It is useless to transcribe it, for who has not read Elia? Mr. Lamb sent Munden the book, with the annexed inscription:—

"Mr. Lamb presents his respects to Mr. Munden, and begs his acceptance of a volume, at the end of which he has ventured a faint description of the pleasure he has received from Mr. Munden's acting.—20, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden."

His next parts were, Lovel, in "High Life below Stairs;" and, the 16th April, another original part, Ephraim, mooth, in "Wild Oats," by O'Keefe, produced by Lewis for his benefit. May 2nd, Assander, in "Alexander the Little," for Quick's benefit. For Johnstone's benefit, Pedrillo, in "The Castle of Andalusia;" Mrs. Mansfield's benefit, Daphne, in "Midas Reversed;" and, David Drow in "The Dreamer Awake." Miss Brunton's benefit, Tipple, in "The Flitch of Bacon." Wilson's benefit, Young Quicks, "Union;" or, Mr. Andrew's

Day," a farce written by Wilson himself. May 19th, for his own benefit, Caleb, in "He would be a Soldier;" and Darby, in "Love in a Camp." In "Primrose Green," a farce not printed, for Mr. and Mrs. Bernard. June 6th, Camillo, in "The Double Falsehood." At this period Drury Lane was pulled down, for rebuilding; and the company performed at the King's Theatre (Opera House). September 12th, Munden played, first time, Ennui, in "The Dramatist." The General Evening Post, a newspaper of that period, alludes to his performance in these terms: — "Munden had frequent applause in the performance of his new character, Ennui, which he sustained with more ease and discrimination than his predecessor."

September 21st, Fawcett, from the York Theatre, made his first appearance in Caleb ("He would be a Soldier.") Munden subsequently played the Gentleman Usher, in "King Lear;" Lord Jargon, in "Notoriety," a new comedy by Reynolds; Lopez, in "Lovers' Quarrels;" Mustapha, in "A Day in Turkey;" and Tippy Bob,* in "Blue Beard;" or, the Flight of Harlequin." January 6th, 1792, the Second Witch in "Macbeth;" Meadows, in "The Deaf Lover;" Sebastian, in "The Midnight Hour." On the 18th February, was performed, for the first time, "The Road to Ruin," by Holcroft; and Munden appeared in the part, which formed the corner-stone of his fame. It is not generally known that the original title of this piece was "The City Prodigals." The manager, fearful of some party opposition, counselled an alteration of the title; and Holcroft, who, from the violent part he took in politics, was in constant dread of an adverse audience, (one of his pieces having been stopped until an assurance was given that it contained nothing political,) readily consented to the alteration. The part of Old Dornton was sent to Mr. Quick (the writer has it in his possession, with Mr. Quick's name, and the original title of the play affixed); and Silky was assigned to Munden. As this was the first opportunity of making a hit in a strong original part, Munden studied it deeply and carefully, and told his wife he felt confident of the effect he could produce. Those who recollect his performance of Sir Francis Gripe will readily believe that he had formed a just estimate of his conception. What was his mortification when the part of Silky was withdrawn from him, and that of Old Dornton substituted! Mr. Quick, after much consideration, deemed it too sentimental for his cast of characters, and, insisting upon the choice of parts, which was his undoubted right, selected Silky: he played it admirably. Munden, with vexation and regret, and many a violent ejaculation against the manager, received the new part, and, in bitterness of

* By his style of singing it, Munden rendered a song called "Tippy Bob" very popular. It ran as follows:—

" My name is Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each sob,

View me round, view me round on each side, and the top;

If I'm not the thing,

Ma! I wish I may swing,

Since I've got such a nice natty crop, natty crop.

" As I walk through the lobby,

The gus cry out "Bobby!"

" Here, Bobby! I here, Bobby! my tippy Bob!"

Such areaking! such squaling!

Such a iling! such hauling!

Oh! I can't get 'em out of my nob—of my nob!"

spirit, sat down to study it. He soon perceived the weapon he had within his grasp. All former triumphs he had achieved were whelmed in this great effort. The power, the pathos, the deep, intense feeling he threw into it, rendered it the chief, the prominent part in the play. The original cast was as follows:—Goldfinch, Lewis; Old Dornton, Munden; Harry Dornton, Holman; Silky, Quick; Sulky, Wilson; Milford, Harley; Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Mattocks; Sophia, Mrs. Merry; Jenny, Mrs. Harlowe. "Munden," says the *Public Advertiser*, (February 20th, 1792,) "gave some of the fatherly tints with great force and much judgment. The tears of beauty were the best possible proofs of his doing justice to the tender affection of a fond parent." At a later period, when, perhaps, his performance had become more mellow, he is thus described:—"His was an unique piece of acting; so full of feeling, so imbued, even in its most angry parts, with the milk of human kindness, that we despair of ever seeing its parallel. In some of his scenes the indignant feelings of the man, softened down by the fond affection of the father, — as oil thrown on the turbulent waves is said to moderate their fury, presented as fine a picture of undulating passion as the pathetic of comedy (the structure of our modern comedies will allow the expression,) is susceptible of." The audience went with him. They saw, with astonishment, an actor, whose forte had been hitherto considered to be comedy—broad comedy,—display the greatest power over the tragedy of domestic life. Holcroft, the author, who had remonstrated against entrusting his favourite part to a comparatively untried actor, was surprised at the effect of his own composition. His perpetual attention to the man who had followed out his idea, perhaps beyond the bounds of his own conception, was such, that, when the Secretary of State issued the warrant for his apprehension, on the silly charge of high-treason, that functionary directed the officer to search for him at the residence of Mr. Munden. Munden, though never extreme in politics, was at that time a Whig, and wore the "blue and buff of Fox;" in which dress he is painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee. "The Road to Ruin" was repeated thirty-eight nights during the season, and was twice commanded by the King. Fawcett spoke the prologue.

As a London performer, he was now a *star* of the first magnitude; and in that capacity was engaged during the vacation at the Dublin theatre. At his benefit there he netted two hundred and fifty pounds. He afterwards visited his friends at Newcastle, and played there with acclamation. He was accustomed to say that the first one hundred pounds he realized he laid out in a pipe of port-wine. Perhaps it was a joke upon the bibacious propensity, which was so much the fashion of the day. A host would have blushed at his own want of hospitality had he sent away his guests sober. He hid their hats, locked the door, and detained them by force. Austin once dined at the house of Mr. Bowes, who carried off Lady Strathmore. Being a domesticated man, he was desirous of quitting in reasonable time. After earnestly remonstrating against the violence used to retain him, he at length lost all patience, took up a plate, threw it at a pier-glass, which was smashed in pieces, exclaiming, "Now, will you let me go?"

His host, seeing him cast a menacim^g look at another in the room, threw down the key of the door, and called out, "Oh! by G-d! Austin, go as soon as you like!"

Jack Barnister dined with another ~~and~~ man, who, in his drunken

fit, attempted to inflate a balloon in such a way as to occasion a sense of suffocation. The company rushed to the glass folding-doors, and burst them open ; they fortunately opened upon a balcony.

There were clubs, at which fines were inflicted on any member who was not drunk when the sittings were closed ; whist-clubs, where the members sat up to their knees in the rejected packs of cards, curtains being drawn between their faces to conceal any expression of disappointment at a bad hand. This practice is said to have been introduced in consequence of Mr. Fox losing a large sum of money by the cards being reflected on the bright surface of some large steel buttons which he wore. One of these card-clubs had a singular constitution. It was called “The never-ending club ;” and the law was, that no one should quit the table until relieved by the arrival of a fresh member. Days passed, and even nights ; and the fresh dawn beheld the *parti Carré*, after a snore or two, commencing a new game. They did not

“Carve at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drink the red wine with their helmets barr’d !”

but they did “carve at the meals” with dirty hands, which had so long thumbed the cards ; and they “drank the red wine” with eyes half-closed by exhaustion, and the fever of gambling. We have lost much of the “wisdom of our ancestors,” and this amongst the rest.

On the 26th March, 1792, Munden played Proteus, in a new piece, for Mrs. Pope’s benefit ; and Nicholas, in “Fashionable Levities,” for Lewis’s benefit. April 10th, Aircastle, in “The Cozeners,” for Quick’s benefit. May 10th, for his own benefit, Stave (the clerk of the village), in a new piece, entitled “Just in time ;” and recited “Jemmy Jumps in the Dumps ;” concluding with “The Deaf Lover.” June 18th, 1792, Munden’s old friend, Mrs. Whitlock, made her first appearance at the Haymarket theatre, in the Queen in the “Battle of Hexham.” September 17th, Covent Garden being rebuilt, the prices of the boxes were advanced to six shillings ; pit, three shillings and six-pence ; gallery, two shillings. An upper gallery was afterwards added. The insane row, which took place at the next rebuilding, and which, in defiance of all law and justice, was permitted to take place in the English metropolis, did not then commence its disgraceful origin.

November 3rd, Munden played Peregrine Forester, in a new farce, called “Hartford Bridge ;” and, November 17th, Sir Anthony Absolute, in “The Rivals.” December 8th, Sir Francis Wronghead, in “The Provoked Husband.” December 27th, Polonius, in “Hamlet.” Mention is made of this part, as it was one of our actor’s chonest performances. It had been the custom to represent Polonius as a buffoon : a more erroneous conception could not be entertained. Shakespeare intended him for a sly and supple courtier, and man of the world, ready to accord with any man’s opinions, whom he deemed it expedient to flatter : but his advice to his son indicates sound sense, and just reflection. Munden, apart from his humorous acquiescence in Hamlet’s assumed vagaries, exhibited in his personification a venerable and dignified demeanour, which he imitated from old Lord Mansfield, “Mury the Polite.”

At the conclusion of this year (1792) we lose sight of Wilson. He is said to have died in the King’s Bench, in 1796. Munden succeed-

ed to most of his characters, which formed a very wide range. January 2nd, 1793, he played Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer;" 16th, Don Jerome, in "The Duenna." 29th, was represented, for the first time, "Every one has his fault," by Mrs. Inchbald: Sir Robert Kemble, Lewis; Harmony, Munden; Irwin, Pope; Lord Norland, Farren; Solus, Quick; Placid, Fawcett: Edward, Miss Grist; Miss Wooburn, Mrs. Esten; Lady Eleanor Irwin, Mrs. Pope; Miss Placid, Mrs. Mattocks; and Miss Spinster, Mrs. Webb. This comedy was excellently performed. Munden continued to play new parts in succession. For his own benefit (May 3rd, 1793), Robin Redhead, in (first time) "To Arms; or, The British Recruit;" with Old Dornton, and Lazarillo. May 11th, was represented (first time) "Sprigs of Laurel,"—Nipperkin, Munden; a part he rendered famous. O'Keefe, the author, alluding to his own production, says, "Munden was very diverting in the most impudent, bold, audacious character that I think was ever before any audience." This farce was revived at Covent Garden, May 17, 1797, reduced to one act, and entitled "The Rival Soldiers." O'Keefe counted much on Munden in such parts as these; for he played up to the extravagance of the character. Strange that hyper-criticism should have discovered this was over-acting. Who ever expects a caricaturist to be bound by the strict rules of painting? Most of the creations of O'Keefe could only be played in this way, or could not be played at all. So sensible of this was the author that he never augured well of a piece unless it was nearly damned the first night; if received with cold approbation, he gave it up for lost. When the audience had pretty well hissed, they began to laugh at the oddity of the conception, and the next night roared with laughter! On one occasion, when Munden had an incipient attack of the gout at his chambers, in Clement's Inn, on the eve of a new play, O'Keefe called, with Mr. Harris, the manager, and implored him, if possible, to play his part for one night, even though he resigned it the next day to an inferior performer. The actor consented, postponed the fit by the use of a violent remedy, got through the part with difficulty, and ensured the success of the piece.

The following dry enumeration of parts played, from the period of September, 1793, upwards, by Munden, is exhibited to show his activity, versatility, and quickness of study. September 18th, 1793, "Much Ado about Nothing;" Dogberry, Quick; Town Clerk, Munden; Verges, Fawcett. October 18th, Skirmish, in "The Deserter."—19th, Peachum, in "The Beggar's Opera."—25th, Puzzle, in "Grief-à-la-mode."—November 12th, Old Grovely, in "The Maid of the Oaks."—23rd, "The World in a Village," first time, by O'Keefe; Jollyboy, Munden.—January 1, 1794, Sir Andrew Acid, in "Notoriety."—January 2nd, "School for Wives;" General Savage, Munden.—February 5th, Craig Campbell, in "Love's Frailties," a new comedy, by Holcroft.—22nd, Sydney, in (first time) "Travellers in Switzerland."—April 7th, for Mrs. Pope's benefit, was performed "The Jealous Wife;" Oakley, Pope; Major Oakley, Quick; Charles, Holman; Sir Harry, Eagle, Fawcett; Captain O'Cutler, Johnstone; Russet, Munden (being Mrs. C's first appearance in those characters); Lord Trinket, Lewis; Mrs. C. first appearance cast. Harriet, Mrs. Pope; Lady Freelo, Mrs. Mattocks (first time); Mrs. Mountain (first time). This, indeed, was a ~~clown~~ cast.

April 12th, for Lewis's benefit, Trim, in "Tristram Shandy."—29th, for Johnstone's benefit, Joey, in "British Fortifications," never before acted; and Old Pranks, in "The London Hermit."—May 13th, for his own benefit, "School for Wives;" with, never before acted, "The Packet Boat; or, a Peep behind the Veil,"—Quick, Johnstone, Munden, Mrs. Martyr; after which, "British Fortitude," fifth time.—22nd, "Speechless Wife,"—Quick, Munden, Incledon; this opera was damned.—23rd, Mrs. Mountain's benefit, Lopez, in "Lover's Quarrels."—28th, Middleton's benefit, Martin, in "The Sicilian Romance," never before acted.—June 11th, Robin, in "The Waterman." Parsons died in February, 1795. He had played with Garrick, and was one of his "children." He is represented by Zoffani, as one of the Watchmen, in the scene with Garrick, as Sir John Brute, and the expression of his face is very comical. Parsons' chief forte was in old men in comedy, in which he greatly excelled. His best part was Corbaccio, which he played from the recollection of Shuter.

At this period Munden took a house in Frith Street, Soho. His next-door neighbour was his friend, Jack Bannister. They were chosen parish-constables. With the whimsicality that attaches itself to the profession, they waited on the vestry, and were excused, by urging that their authority would not be respected, as the constant habit of appearing as Dogberry and Verges rendered them too comical for anything but stage-exhibition. They established a kind of club, which met alternately at their respective houses. The actor's came in the dresses they had worn during the performances at the theatres. Amongst their visitants were Colman, Peter Pindar, O'Keefe, Lord Barrymore, and Captain Wathen. Here Peter Pindar extemporized the following epigram on O'Keefe, after the dramatist had quitted the room:—

"Some say, O'Keefe, that thou art a thief,
And stealest half of thy works or more;
But, I say, O'Keefe, thou canst not be a thief,
For such stuff was ne'er written before."

The supper consisted of rump-steaks and mutton-chops; and the author's revered mother told him that she never saw anybody eat with more appetite than the luxurious prodigal, Lord Barrymore. So it is: sweets produce satiety. A royal epicure is said to have *fallen back* on mutton-chops.

The man in this society who was most talked of at this time was Lord Barrymore. He was one of a motley trio, known by the nicknames of Newgate, Cripplegate, and Hell-gate. His Lordship was the first; his successor, the next Lord, who was lame, the second; and the Hon. Augustus Barry, a clergyman, the third. The latter gentleman passed much of his time in prisons for debt. The two noblemen were both addicted to gambling, with this difference, that the first played to lose, and the second to win; and they both by their several ways succeeded in the attempt. The habit of extravagance was early fostered in Lord Barrymore. It is asserted that his grandmother, who doted on him, gave him, when he went to Harrow, a thousand pounds, ^{as a good-natured old woman would} slip a crown ^{piece into his} darling's hand at parting. The freaks that this nobly riotous ^{man} played have not been equalled in our days, so prolific in

men of rank come early into the possession of their vast estates without control. The usurer supplies them at first with the ready means of folly ; and when the rents are collected, there is no need of hangars-on : the very excesses they commit enable these scoundrels to take them unawares, and secure their plunder.

Among the ingenious expedients which Lord Barrymore invented to ruin himself, was drawing straws from a truss with the Prince of Wales—the holder of the longest straw to receive a thousand pounds. He gave a sumptuous entertainment at Ranelagh, to which, it is said, only himself and two other persons came ; drove a tandem along the cliffs at Brighton, close to the declivity ;—one of those high tandems which Sir John Lade brought into vogue, and from which Lady Lade used to step into the first-floor window. At the theatre in that town he played Harlequin, and jumped through a hoop. He was a very good comic actor, as may be seen from the representation of him in “Bell’s Theatre,” in Scrub, with Captain Wathen in Archer ; and, with all his wildness, at bottom a man of sense and education. In a company, where more than one literary man was present, it was proposed that each person should write an epigram upon a given subject, within a very limited space of time, and Lord Barrymore was the only one who accomplished it. He built a theatre at his seat at Wargrave, where he played, with other amateurs, and occasional professional assistance. The whole audience were afterwards entertained at supper.

His end was an untimely one. In stepping into his curriole to convey, as commanding officer of the militia in the district, some French prisoners from one *dépôt* to another, he accidentally trod upon the lock of his carbine, and the contents lodged in his brain. He had not been many years of age ; but he had contrived to dissipate an enormous fortune.

Munden was ejected from his house in Frith Street in a more summary way than he anticipated. An individual who lodged next door, the other side from Bannister, being a friend to “The Rights of Man,” had indulged in a few extra glasses on the acquittal of the *soi-disant* patriots, Hardy, Horne Tooke, &c. On returning home, and getting into bed, he took the *precaution* to put the candle under the bed. He soon became sensible of the inconvenience of such a practice. Starting up with the heavy insensibility of an intoxicated man, he stumbled against the window, and, making a dash at it, fell into the court behind. Luckily he carried part of the window-frame with him, which, meeting with obstructions, broke his fall, so that, although he descended a considerable distance, and was much bruised, no bone was broken. That this gentleman was deeply implicated in the dangerous proceedings of the day there is little doubt. During his confinement from illness, he received innumerable communications by letter, which he would not intrust to others, but tore open with his teeth, his hands being much bruised. In later years he made a large fortune by editing an evening newspaper, and advocating with ability ultra-Tory principles. No lives were lost by this mishap, though Munden’s house also caught fire. The narrator of the tale, then an infant, was carried through the flames by his affectionate mother.

Munden then removed to a small cottage at Kentis Town—not a “cottage of gentility ;” for it had an apartment underground. A

little vault beneath the dining-room served for a cellar ; and the master of the house, when he had guests, was obliged to raise the carpet, and descend a step-ladder, to fetch up a fresh bottle ; — yet here Moore sang, and Morland painted. The cottage looked on the fields ; and that strange mortal, George Morland, was accustomed to sit there for hours, with the favourite gin-bottle before him, and sketch cattle from the life. Many of the best of these productions Munden purchased.*

Our actor afterwards removed to a larger house, where a circumstance occurred which is worth recording. He had a party of friends dining there, who remained late. In the middle of the night, or rather early in the morning, the house was broken open by thieves. The family were not disturbed ; but the thieves, setting one of the party to listen on the stairs, examined the contents of the larder, and, finding abundant remnants of good feeding, brought them up to the dining-room. Without troubling themselves with the formality of a table-cloth, or knives and forks, they proceeded to demolish the provender by the primitive process of tearing it to pieces with their fingers. The marks on the table where each had deposited his pinches of salt determined the number : there were six. They opened the cellaret, and regaled themselves with a bottle of wine and a bottle of porter. Their booty, however, was slight ; a ring, taken off and accidentally left by Mrs. Munden, whilst superintending domestic arrangements, formed nearly the whole. They had emptied a trunk, containing theatrical clothes, to the last coat, when they were alarmed by the early rising of one of the maid-servants. These clothes were valuable, as they were covered with a great deal of gold and silver lace. Munden always provided his own costume,† wearing nothing that belonged to the theatre, and gave large sums for any dress that suited his fancy. Among the suits which formed his wardrobe was a black velvet coat, &c. which had belonged to George the Second, of the finest Genoa velvet, and another made for Francis, Duke of Bedford, at Paris, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage, which is said to have cost a thousand pounds. The coat had originally been fringed with precious stones, of which the sockets only remained when it came into the hands of the *fripier* ; but in its dilapidated state Munden gave forty pounds for it. His wigs, also, for old men were of great antiquity and value ; they were always in the care of, and daily inspected by, a hair-dresser attached to the theatre. On the morning after the burglary, the injured party applied to his friends, the sitting magistrates at Bow Street, Sir William Parsons and Mr. Justice Bond, for advice. They asked what he had lost, and, learning the trifling amount, said,

“ Munden, you must not tell any one we gave you this advice ;

not, like his friend Bannister, possessing a professional knowledge of drawing, he had a fine perception of the art. He got together a valuable collection of drawings by Turner, in his earlier and best style, Girtin, Cousins, Cipriani, and Bartolozzi. Two companion drawings, on a large scale, which he possessed—Wells Cathedral, by Turner, and Durham Castle, by Girtin—were works of extraordinary merit. Girtin sent him over from Paris, by Holcroft, one of the last of his productions. An intimacy with the artists, and a ready admittance to their studios, enabled him to obtain these drawings at moderate prices.

† To his attention to costume our actor owed much of his fame. Fuseli, the painter, broke into a burst of admiration when he saw him dressed for one of the Witches in “ Macbeth.”

but to prosecute will cause you a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness, and you had better put up with the loss."

One of the magistrates whispered to an officer, and inquired—
"Who was on the North Road last night?"

"Little Jemmy, with a party, your worship."

"Have you ascertained, Munden," rejoined Sir William Parsons, "how the robbers gained an entrance?"

"By forcing up the parlour-window."

"Was there an impression of a very small foot on the mould beneath?"—"Yes."

"Enough! Should you like to see the leader of the gang that robbed your house?"

"I have rather a fancy for it," said the astonished comedian.

"Then go over to the Brown Bear, opposite, at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon, open the room on the right, and you will see Townshend, the officer, seated at the head of a table, with a large company. You may be assured that all the rest are thieves. If he asks you to sit down, do so; and the man who sits upon your right hand will be the person who planned and conducted the robbery of your house."

With the glee consequent upon a relish for humorous situations, the actor promised compliance. He attended at the appointed time, knocked at the door, was told to enter, and a group of gaol-birds met his eye, headed by Townshend, who was diligently engaged in carving a sirloin of beef.

"Mr. Townshend," said the aggrieved child of Thespis, "I wanted to speak to you; but I see you are engaged."

"Not at all, Mr. Munden. I shall be at your service in a few minutes; but, perhaps, you will take a snack with us. Jemmy, make way for Mr. Munden."

Jemmy, with a wry face, did as he was bid. The actor sat down, turned towards his uneasy neighbour, and examined his features minutely. The company, believing that Jemmy was undergoing the process of identification, laughed immoderately. It happened that a sirloin of beef, with the remnant of a haunch of venison, had formed the repast with which Munden's uninvited guests had regaled themselves. The thieves, who were well aware of the burglary, and knew the person of the victim, indulged themselves in *extempore* and appropriate jokes.

"Jemmy, your appetite is failing," said one; "have a little more. You were always fond of boiled beef."

Curiosity satisfied, the actor withdrew, greatly to the relief of Mr. Jemmy, to whom he made a low bow at parting. This hero afterwards suffered the last penalty of the law, for some offence of greater magnitude. These were the customs that prevailed half a century ago. The officer had the thieves under his immediate eye, and seldom gave them much trouble until they were worth forty pounds,—that is, candidates for the gibbet and the halter. If much stir was made after a *lost* gold watch, and a hand, some reward offered, a hint from the man in office recovered it; and when the final period of retributive justice arrived, this functionary, fearlessly entering a room crowded with malefactors, and, beckoning with his finger, was followed by his man, who well knew "he was wanted." The Brown Bear was as safe a place of retreat for the thief as any other. It is even said that a famous highwayman, ~~had~~, ensconced himself for some

time very snugly in lodgings near it, knowing that search would be made after him in every other direction; as Young Watson did in Newgate Street, when every wall was placarded with a large reward for his apprehension.

Munden was fond of attending the police courts in Bow Street, during the intervals of rehearsal, to witness the comedy of real life. On one occasion, sitting by the side of Sir Richard Birnie, with whom he was very intimate, Dick Martin, the eccentric but humane Member for Galway, came to prefer one of his usual charges of cruelty to animals. After the charge was disposed of, Sir Richard whispered in Martin's ear: "The gentleman who sits beside me is Munden, the comedian."

The bailiff whom Mr. Martin's tenants plunged into the bogs of Cunnemara, and forced to swallow the writ of which he was the bearer, could not have looked more astonished than did Dick at this announcement.

"Is he, by G—d!" he retorted.

"Mr. Martin," gravely added the magistrate, "it is my duty to fine you for that oath."

"With all my heart," said Dick; and, bowing to Munden, cheerfully paid the fine.

The Fire-King pursued the comedian to his calm retreat. A lady, who was stopping on a visit, sent her maid to search for some articles of female finery in her bed-room, to be exhibited to the wondering gaze of the other visitors. The careful servant, fearful that a spark might drop into the drawers, held the candle behind her, and ignited the bed-curtains. She then ran screaming below to her mistress, leaving the door and windows open. In a moment the room was in a blaze, and the flames flashed out on the staircase. Again did the fond mother preserve her infant son, who was sleeping in his crib in the next room, regardless of the scorching heat through which she bore him. The now flourishing village of Kentish town was then little more than a hamlet, and contained no fire-engine. The house would have been burned down, but for the exertions of the volunteers, who assembled, and, forming themselves in line, performed the peaceable duty of passing buckets of water to each other from a neighbouring pond, until they reached the soldier exposed to the heat of the fire, who discharged their contents on the foe. These volunteers were commanded by a Captain Frazer.* They arranged themselves in loyal array, and saluted their sovereign (George the Third) as he passed through the village to visit Lord Mansfield, at Caen Wood. The King stopped the carriage, and, inquiring the name of the commander, sent for him, and shook him cordially by the hand. The scene was affecting; for Captain Frazer was the grandson of Lord Lovatt, who had been in arms against the House of Hanover, and was beheaded for high treason, on Tower Hill, in 1747.

* This gentleman was once riding in the stage-coach from Kentish Town to London, in company with a lady, a recent resident in the village, and Mrs. Munden. The lady began to launch it in most extravagant praise of Munden's person and manners. When she had concluded, Captain Frazer quietly said, "Allow me to introduce you, madam, to Mrs. Munden." The actor himself fell into a similar mistake during the performances of the young Roscius. Seeing a friend behind the scenes, who took a warm interest in Master Betty, he accosted him thus: "I like your *protégé* much; but I wonder you had his portrait painted by —." His friend stopped him by saying, "Mr. Munden, let me have the pleasure of making you acquainted with —. Opie."

SAINT VALENTINE ;

OR, THOUGHTS ON THE EVIL OF LOVE IN A MERCANTILE
COMMUNITY.

BY JACK GOSSAMER, RAILROAD PHILOSOPHER.

“ Seynt Valentine—of custome yeere by yeere
 Men have an usaunce in this regioun,
 To loke and serche Cupides kalendre,
 And chose theyr choyse by grete affercion,
 Such as ben move with Cupides moccoun,
 Takynge theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle,
 But I love oon whiche exelleth alle,
 And that be myselfe. I—”

LYDGATE, Monk of Bury, A.D. 1440.

“ MANY waters cannot quench love, nor can the floods drown it.” No, no. To throw “ cold water ” on love is like throwing it on high-pressure steam, which begets ten thousand degrees of expansion, and increases its force ten thousand fold. But it ought to be quenched, that is certain; for, whether we consider the question morally or politically, love is an evil of the most stupendous magnitude. In a nation standing upon the pinnacle of commercial greatness, and taking the latitude and longitude of the pockets of the whole world with the sextant of bankruptcy, by means of the transits of falling stars in the Gazette, love should be repudiated as a national curse, and St. Valentine ought to be erased from the calendar.

What have a people to do with love, that is a manufacturing and a mercantile people, who are born political economists, and bred calculating machines? Most assuredly nothing. They are not organised for it; and if they were, it is a clear mistake on the part of Nature, and ought to be rectified by an act of the legislature. *Lips* were not given to girls for *kissing*, but to hold cotton reels during the process of “tying,” at the factory. *Hands* were not made for *squeezing*, but for handling the spade, plough, curry-comb, whip, hammer, trowel, peel, cleaver, dung-fork, and billy-roller. *Knees* were not made to bend at “Beauty’s shrine,” but to crawl up the inclined planes of coal-pits, with “Hettions” or “Lambtons.” *Hearts* were not made to “feel emotions,” but just to pump so many pounds of blood *per diem* through the system, with the prime mover of the smallest minimum of viuctuals, and as a component part of the machinery of a “power-loom.”

Love is also inconsistent with British freedom; for a man in love is a slave of the worst possible die, blacker than the “nigger.” Liberty is crushed in him into smash everlasting. He is proud of his fetters as an alderman of his chain, and is overcom with a desire to link himself yet faster. He is like a fly in a trap, leg-bound in a quagmire of sweets, and, although neither “free nor easy,” thinks himself happy; or, as a bluebottle in a cobweb, the more he struggles the

firmer he is bound, according to the dynamics of the true-lover's-knot. He sighs to tie himself up with Hymen's halter, would gibbet himself on his mistress's neck, and burns to become a martyr, that he may flare up like a Guy on the fifth of November, in spite of the police and Puseyites. His heart bumps and cracks with the impetuosity of a burning chestnut, and he pops, fumes, and sputters like an apple roasting, or a bedeviled kidney. The measure of heat stands in him at the point of Wedgewood's thermometer at which brass is fuzed, or flint melts, and all his sensibilities are amalgamated as in a "Papin's digester." He feels himself half real, half ideal, with a dash of the metaphysical, and is uncertain whether he is in the body or out of it. He resembles the countryman's horse, with his head where his tail should be. His faculties are at sixes and sevens, higglede-pigglede, like a drove of porkers, up all manner of streets. His ideas run into each other, like the colours of a fourpenny chintz, *warranted to wash*. His head is all fuzzy, and muzzy, and buzzy, like "the devil in a bush," or a mouldy Norfolk dumpling; and he—is—

By day and by night in a quandary,
 Concerning his Patty, or Dolly, or Mary;
 And he either sits mumbling,
 By daylight still grumbling,
 Or on the bed tumbling
 Throughout the dull night so long:
 He is dreaming and scheming,
 And wondering and blundering,
 And tattling and prattling
 Of blisses and kisses,
 Of blossoms and bosoms,
 Of wooing and cooing,
 Of billing and killing,
 Purse-filling, blood-spilling,
 Of dashing and flashing,
 And thrashing and smashing,
 Of routing and spouting,
 Of meeting and treating,
 Of bowing and vowed,
 Kneeling, appealing,
 And coaxing and hoaxing,
 Adoring, imploring,
 For ever still boring
 The maid with his passion strong;
 And sidling and bridling,
 And hurrying and scurrying,
 And worrying and flurrying,
 And craving and raving,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And groaning and moaning,
 And tining and whining,
 And squeezing and wheezing,
 And capneying and blarneying,
 Gammeling, soft sowdering,
 Protest, and jesting,
 And still ever resting,
 In the confines below, or the regions above;
 But, advancing, an' prancing, and dancing,
 Confessing, careking, and pressing,

And driving, and riving, and striving,
 And panting, and canting, and ranting,
 And cramming, and ramming, and shamming,
 And sighing, and dying, and lying,
 And swearing, and caving, and tearing,
 Delaying, and praying, and yeaving and naying,
 Amusing, confusing, abusing, and choosing,
 Confiding, and siding, deriding, and chiding,
 Snickering, and snivelling, and puckering, and drivelling,
 And fluttering, and sputtering, and stuttering, and muttering,
 And hugging, and mugging, and lugging, and tugging,
 And rumpling and crumpling, and crumpling and rumpling,
 And mauling, and hauling, and still caterwauling,
 Oh ! this is the state of a man when in love !

Such is love in the individual appertaining to man only, as man in the abstract ; but, taking this "monster passion" in general, it is far more appealing to every right-minded economist, who wishes to see his beloved country retain her proud station among the nations of the earth. Let us, therefore, look at the subject with a mercantile or commercial eye. Take the *professions*. The divine, overcome, or overtaken, or overshot, or overdone, or done over, with love, thinks his flame an angel, and worships his doxy instead of orthodoxy. If a limb of the law be served with a "writ" in the shape of a Valentine, it leads direct to the filing of a "declaration," and the pressing of a *suit*, and a *court* in the wrong *court* ; *judgment* is suspended, for his brains are addled, and an "attachment" of the wrong sort is served. His heart has bilked his *bail*, the head, and is *non est inventus*. He is himself "*non compos*," and looks for *unibus in celibas*, and for *issu* to be joined by matrimonial, instead of legal, machinery. If Cupid shoots at your man of war, your "*soger bold*," he no longer "stands at ease," but *fires* himself instead of a musket ; and goes to be *drilled* with a black eye instead of his sergeant ; is for ever thinking of his *baggage*, and puts his best leg, instead of his right shoulder, forward. Then there is your merchant. Is he a drysalter ?—he soon finds himself as hot as pepper, and in a *pretty pickle*. And for your handicrafts, or tradesmen ; tallow-chandlers are absorbed in "melting moments" out of trade, and love brings on a *rising of the lights* ! Cooks are "*done brown*" before their gravy meat, and put themselves into a *stew*, instead of their onions. Cobblers are no longer lads of wax ; but wax foolish, and lose their soles. Carpenters are *chisseld* out of themselves. Bakers get heated before their ovens ; and are *brown* in lieu of their rolls. Cabmen and jarveys set their souls on *busses*. And, in short, the whole of an enlightened, free, and happy community are mystified, transmogrified, turned topsy-turvy, inside out, and mesmerised !

Such being the unquestionable fact, and "Cupid" thus being inimical to the praiseworthy *expeditity* which should influence every member of a great and thriving nation, it becomes a serious question for the legislature, to consider the best means of repressing, or extinguishing, or destroying, a great national disgrace. It was a great blunder on the part of Sir Robert Peel to let loose upon the tender susceptibilities of cooks, scullions, housemaids, ladies'-maids, servants-of-all-works, cobblers, dress-makers, nursemaids, governesses, and other maid-servants, the sum-total of 'en thousand

policemen, to pace before doors, and behind walls, and under palings, at all hours of the day and night, slinking, and peeping, and leering about, like so many *torn-cats arter their kine*. It is true, a mandate has been issued to rectify this great political blunder, viz., "That the privates do have their whiskers shaved off." A good measure, so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough, and ought to have extended to their noses, on the precedent of the nuns of St. Kilda; for, alas! the police *nose* all the secrets of every girl in the kingdom.

But what is the remedy for this great blot in the national escutcheon? It is not to be found in the letting in of *horned* cattle at a low duty. It is not to be discovered in the importation of foreign asses. It is not to be cured by a Russell-purge dietary, although such might be palliative; nor by a Yankee model-prison, which would only drive out of one madness into another; nor would the "plague be stayed" by a repeal of the Jump-over—"The-Broomstick Marriage-Act;" nor by the passing of a bill against the billing-system. No, indeed! such would be but futile experiments, not reaching the seat of the disease, which is to be found primarily to be concentrated in the horrible profanation of the sacred edifice of a post-office, established solely for grave commercial purposes, by making it the vehicle of communication between love-stricken swains and damsels on the fourteenth of this identical month; thus perpetuating a "love-fever" through the length and breadth of the land, from one generation to another, to the loss of the revenue, and injury of the manufacturing and mercantile interests.

We call, then, upon you, legislators, to arrest this desecration, to withstand this mighty tide, which must eventually sweep commerce from the face of the earth. We call upon you, as friends to freedom and foes to slavery, to strike from the hands and hearts of twenty millions of your fellow-creatures the fetters of that little tyrant, Cupid. We call upon you to direct the energies of a people, who would adore you, into the legitimate channel, that is, of working double hours to pay the income-tax. We call upon you to suffer the important and stupendous truth,—that

"Love's an ague that's reversed,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
And after burns with cold as much
As even in Greenland does the touch!"—

to go forth to an astonished and admiring world as a motto for all seasons, and all ages, and all times. We call upon you, by example, as well as precept, to inspire our young men with a spiritual abhorrence of young women, as a part of national virtue; and to teach young women to turn up their noses at young men, as the surest mark of political independence, and as the high road to wealth and a mayoralty.

But how shall this be done? Shut up the post-office from the tenth to the eighteenth of this month! Pass an act, and appoint commissioners (with good salaries) in every district, to open and overhaul all letters, with power to commit to the flames all those addressed to *new or old* "flames." The commissioners will be numerous, and may become a political staff in every town and village in the

kingdom. Pass another act to prevent *dying* (the hair or whiskers) for love; and another to suppress the works of "Basia," "Little's Poems," "Ovid," and "Cupid's Calendar." Cut off the eyebrows, ears, and whiskers, and slit the noses and lips of all policemen. Make it high-treason to put the hair in papers, or to curl it by irons. Render sighing a penal offence. Subject amatory transports to transportation; make it felony for a butcher to "cast a sheep's eye;" and append the crime of *arson* to black eyes generally. Let the terrors of the law be set forth against "winking," and fulminate the thunders of St. Stephen against kissing, above all things, as the great head and front of the offending. Let the writer, the inditor, the vendor, or the sender, the believer, or the receiver of a Valentine, be punished with the horrid ceremony of—

MARRIAGE !

CHILDHOOD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

How beautiful is Childhood ! with its free and buoyant air,
With joy upon each dimpled brow, and tresses light and fair ;
How smilingly they trip along ! how fairy-like they move !
And gain upon our soften'd hearts to bless us with their love !

How beautiful is Childhood ! so guileless and unstain'd !
Methinks, to see them at our side is Paradise regain'd !
To listen to their spirit's flow, to hearken to their mirth,
And clasp unto our loving breast the little ones of earth !

How beautiful is Childhood ! when calling by the name
Of mother, father, or the ties that Nature bids them claim ;
When lisping forth so touchingly a language all their own,
Unfetter'd by the worldly chain that chills our years like stone !

How beautiful is Childhood ! when the fondlings kneel to pray,
And when, with hand in hand entwined, some broken words they say !
With beaming eyes of innocence to yonder land upraised,
They prattle out their artless theme !—Could Heav'n be better praised ?

How beautiful is Childhood !—how endearingly they seem
To cling to those who over them with looks of fondness beam !
To share the kindly smile and nod, how anxious "ney will be !
How hard the struggle to obtain a place upon that knee !

How beautiful is Childhood ! and how saintly is the charm
That takes from man his bitter cares, and makes his feelings warm !
That gladdens him with happiness, and cheers his lonely hours !
How beautiful is Childhood ! with its coronal of flowers !

LEGENDS OF LUNE.

BY HENRY H. DAVIS.

PERHAPS, no portion of "Merrie Englonde" is less known, or more beautiful, than that tract of land extending for thirty miles north of the palatine town of Lancaster, known by the name of Lunesdale, or the Vale of Lune.

Magnificent, but not sublime; mountainous, but not sterile; pastoral, but not tame; we know of no district that can vie with it in beauty of landscape, or variety of detail. Its charming straths, its wooded eminences, its romantic glades, its rocky dells, but, above all, its beautiful river, clear as crystal—now a mountain-stream, rushing and foaming over crag and through crevice, then a reach of still water, like a summer lake,—all these form a succession of delightful objects, upon which the eye rests with never-fading pleasure.

It has its castle, too, famed in song and story; its ancient halls crumbling into dust, the scenes of innumerable legends; its remains of British and Roman antiquities, the delight of the antiquary, and the wonder of the ignorant: and its guardian hills contain amongst their lonely recesses, awful caverns, and tremendous chasms, which, even in the present age of philosophical enlightenment, are peopled by beings of more than mortal mould, whom the dwellers in the mountains as firmly believe in as in Divine revelation.

Before summer-tours became so common, and the modes of conveyance so cheap, the Lake district was the British Utopia; but that cloud land is now transferred to the Vale of Lune, whose traditions are yet unknown beyond its own limits, and the knowledge of which is confined to a favoured few.

It was my fortune, in early youth, to be thrown much in the society of old people,—grandpapas and grandnammies, both paternal and maternal,—who were well acquainted with the wild and marvellous legends of the valley; and there is scarcely a hall, a manor-house, a spring in the rock, or a deep pool in the river, that is not the scene of some tale of murder, love, or faëry. I had an old friend, too, who resided at the head of the valley, and with whom I was wont to spend a few months of each year, who used to horrify me with the narrations of ghosts and dobbies, till I dared not to pass a lonely bridge or solitary barn; for, strange to say, such were the places where, in the imagination of the people, the spirits were confined when "laid" by the priests.

Although the supernatural has now given place to the natural, and the ideal to the real, yet the following legends will show, in a striking point of view, the credulity of our forefathers, even to the last age, and furnish, also, a tolerably correct picture of the manners, customs, scenery, and general features of the Vale of Lune:

KIRKBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE.

Of this very ancient romantic structure no authentic records have ever been traced, either as to its founder or the time of its erection. The only account of it is found in Burn and Nicholson's "History of Westmorland," where it is said that, in the third year of the reign

of the first Edward, a rate of pontage was granted for repairs. From whatever point the structure is viewed, it presents a beautiful picture. Its lofty but narrow proportions, its ribbed arches, its rocky site, the deep green pellucid waters that slowly wind their way between the overhanging and shelving rocks on either side, and its banks thickly clad with fine trees, which dip their branches in the passing wave, form a *coup d'œil* which must be seen to be appreciated. The following legend of its origin is now for the first time offered to the public, and embodies all the known traditions upon the subject :—

"Twas the soft gloaming of a summer's day,
 The hour when Love dons all his lovingness ;
 The thrush y-sung her melting, mellow lay,
 To hail the peeping stars, which shone to bless
 The pilgrim's path with their bright cheerfulness ;
 The closing flowers shed tears of pearly dew,
 And hung their heads in weeping bashfulness,
 Because no mortal could their beauties view,
 Ne scent their sweet perfume, ne praise their varied hue.

—It fell upon this eve, an ancient wight
 Was slowly wending on his weary rode ;
 All travel-stain'd the vest which him bedight,
 Though fourscore winters o'er his head had snow'd,
 And care had bow'd him 'neath his troubrous load !
 Still, wandering slowly, did he journey on,
 In search of rest within some kind abode,
 Sith he all day had travell'd by the Lonne,
 Ev'n from its first small spring, to lovely Casterton.

His woolly hair was parted o'er a brow
 Where Age had set his seal ; but, then, his eye
 Gleam'd bright, yet mild, and full of youthful glow,
 Like starlight beaming from a frosty sky !
 And though his form was bent, yet firm and high
 His bearing was, as destin'd to command ;
 And, folded in his vest, ye mote espy
 A ponderous volume, which, with one frail hand,
 He did uphold ; the other grasp'd an ebon wand.

The pilgrim paused ; on Lonne's sweet banks he stood,
 And gazed with wonder on the scene around ;
 On every side was dark and waving wood ;
 Beneath his feet the stream, with gurgling sound,
 Flow'd deep through rugged rocks, with moss embrown'd ;
 He chose the shelter of an ancient tree,
 And sat him down upon the dewy ground ;
 Then strain'd his eyne, as though he long'd to see
 Some well-known spot of bliss, which haunted memorie.

He mused not long, for lo ! eftsoons, he took
 From the thick foldings of his flowing vest
 (Bound with huge silver clasps) his weighty book,
 Companion of his toil, and eke his rest,
 Which evermore had lean'd upon his breast ;
 And from his pouch a golden lamp he drew,
 On which strange mystic characters were traced,
 Fill'd with the magic oil, which, lighted, threw
 On every side a glare of wild, unearthly hue.

And, as the flame grew brighter, sounds were heard
 Of shrieking laughter, and of wailing woe !
 The twinkling stars affrighted, disappear'd ;
 The stream stood still, and seem'd afraid to flow,
 And listening zephyrs quite forgot to blow !
 But, when the ponderous volume he unbound,
 Fierce was the strife unseen, above, below ;
 A shuddering horror thrill'd through all around,
 And subterranean thunders shook the rocky ground !

He waved his ebon wand, and with deep voice
 Utter'd dark spells of wild diablerie ;
 The thunders died away, and every noise
 Upon the very instant ceased to be ;
 With such strong power he wrought his witcherie !
 Again his wand he waved, and redde the page
 Where words of living fire were plain to see,
 Whose awful meaning quell'd the spirits' rage,
 And bound them to their oaths of magic vassalage !

THE INVOCATION.

PILGRIM. Spirits of Flood and Fell !
 Nymphs of the Fountain !
 Fays of the Greenwood Dell !
 Elves of the Mountain !
 I warn ye come hither
 On pinions of speed ;
 The volume is open,
 Then list what I read !
 SPIRITS, 1st. We come from the mountain ;
 2nd. We come from the wave ;
 3rd. We come from the fountain ;
 All. Say, what dost thou crave ?
 PILGRIM. By the spots where ye dwell,
 By the gifts ye inherit,
 I bind to my spell
 Nymph, fairy, and spirit !
 Ye shall come at my call
 Wheresoever ye be !
 Ye shall bow to my thrall,
 And fulfil my decree !
 SPIRITS } We have heard, we obey,
 Omnes. } And the dawning of day
 Shall see thy will done, and ourselves far away !

He stamp'd his foot, and lo ! on every side,
 Hosts of unearthly creatures thronging press'd ;
 Some flew in air,—some floated on the tide,—
 Some danced about, in glistening splendour dress'd
 There was the goblin with his flaming crest,
 The brown and hairy elf, the fairy bright,
 The water-kelpie in his weedy vest,
 The foul-mouth'd imp, the sinewy water-sprite—
 All waiting to begin the labours of the night.

When thus he spake : “ Ere the first morning ray
 Break through the portal of the eastern sky,
 Ye shall employ the greatest power ye may,
 To build a noble bridge, with arches high,

And wide, and strong, to last eternally !
 Upon the solid rock its piers shall stand,—
 Upon the solid rock its ends shall lie,—
 The fairest structure in all fair England.
 Framed by no mortal art—built by no mortal hand !”

To work they went, and that right earnestly ;
 The mountain spirits hew'd and shaped the stone,—
 The hairy elves, with speedy gramayrie,
 Convey'd them in their aprons, one by one,
 From the brown, rugged fell, hight Casterton !
 The kelpies mix'd the mortar with the blood
 Of slaughter'd kine, and water from the Lonne ;
 Whilst nimble fays made scaffolding of wood,
 And lofty ladders, where the busy builders stood !

Hard did they labour, with a mighty din,
 And soon the noble structure was uprear'd ;
 And, ere the dawn of day was usher'd in,
 The BRIDGE in all its gracefulness appear'd
 Spanning the gloomy gulf, which travellers fear'd
 To approach at glooming tide ; for there did dwell
 (Which lured poor strangers to a dreadful wierd !)
 Within the abyss, dark, deep, and horrible,
 A monstrous water-snake, unscathed by ban or spell !

But now its hour was come ! The Pilgrim stood,
 With burning lamp, and open book, I ween,
 Upon the margin of the seething flood,
 Whose shelving, weedy rocks could scarce be seen,
 So deep they dived beneath the waters green ;
 And by some invocation he did call
 Th' unwieldy monster from his rocky dean—
 It was a sight the stoutest might appal,
 Saving the ancient man who held the snake in thrall.

The hideous reptile from the waters rose,
 And from his scaly sides y-dash'd the spray,
 Which floated round his head, like the pale bows
 Form'd in the mountain mist by Cynthia's ray,
 Dim, yet delightful,—splendourless, yet gay !
 His meteor eyne glared with a dreadful ire,
 Like the red sunset of a stormy day ;
 His horrid jaws display'd, in order dire,
 Four bristling rows of teeth, each pointed like a spire.

The Pilgrim spake a strong and nameless spell,
 And cursed him with a deep and bitter ban.
 Loud sounds of joy arose through greenwood dell,
 Triumphant strains throughout the valley ran !
 The spirit-builders all at once began
 To yell, and shriek, and sing with wild delight,
 And eager throng'd around that ancient man ;
 For he had vanquish'd in a single night
 The monster, which, till now, defied their utmost might.

Down, down he sank into the deep profound,
 With one tremendous, loud, and bellowing groan,
 Which waked the slumbering echoes all around,
 And roused the eagle from his mountain-throne

The Pilgrim's task was done,—and all alone
He found himself upon the river's side;

For in the east appear'd the morning's dawn,
Which scatter'd elves and fairies far and wide,
To sleep the sunny hours away till eventide.

The Pilgrim's task was done!—he closed his book,
And quench'd his magic lamp's ethereal light;
He lean'd upon his wand, and then he took
A survey of the labours of the night,
Wrought by the gramarye of elf and sprite;
There stood the Bridge, on which he cast his eyes,
Which swam with tears of most heartfelt delight,
And, as he view'd it in the bright sunrise,
He knelt, and pour'd his prayer to Him who rules the skies.

“ Father of Heaven! with whom all mercies be,
Listen with favour to thy suppliant's pray'r!
Sweet Saviour Jesus! intercede for me!
And thou, fair Virgin! who the Godhead bare,
Take a poor sinner underneath thy care!
I have fulfill'd my vows, as ye shall know,
Destroy'd the snake, and built this structure fair;
And, though the waters rage, and tempests blow,
Still let it firmly stand, as long as Lonne shall flow! ”

His tears fell fast, as though some hidden grief,
Long lock'd within his bosom, had found vent,
Or, like some dying wretch, to whom relief,
When hope is just departing, had been sent!
And, kneeling long, with posture forward bent,
He seem'd to wrestle with some power unseen;
His plenteous tears the mossy rock besprent,
And where they fell the verdure still is green,
And flourisheth above the rest until this day, I ween!

The Pilgrim rose, and northward took his way
To where fair Melrose lifts her sacred tower;
The gaping rustics, in the open day,
Beheld the wondrous work of midnight glower,
Wrought by the Wizard's spell, and spirits' power.
Thousands since then have pass'd the lovely spot,
But never knew its founder till this hour!
His was a name that ne'er can be forgot,—
The Wizard of the North! the wondrous Michael Scott!

ON A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, NOT REMARKABLE FOR HIS VERACITY.

BY ALEX. McDougall.

BROWN promised, in terms that could not be withheld,
If we gave him a seat, it should be for our good.
Nor can we complain that he's alter'd his tone:
He sits for our good, but—he lies for his own.

MADGE MYERS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S TALE.

BY DALTON.

BRIGHTLY blazed the log, and cheerily steamed the bowl, and merrily "wagged the beards" in the hall of the old manor-house. The party there assembled consisted of seven or eight individuals, all of whom, save one, the Squire's daughter,—a young lady with especially wicked eyes,—bore the appearance of sportsmen; indeed, the general condition of their boots and nether garments betokened that the ride that day had been both hard and long. Two or three old pet greyhounds slumbering upon the hearth, some very stiff-legged portraits of the same species hanging from the walls, together with a pair of silver cups on the sideboard, also "charged" with greyhounds *courant, couchant, &c.*, afforded tolerable evidence of the particular pursuit in which the company delighted to engage. The general conversation, as might be expected, was loud; and ran, for the most part, upon "turns," and "cotes," and "wrenches," and bay-mares, and the like. The private chat between the lady aforesaid and her neighbour, a young gentleman in a very smart coat, and still smarter cravat, was in a lower key, and of a far more intelligible nature.

"Come, gentlemen," said the host, "fill your glasses. Here's to Clio, the best bitch that ever ran a course! Briggs, my buck, you don't drink!"

Mr. Briggs, a thin, cynical, little man, looked at the speaker, replenished his glass, and, turning to an abstracted gentleman on his left, observed, *

"You remember Cleopatra?" A nod was the reply. "She *was* a bitch!" added Mr. Briggs, and emptied his tumbler at a draught.

A long discussion ensued. The Squire was nettled. His friend's pointed assertion that Cleopatra *was* a bitch, seemed to convey by implication an opinion that Clio was *not*.

Mr. Briggs maintained his ground; not, indeed, after the fashion of the vulgar, by argument and speechifying—No! Mr. Briggs smoked—smoked defiance, manœuvring his pipe the while, (that greatest known aid to social elocution,) and emitting his puffs in a certain logical, incontrovertible way, that told greatly on the company.

"Well, gentlemen," observed the hitherto silent individual, (he had finished his potion and his pipe, and had, therefore, a few leisure moments to devote to less important objects,) "after all, my great-uncle had a queer-looking pup—"

"So had your father," said Mr. Briggs.

The Squire laughed; the silent gentleman could not guess why, and continued,

"I don't remember *him*; but, as I was saying, my great-uncle had a queer-looking pup, a brindle, that would have run both Clio and Cleopatra for their heads and tails. Nothing in *this* world ever could beat him, and nothing in *t'other* ever *did*."

There was something either in the manner or in the matter of this last remark, or, perhaps, in both, that drew the attention of the little circle upon the speaker. He had, however, resumed his pipe, and

was again dumb. A sudden pause ensued. The young lady and her companion, startled by the silence, looked up, and looked ~~very~~ foolish too.

"Nothing in t'other ever did!—nothing in t'other ever tried I should think," observed the Squire, at length, somewhat doubtfully.

His friend winked;—it was no frivolous, no knowing, no wicked wink, but a wink of deep import and mystery.—This was not to be endured; the company burst forth ~~en masse~~, Miss Caroline being among the most impetuous in demanding an explanation.

"Come, Gervase, I see you are bent upon telling a story," said Mr. Briggs; "so we may as well have it at once."

"No, no—really—well, if I must," responded the former, with an air of resignation, "perhaps the sooner it is over the better.—I'll trouble you for one more lump of sugar, Miss Caroline. Thanks.—Well,—it was about twenty years ago, and a little before the Louth meeting, that a large party assembled at Leybury Grange, the seat of old Squire Markham, my great-uncle. There were Colonel Paunch, Lord Mountmartingale, the Hon. Augustus Legge, and some others, all good men and true coursers; and the Squire was pledged to show them some sport. Everything seemed favourable enough; the day was fine, the dogs in condition, and the country promising.

"'Come,' said my uncle, leading the way over a low stile into a large open tract, 'we shall find on this bit of tilt. Form a line, gentlemen!'

"The line was formed, and on they went, with a long-legged slipper in front, holding a brace of greyhounds; but no hare was 'viewed'—back again—still no hare.

"'Devilish odd!' said my uncle, a little nettled. 'We will try along the brow. There are always six or seven brace to be met with there.'

"The brow was tried; fallows and ploughs, rough grasses, and stubbles, all were tried,—still no hare. Forms there were, indeed, fresh and frequent, but not a hare was to be seen. My uncle swore at the long-legged slipper; and Lord Mountmartingale buttoned up his coat.

"'Pon my life, my lord, I am very sorry,' said the Squire; 'but really I can't understand it. There's not a better preserved country in all England.'

"'I certainly never saw better lying,' observed Colonel Paunch, with a slight shiver."

"Heard better, he means," interrupted Mr. Briggs.

"Well—be quiet, Briggs—up and down, across and back, they rode for another hour, and to no better purpose. Meanwhile most of the party began to grow cold; my uncle grew warm in proportion.

"'It's enough,' he exclaimed, 'to make coursers *cursers*!'

"This was his pet pun, and the kind consideration it met with was sufficient to sustain him a good quarter of an hour longer. But again his spirits flagged under such persevering ill fortune.

"'I tell ye what it is, sir,' said the long-legged slipper, at length, stopping suddenly, 'it's all along of that tarnation old Madge Myers; she's a-field.'

"'By the living jingo! Tim, you're right!' said my uncle. 'Burst my boots!'

" He was a little given to adjurations ; which, indeed, were confined, for the most part, to ' dashing his buttons ! ' ' blowing his wig ! ' &c. ; but now he went the length of wishing his boots (a new pair of cream-coloured tops) might be burst, if he did not show a hare in a particular spot.

" ' Tim,' he continued, ' my head to a haystack, we shall find her by the old elm ! '

" ' Why, sir, you bean't a-going to course the witch, sure-ly ? '

" ' Bean't I ? ' muttered my great-uncle."

" And, pray, who, or what, was Madge Myers ? " inquired Mr. Briggs.

" Madge," continued the narrator, " was an ugly old crone, whose human dwelling stood at one extremity of the little village hard by the Grange. She was a witch, beyond question. Had other proofs been wanting, her age and ugliness afforded sufficient evidence of the fact ; inasmuch as it is well known that the devil takes possession of bodies as well as buildings when they become dilapidated, and fit for no one else. Now, it was one of Madge's constant amusements to assume the appearance of a great grey hare. She had oftentimes been descried by the neighbours, hopping about her garden in this shape. The old woman, indeed, used to persist that it was nothing but a tame rabbit which they saw ; and she generally had one at hand, to give a colour to her assertion ; but, of course, the good people were not such fools as to believe that. Her great delight, however, was, having worried and chased every other hare off the manor, to squat herself among the roots of an old elm-tree, situate in the middle of a wild common, about a couple of miles from the cottage.

" Hither my uncle now conducted his party. Many a time had he coursed that great grey hare ; but without success. She always took towards the village, and was soon lost in the small inclosures, running clear away from the best dogs in the county ; indeed, some mischance or another seemed invariably to attend her pursuers. One had broken a rib, others had been lamed, and several severely cut, in the course.

" ' Bring up the brindle-pup,' said my great-uncle solemnly. ' And now, my lord, I 'll back him for a hundred, against your best.'

" The match was made ; the dogs coupled ; and, they had scarcely reached the spot, when ' So-ho ! ' shouted the slipper, as away went puss.

" ' No law I ' cried my uncle ; and the dogs were slipped on the instant. The brindle led, and ran well up to the hare. The latter, however, her ears laid flat and her back arched, sped like lightning across the common, making, as usual, for the inclosures : up one of these (a quick-hedge, protected by a low, double rail) she ran ; and my lord's dog broke his leg in attempting to follow : still the brindle kept to his work ; twice he turned her, and once more she was forced into the common. My uncle, meanwhile, on a thorough-bred chestnut, kept a good place, sweeping over dykes and fences like a professor, as he was. As for Lord Mountmartingale, he soon found himself up to his neck in a drain ; while Colonel Paunch was pleasantly located, at no great distance, in the midst of a furze-bush.—The rest were nowhere. —Squire Markham had it all to himself ; and, better horse and rider, better dog and hare, never ran a course. Puss, meanwhile, pressed harder than she had ever been before, succeeded with difficulty in

gaining the high-road, and, with "the pup" not a yard behind, dashed gallantly through the village. She reached the low mud wall adjoining the cottage of old Madge, and was in the very act of springing, when the brindle, leaping forward with a tremendous bound, caught her by the scut;—off it came! The hare gave a shriek, like a human being, in its agony, and in the same instant disappeared over the garden-fence.—The dog followed; but the course was done!

"On my uncle's galloping up, he found the greyhound panting, and dead beat, among the cabbages, with the scut of the lost hare, yet fresh and warm, by his side; but not a trace of puss herself was visible. Next morning most particular inquiries were made concerning the movements, &c. of old Madge. She had not been seen.—The same reply was given on the day following.

"'Tim,' said my Great-uncle, 'request Mr. Leach, the apothecary, with my compliments, to call in at Madge's cottage. There must be something the matter with the old lady; and add, that I shall be happy to see him at dinner afterwards.'

"At precisely five minutes to four Mr. Leach made his appearance at the Grange.

"'Well, doctor, pray how is Madge Myers?'

"'Ah! how is she?' burst from many voices.

"'I found the poor old creature,' replied the medical gentleman, rather astounded by the multiplicity of these inquiries, 'in bed, very weak; indeed, almost dead from exhaustion. I have reason to fear the barbarous little wretches in the village have been again maltreating her as a witch; (your medical men are ever sceptics;) 'there were evident traces of blood upon her clothes; but she persisted in declining my assistance.'

"'Bravo!' said the Squire, looking round in triumph, 'I told you so!'

"'Told them what?' inquired Mr. Briggs, a little pettishly.

"'Ah! that I can't say; but, soon after, the old woman was seen with a large new cushion in her chair; and was never known, to the day of her death, to sit down without it; and then—and then—'" Here the old gentleman dropped his voice, and whispered mysteriously, first on his left hand, then on his right.

"'Nonsense!'"—"You don't say so?"—"Well, I never!"—"No!" and sundry other ejaculations followed, accompanied by divers nods, shrugs, and other pantomimic expressions of astonishment, as the whisper gradually pervaded the circle.

"'Fact!'" said the old gentleman aloud, with oracular decision.

"'And, pray,' asked the young lady, who, probably from her proximity to the fire, had acquired an unusual brilliancy of colour, "pray, what became of the brindle-pup?"

"'He was bit by a mad dog within the week, and shot, in consequence.'

"'And you believe all this, do you?' inquired Mr. Briggs.

"'Yes, sir, I do,' said the old gentleman, turning round very sharply;—"and, what then?"

"'What then?—Oh! nothing—nothing whatever,' replied Mr. Briggs, a little startled; "why, then—so do I; that's all!"—

His eyebrows attained a perceptible elevation, he tossed off his glass, and here the matter ended.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF WINE AND WINE-DRINKERS.

BY A BACCHANALIAN.

THERE is no use in denying it—the vinous ages of the world seem to be fast drawing to a close—an aqueous one to be rapidly succeeding. Of all the strange revolutions of this time, this is the one I can the least relish or conceive. It is as much of a mystery to me as a grief.

Fanaticism I can comprehend, Socialism even, and Chartist,—but Teetotalism I can comprehend as little as I can abide. I can understand how men should make a dead investment of their pleasures in this life, in order to get an usurious profit upon them in the next,—I perfectly conceive how the unlucky man who has nothing should make a good-natured tender of his services, in the way of partition with the lucky man who has much,—I quite comprehend that they who are ill at ease under laws which they do not make should fancy they would be very much at ease under laws of their own making,—I comprehend how some men should make foolish combinations to secure new enjoyments, which so many things dispose them to require; but I cannot, for my life, account for the still more foolish combinations of others to annihilate old pleasures, which nothing requires them to destroy. Singular conceit! which, identifying an age of water with an age of gold, would bring back “the nonage of the world, when the only buttery for man or beast was the fountain and the river,” change our wine-casks into water-butts, and dilute man from a vinous animal into a lymphatic.

For my own part, I am free to confess, that to me the most unpicturesque and insupportable of reformers is Father Mathew. The very thought of him feels damp to me, worse than that of a wet day, or an unaired bed, or a cold clammy hand—that most formidable variety of humid chill. When he crosses my mind’s disc, it is as a vast water-spout, with the form and lineaments of man, ready at any given moment, like Undine’s mischievous uncle, to condense into a destroying stream, whirling along with its mad eddies, wine-press and vat,—the fruits of vineyard and orchard, together with the mingled fragments of malt-house and brewery; in a word, with the wreck and garniture of a brave world, once under the hallowed patronage of antique Bacchus, and our own Sir John Barleycorn. Oh! it saddens me to think how soon the time may come when the wine-cup will be nothing more than a symbol of departed joys, and the clustering grape have no higher association than the surfeit of a rich man’s feast!—when bottles and decanters—the former, by a caprice of fate, already a mere tradition at the mess-table—will sound as strange to unfamiliar ears, as to ours the Mazics, the Noggins, the Whiskijhs, the Bombards, and Black-Jacks of other days; when Burgundies and Clarets, Ports, Sherries, and Madeiras will be things as ambiguous and dark as the Sack, which has puzzled the wits of contending commentators as much as it ever moistened the clay of our jolly and absorbing sires. Yes! it saddens and maddens me to think that the very language of jollity, as well as its instruments, will soon become nothing more than dry memorials of the past, mere ineffectual fires and glow-worms across the track of antiquarian research.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF

Not that I am insensible to some slight good which has been achieved ; not that I would deny that the tepid sobriety of him whose maximum is a quart is not, on the whole, preferable to the fierce inebriety of him whose minimum was a gallon, or that the march of society is less graceful, or less true, for its being a trifle steadier on its legs : still, I am free to confess that, to my mind, there was something massive and noble, as it were, in the deep carousings of the elder men ; a kind of wild grandeur in their excesses, which harmonises well with their robust natures, and begets a species of reverence for what old Heywood calls the *vinosity* of nations. Much shall we misconceive the true character of the colossal orgies of our sires, if we see in them nothing higher than the extravagant forms of a base sensual enjoyment ; if we do not respect in them the presence of a powerful energy ; seeking in animal excitement, in the stimulus of the grape, as in that of war and the chase, the only outlets which the immaturity of their times supplied. It is a saucy, but shrewd, remark of that jeering fellow, Bayle, that, at the time of the Reformation, Christendom was divided among two classes of people, the intemperate and the incontinent, the votaries of Bacchus and Venus ; that the former went over to Protestantism, whilst the latter remained where they were. Now, though as ticklish on this point as any man, yet, as Truth is stated, on unexceptionable authority, to reside in a well, I cannot for my life think it any disparagement to the Reformation to have been fished out of a wine-flask. Nay, as Venus herself, its alleged rival, is only the more lovely for having sprung from the foam of the sea, it would not much distress me to learn that it was even born of the foam of a tankard ! I therefore accept his remark as indicating an interesting fact, that the nations which have run up the longest scores with the vintners are those which have been the boldest in their wars, and have the largest account in the ledgers of national greatness ; while the people whose infancy was moistened with water have grown up sickly and weak,—plants that must die without propping.

A French writer, who has given an elaborate and interesting illustration of the ancient customs of his country, Le Grand d'Aussy, has not failed to indicate the fierce jollity and exuberant carousings of the Gauls as consequences of their great constitutional energies ; and has referred their custom of pledging and challenging each other in their cups, to a proud unwillingness to be outdone in any species of contest. Certain it is, to such a pitch was this noble emulation of having the strongest head carried, that Charlemagne, in his Capitulars, found it necessary to check it, by subjecting the transgressors to a kind of temporary civil sequestration, and, what was much more frightful, and shows the savageness of those times, to a diet of bread and water. This was vindictive enough to satisfy a teetotaller ; but it so happens that national habits, or vices, if you will, are not to be corrected by penal edicts, however stringent they may be, and which, indeed, are in general ineffectual in the ratio of their stringency. And so it was that, centuries afterwards, Francis the First was obliged to try his hand in the same way, and with about the same success. In an ordinance of 1534, it was ordained, that every man convicted of drunkenness should, for the first offence, be imprisoned on bread and water — Francis begins where Charlemagne ends ; for the second, be privately whipped ; for the third, publicly ; and if he then relapsed, he was to have his ears cut off, and to be banished the kingdom. If persecution

could have exterminated drinking, its death-warrant was signed. But the energetic will of a people is not to be frightened by penalties, or fettered by edicts ; and, had it been as much their will to be free as it was to be drunk, they might have had their liberties with the same ease as they had their bottle. And, even in the fury which was unchained against their favourite pursuit, we perceive a certain indefinite respect for inebriety that checked the excesses of power ; for, having advanced so far as to eliminate the ears, there must have been some peculiar reason for not also including the head. For in those times the neck of the sovereign people was twisted with as little ceremony as a crow's ; and the "free and enlightened" of that day found their way to the gallows as easily as they now do to the lock-up-house or the tread-mill. We have an amusing instance of the summary way of dealing with the mass in an ordinance of Philip Augustus, which ordered all persons guilty of "profane swearing in public houses" to be arrested,—the gentlemen swearers to be fined a livre ; but *those of the commoner sort to be thrown into the river !* Nor was Francis himself at all backward in this way ; for it was with great difficulty that Charles the Fifth, during his stay at Orleans, could save the life of an unhappy perfumer, who, being charged to purify the imperial bed-room, had been so profuse of his odours as to give the Emperor a headache ; on which Francis, with an admirable promptness, and most exquisite attention to his guest, ordered him to be immediately hanged ; and so he would have been, if Charles, on whom the compliment was evidently lost, had not, somewhat churlishly, said, he "came to visit France, not to see executions !" That the head of the tippler, then, was not confiscated, as well as his ears, is a proof of the deference which even despotism was obliged to show towards tippling ; while the fierceness of the proscription proves the power and extent of its grasp on those vigorous times.

Strange fluctuations of things !—now the honour of one hour is the derision of the next ; now the cap goes up to-day for what the heel will trample on to-morrow ! It has been so with learning and philosophy, with religion and government, with science and art, and why should it not be so with wine ? Poets have sung it ; kings and statesmen, philosophers and scholars, have revelled in, and protected, it ; divines have winked at, or commended it ; and "now none so poor to do it reverence." Not a day but teetotalism is dragging it through a horse-pond, bemiring it, and treating it worse than a Turk. "How the poor world is pestered with these water-flies !" Two centuries ago, France was convulsed for a much slighter matter. A medical student, having maintained a thesis in the schools of Paris, in which he ascribed the most noxious qualities to the wines of Champagne, and asserted that, by his physician's order, the Grand Monarque, the king of nations, had broken off his alliance with the king of wines, so small a matter set the whole kingdom in a flame,—for the age of chivalry was not then gone ; and it is curious to remark, that, while in these days we may run down the whole family of wines with charges of poison and murder, such was the sensitiveness of those times, that an insult was not suffered to pass unresented even on a single branch of them. No sooner was this thesis published than the indignation of the Academy of Rheims was immediately uncorked ;—a replicatory thesis denied the imputation, but unhappily, in the vehemence of its effervescence, made an onslaught on the wines of Burgundy. That

instant Beaume was in the field, in the person of Salins, one of its physicians. "A defence of the wines of Burgundy against the wines of Champagne" presently electrified the world, of which five editions —no trifling matter in those times— attested the author's merit, and the interest of the drinking and thinking public in the debate. But such a discussion was not to be cooped up in the provinces ; it very soon passed from them to the capital, and from the physicians to the poets. The colleges are alive with it. A learned professor of one college tilts with a Sapphic ode in favour of Burgundy ; of another, with well-written Alcaics in favour of Champagne ; and then, most affecting act of all, comes the city of Rheims to reward its champion, not with a mural crown, but, better still, with some round dozens of the choicest samples of its heart-stirring vintage. The contest raged for years, and the principal results were collected into a volume, where they who haye a *thirst* for such matters may consult them.

But these were days when men gloried in their cups, and knew how to protect them. More than a century before the civil convulsion we have alluded to, John Cornaro, a distinguished physician of Germany, had defended the convivial habits of his countrymen,—some of the wildest,—and shown how nicely they were moulded on those of the wisest nations of antiquity. Socrates, he reminds us, in conformity with the good customs of his times, used to sit up o' nights and tipple till daybreak ; so did the Germans. Socrates would walk home as steady as though he had been ballasting his heels, instead of his head, —and so would the Germans. What the course of the philosopher's potations was, we know not ; but, thanks to Cornaro, we do know what the order of his countrymen's was, and, as we shall perceive, there was a profound method and purpose in it. First they began with Rhenish, with which they washed down their suppers ; then, when the thermometer was pretty well up with that, they betook themselves to light beer, to reduce, as he tells us, the heat of the wine, and to different kinds of beer, in the order, we must presume, of their refrigerance ; then again with wine, to restore the balance of heat, too much diminished by the beer ; and so on, from stimulant to refrigerant, and refrigerant to stimulant—like the steps of a diplomatic squabble—from beer to wine, and wine to beer, till, the proper balance being secured, they, some time between daybreak and sunrise, rounded off with a bevy of sweet wines, just as an orator in his peroration does with mellifluous words to give a fulness and finish to the close. Now, as we cannot suspect that any mortal man would go through such a process for the gratification of taste, we may unsuspiciously admit, that it was not so much to tickle the palate as to fortify the body,—not *ad quærendum voluptatem, sed ad justam temperantiam corporibus indagandum*. Nor can we be surprised that such high-principled potations were objects of general respect, and that it was held no mean distinction to drink deep, and to be able to bear it. But, perhaps, it may be fancied that necessity was the mother of the arrangement, and that the scantiness of the wine-cellars explains the auxiliary beer. By no means ; for Cornaro says they had all the best sorts of wines, neat as imported, besides such as are made up and *sacked*, — "that is, after being flavoured with spices steeped in sacks are racked off, and strained, and these kinds are called Claret and Hippocras."* From which, also, you may learn claret was then a brewed wine, as it is now, the spice of

* See Note at the end of this paper.

other days being succeeded by some other stimulant in these. Why called claret is not so clear, as the *vin-clairet*, of which claret seems a corruption, was simply the wine of the last press, which had undergone a sufficient fermentation to absorb some of the colouring matter, and was usually of a grey or straw-colour, *œil-de-perdrix*, or similar tints. As to spiced wine, it was a main pillar in the orgies of our sires, but was often of a more composite order than is here described; for, in a receipt of the thirteenth century, we are directed to make it by putting cloves, nutmegs, raisins, three ounces of cubeb into a cloth, and boiling them up with three pounds of wine, until reduced to one half, and then to be sweetened.

Such is the picture which Cornaro gives us of the vigorous bibacity of the Germans in his day; and that it is not overcharged we know, from the noble traces which have been preserved to us by a much later hand. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Fournier, bishop of Hebron, wrote a work, "De Temulenta et Ebrietate," which has some curious evidence to this point. Among other things, he tells us that, in very many cities in Germany, there were drinking-clubs which rejoiced in the name of Antonists. Their patron was not—as indeed, without the good bishop's help, we might have guessed—that holy Antony whom St. Jerome tells us never wet his lips with anything but water,—a sign of superhuman sanctity in those winey days,—but that glorious Marc Antony of bibacious fame, who gloried in the public display of his intoxication, and wrote a book, it is said, in praise of it. There was, doubtless, in the apprehension of those good old times, a classic grandeur in the example, which recommended it to men as jealous of the dignity, as they were alive to the fascinations, of their cups. Another form of association was that of the Organists. They took their name from the method of their potations, which was to place a number of tall glasses, of different heights and dimensions, on a tray, disposed like the pipes of an organ, and the members were obliged to keep the instrument continually going, each of them in his turn exhausting the whole of its pipes in rapid succession. How many airs each member was expected to play, or what intervals were allowed between them, are points on which the good bishop does not touch, though it were much to be wished that he had. This idea of giving a musical character to the arrangement of their wine-glasses seems to have been a favourite one in Germany; for Misson, a French traveller of that day, tells us that it was a general practice to ornament the walls of the rooms to at least half their height with a glittering display of drinking-glasses, arranged like organ-pipes. But not only did this truly scientific people love to express the divine harmony of tippling, by investing it with musical forms; they also endeavoured to indicate its practical utility by symbolizing it into a resemblance to some of the mechanical arts. Thus, in several of their drinking-clubs, it was customary to set a large vessel, filled with red wine, before one of the members, who proceeded to drink down the half of it, then immediately to replenish it with white wine, again to reduce it to half, and again to replenish it; and thus to go on reducing and replenishing, until every tint of the original red had disappeared. This singular process, which, of course, was performed by every member in his turn, was appropriately termed *bleaching*, and conferred upon the society the honourable title of "The Wine-bleachers." Inimitable Germans! you were indisputably the

Paladins of a bibacious and absorbing age. When old Montaigne required an illustration of the innocuous effects of inebriety on well-constituted minds, it was to you he went; and it is the martial discipline of your jovial sires, as bibulous in camp as in castle-hall, that he observes: "Nous voyons nos Allemans noyez dans le vin se souvenir de leur quartier, du mot, et de leur rang:—

— Nec facilis victoria de madidis, et
Blæsis atque mero titubantibus.”

I know not whether any of my readers feel with me, but I ever experience a sweet pleasure in going back to times when things which are now the opprobrium of a foolish world were esteemed beneficent and good. I do not envy the man who can read unmoved the following language of another eminent physician* of the thirteenth century. "Déjà," he says, "l'on commence à connoître ses vertus. Elle prolonge la santé, dissipe les humeurs superflues, ranime le cœur, et conserve la jeunesse." Yes, it is of *brandy* he is speaking!—of brandy which had just then begun, as Burke says of Marie Antoinette, to glitter above the horizon. "Cette eau de vin,"—so it was called from its being produced by distillation from wine,—"this *eau de vin*," he adds, "is by some called *eau de vie*—a name that perfectly describes it, FOR IT ADDS TO LIFE." Such was the cradle-song of brandy; and he that sung it—let me tell you—was no obscure surgeon-apothecary, no mean general practitioner, but M.D. and F.R.S. of the age and country in which he lived. To him the *Ars Medica* was indebted for its redemption from its long subjection to the Arabs, and its restoration to Hippocrates and the Greeks, though I fancy I still see marked traces of the Arab dominion in the predatory habits of some few of the lowest of its professors. Modern chemistry is, perhaps, indebted to him for its beginning; and he was almost the inventor of that distillatory art, whose princely product he so eloquently commends.

It gives us a pleasant impression of the yet unsophisticated apprehensions of those simple times, to observe what an affectionate reverence was paid to wine in those days, not merely as a sensual gratification, but in its higher character of a symbol of national joy. Who can look unmoved on the picture of jubilant festivity contained in the following description of a scene in the olden time:—"Par toute la ville de Paris fut faite grande liesse, et TOUT CE JOUR ET TOUTE LA NUIT decourrit vin en aucuns carrefours habondonnant en robinets d'erains et autres conduits faits ingénieusement, afin que chascun en prenist PLEINEMENT A SA VOLUNTE." It was for our fifth Harry that the streets of Paris thus ran with wine; and that the conduits, with their brass cocks, were so "ingeniously" contrived that every man that would might have his fill. And again, in the old chronicle, "I celle nuit furent faits à Paris les feux par les rues et illec mises aussi tables rondes et donné à boire à tous venans." *A tous venans!*—to all comers!—there it is! take it who will! We are all the King's guests. Can we wonder that monarchs walked among men as gods, when their very foot-prints were thus bathed in wine?

Poor indeed was the pageant of which wine, in some fanciful shape or other, did not form an ornamental part, and in which fountains, sometimes of it alone, sometimes blended with sherbets and rich

* Arnaldus de Villanova.

liqueurs, did not descend in exhilarating torrents before the enraptured crowd ! It was here the fancy of the decorator revelled in all its pomp, imagining the most grotesque, and what the taste of these times would esteem not the most delicate, devices. Thus, at a banquet given by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, we read of towers from whose eaves ran showers of orangeade ; a female figure, with hippocras oozing from her breasts ; and children discharging rose-water in a more natural than seemly way ! In the Romance of Terant-le-Blanc we find mention of many curious devices of this kind. Sometimes the female assistants were as real as the wine. Thus, when our Henry VI. made his entry into Rheims in 1431, there was a fountain, in the shape of a lily, shedding wine and milk from its buds and flowers, surrounded by three young girls, naked to the waist, in the character of syrens. And the same thing happened some forty years after, when Louis XI. made his solemn entry into Paris.

And, here, by the way, I am reminded of some pleasant days spent on the Côte de St. Cyr, that charming crest of vineyards which forms the right bank of the Loire, a little below Tours, and facing the old palace of Plessis-les-Tours. There is a house there—may its shadow never grow less!—which rejoiced, perhaps still rejoices, in the name of the *Trois Tonneaux*. Though, there was something of the *guinguette* in its title, yet for none other upon earth would I have exchanged it ; it being so called from three large and nearly spherical stone tuns, of which one is still to be seen (or was fifteen years ago) in its spacious *caves*. A single step from the garden brought you into a magnificent vaulted chamber, on whose lofty walls were still to be seen the traces of armorial bearings, which had once been richly blazoned upon them, and so disposed as to form a kind of pictorial cincture to the vault. From the left side of it there went an arched gallery, which spurred out into one or two others, for the stowage of wines, and in them were formerly the three tuns, which give its title to the house. According to tradition, that most opulent of inventors, these galleries formerly descended the hill, passed under the river, and the opposite plain, till they reached the cellars of the palace of Plessis-les-Tours. It would be quite enough to believe that they even descended to the bank of the river ; but there is no evidence even for this. What is certain is, that they were constructed for the use of Louis XI., and were honoured with the products of the royal vintages. And, well I remember, whenever I entered the vault, and contemplated my modicum of wine, that occupied but an invisible fraction of the splendid cenotaph, I could not but reverence the feeling which had raised so noble a receptacle for the glorious produce of the vine. And to this hour a faint gleam of light sparkles over the dark memory of Louis whenever I think of sweet St. Cyr and its *Trois Tonneaux*.

But, not only were kings, in other days, as it were, the viceroys of Bacchus on grand occasions, they were themselves honourably distinguished by the most fervent celebration of his rites. What have we in these *eau-rougie* times to compare with the classic beauty of the following picture?—"The Emperor's head," says an old writer, "was in the glass five times as long as any of us ; and he never drank less than a good quart of *Rhenish* at a time." Five times as long as any of us ! Is not this to be every drop a king ? "Which king, Bezonian ? speak, or die !" — The king of good fellows, it is clear, you think ; some roysterer, pimple-nosed monarch, worthy of ruling over *Cocagne* ; some

joyous kill-care prince, who would willingly have turned his kingdom into a vineyard, his loving subjects into the luscious berries of the grape, his screw of a government into a wine-press, and his exchequer-office into a Heidelberg tun ! Not a bit of it ! The head which could thus tarry, like an Indian diver, in the deep abysses of the glass, was filled with projects that shook Europe to the core ; and the lips so absorbent of the Rhenish never opened but with the accents of dictation and command. Why, even the boon companion, who sketches this noble scene, is Roger Ascham. Need we be surprised that its hero should be Charles the Fifth ? Oh ! what a glorious treat it would have been if Mercury would but have brought back the philosopher of Chalcedon from the shades ; and the immortal tourney of Syracuse, in which, as the best drinker, he carried off the golden crown, could have been renewed ! If the Emperor and the philosopher, Charles and Xenocrates, flaggon in hand, could have met in the lists to have a *combat à l'entrée* for the prize ! Your philosophers, I know, are tough fellows at a debauch ; but still I would have offered the odds on the King, for his sire was a German, which is the best drinking-blood in the world.

It was assuredly a lofty destiny for the bottle to be thus honoured with the love and confidence of princes ; and it gives us a superb idea of the convivial energies of those times, that the most distinguished monarch of his age could, in his ordinary potations, display a capacity of drink that would not have disgraced the victor in a prize-contest among fauns. But this, I think, was the zenith of its career. The times were now fast approaching when this powerful endurance, which dignified conviviality, was to end, and vinosity ; through the feebleness of its votaries, degraded to debauch, was about to lose its lustre as a manly ornament of the great. There is already a perceptible difference between the calm prowess of Charles, the power of a strong nature requiring a strong stimulus, and bearing it, and the tipsy orgies of another sovereign, Christian the Fourth, of whom Howell says, in his letters, that, after giving five-and-thirty toasts at a banquet at Rheinsburg, he was obliged to be carried away in his chair !—a mode of quitting the chair, by the way, which would have done honour to an Irishman. It was this same Christian who paid a visit to England, and had a drinking-bout with our James the First at Theobald's, in which both champions, being unlegged, were transported from the battle-field, and honourably interred for the night. In the *fêtes* given on the occasion of this royal visit, we have a clear proof that the old honours of the cup were beginning to be tarnished, for, as Sir John Harrington says, the very ladies abandoned their propriety, and rolled about in a state of intoxication ; and the account he gives us of a court-pageant, representing Solomon's Temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba, seems to justify this somewhat startling picture of the female jollity of that day. Christian being seated on the throne, as Solomon, her majesty of Sheba advanced, to lay her offerings at the Jewish monarch's feet ; but, whether it was she was wearied with her long journey, or had partaken too largely of the refreshment she must have so much needed, at the close of it, she was unhappily so unsteady in her gait, that, in ascending the steps of the royal throne, she stumbled, and threw the whole contents of her rich caskets, consisting of "wines, creams, jellies, beverage, cakes," and other Ethiopian rarities, into the expectant monarch's lap. Presently handkerchiefs, napkins, and every

variety of detergent were unfurled ; but King Solomon, like a gallant Jew as he was, nothing daunted or wroth at the mischance, insisted forthwith on a conciliatory dance with the culprit Queen ; but, unhappily, falling at her feet under these peculiar circumstances, which make it generally impossible, and always unprofitable to rise, he was thereupon carried to a state-bed, all smeared and dripping with the confectionary cataract, to receive the homage with which Faith, Hope, and Charity, splendidly attired, were next to salute him,—at least, so said the bill of the play. But Bacchus, who seemed determined to come Olympus over the Jews that night, in a spirit rather Gentile than genteel, had waylaid our Christian Graces, and so nearly hamstrung them, that Faith and Hope found it impossible to advance, or prudent to retire. Charity, a little stronger, as she ought to be, contrived to flounder through her part ; and then, like a kind-hearted, sympathetic creature as she is—in public—went to look after her sisters, whom she found not at their usual occupation : Faith sitting blindfold at a window, believing all she hears ; and Hope, with her eyes fixed on the horizon, busy weaving pretty gossamer-nets to catch—elephants with. Nothing of this ; but, there they were, to use the language of our courtly chronicler,—“in the lower hall, sick and —” Here follows a word, which the super-exquisite delicacy of modern ears obliges me to suppress, being the strongest expression that can be used for that singular operation of the stomach which is a common phenomenon at sea ; but of which many of my readers may have had a practical illustration, on being carefully handed to leeward, and civilly admonished that all future communications had better be addressed to the waves.

Such were the mellow days of James the First. But it is evident that vinolency in this period was beginning to be the pastime of the effeminate and weak, and had fallen into hands not strong enough to restrain it. The climax of its dignity had been attained in a previous age, when men of vigorous minds took service in its cause ; when an emperor like Charles was a first-class prizeman on its lists ; when a scholar like Erasmus, otherwise so timid that he shuddered at the bare idea of death, preferred Cambridge, with the plague, where he could get wine, to a miserable village, with the infinitely worse plague of being without it ; and could extort from his admiring friend the flattering exclamation of “O fortē Bassarei commilitonem qui in summo periculō ducem deserere nolueris !”* — or, when so eminent a person as Lipsius was in danger of his life from his heroic efforts to maintain the character of a first-rate toper, at a solemn inaugural dinner among grave academicians at the University of Dole.

But it was one of the inconveniences of modern civilisation that, in raising woman in the social scale, it had placed a pleasure within her reach of too masculine a character for her prudent enjoyment. The Greeks, who loved wine, and were sensible of its dignity, seeing at a glance the evil consequences that must follow from its becoming a female luxury, wisely forbade their women the use of it. The Romans, though for a different reason, did the same, partly fearing its results on the marriage-bed. Thus, Romulus suffered a knight to beat his wife to death for being overtaken in liquor ; and, in their offerings to the Bona Dea, the Roman ladies carried every kind of branch but the myrtle, because with that the goddess, who had married a mortal being,

* “ Oh ! valiant comrade of Bacchus ! whom no extremity of peril can induce to desert thy chief !”

caught tippling by her husband, was soundly thrashed by him. To do at Rome as they do in Rome appears to have been as stringent a maxim in the old time as the new, and was not, it seems, to be waived even in favour of a goddess.

It came to pass, however, in process of time, that the Romans found it necessary to work out their ordinances against female tippling by a machinery, from the nature of which one is tempted to believe that the women might, in some way or other, be at the bottom of the change. It was ordained that, the better to ensure the observation of the law, it should be within the competence of every man to kiss his kinswoman wherever he might meet her; and, that there might be no delay or impediment to this *writ ad inquirendum*, the ladies were required, as soon as they saw a relation, to pout out their lips into the position best calculated to facilitate its execution. A very pleasant law! I wish from my heart we had it! for my connections are infinite, and my cousins pretty; and I can perfectly understand how the old and ugly would be presumed innocent without inquiry, while the young and lovely would not only be constant objects of suspicion, but would present difficult cases of detection, that would require repeated and rigorous appliances of the test. On the other hand, it would, doubtless, occur, that maids of ancient standing, and desperate desire, would pretend their characters were assailed, and demand a most searching and protracted inquiry on the spot. But, as many such cases—and many might be feared—would completely intimidate the agents of the law, the wisdom of the legislator foreseeing so obvious an abuse, had doubtless invested the kinsman with a suspensive and discretionary power.

Aquatic reformers of the nineteenth century! one word, if not one bumper, at parting. You fancy yourselves a very crack invention of this age, and you are as old as human folly, and that is not of yesterday. Some fifteen centuries ago you were unfavourably known to the police ecclesiastical as "Aydoparastæ, or Aquarii," and made a most formidable progress as Montanists and Manichæans. St. Augustin, it is true, who had once been one of you, says, that while professing to touch nothing but water, you guzzled down cider that was stronger than wine; and Tertullian—who, by the way, has missed being a saint, for latterly falling into aqueous ways himself,—calls it *succum ex pomis vinosissimum*, a deuced strong tipple from apples. For my own part, I think the good men were mistaken, and give you credit, then as now, for sincerity; and so thought the church of that day, which, being a right-minded and wise one, rejected you as heretics. May our own church be wary in time, and never grant you a footing in its episcopal or clerical cellars! Not that I wish to have an *auto-dafé* of you, or to see you simmered to death in your own kettles; for I really believe you have your merits, though you contrive to conceal them by your extravagance.

One last word, and I have done with you. Wine-drinking you state to be an offence against nature, and thus you prove it: wine contains alcohol; alcohol is the result of fermentation; fermentation is the death, the decomposition of nature. *Ergo*, wine, as containing an element of decomposition, is not a product of nature! Ay! say you so? then, neither are butter, nor cream, nor cheese, nor fitch of bacon, nor red-herring, nor bread, which is the result of fermentation, products of nature. The three first are partial decompositions; the two

next, decompositions artificially suspended ; the last, what, with regret, I have told you. Yet you mix cream with your tea, and eat cheese with your bread, and butter with your red-herring, as coolly as if you had never heard of your own strait-jacket principles. And this is the worst of such principles :—they are sponges which catch those who set them, and, like Mahomet's bridge, are too fine for the great throng of believers. Enlarge your principles, and be less exclusive in your means. Have what horror of conflagrations you will ; but do not require us, as a precautionary measure, to extinguish our domestic fires. Be as zealous against drunkenness as you can ; but do not ask of us, as a preliminary step, to banish our festive and inspiring cup. Take a lesson from one who, in his day, was a gentle champion of your cause. “ Men's bodies,” he prettily says, “ may be compared to the flowers and plants of earth ; for, when these are over-watered, and almost drowned with sudden showers, and tedious, intempestive rains, they droop, and hang their heads, as not able to hold them up, through extremity of moisture ; but when they receive a gentle dew, and drink no more of the soft, melting clouds than is sufficient, they appear much refreshed, and are made more capable thereby of sudden growth and fertile production — and so it is with us.” How sweet and musical ! as though murmured through a vine-breathed reed, as though a nightingale were warbling the uses of the grape. This, then, is the true philosophy of temperance :—to avoid the sudden showers, and tedious, intempestive rains, and to seek the gentle and refreshing dew,—if at times of the kind called “ mountain,” it will be none the worse,—and to drink no more of the rich mantling cup than will give us what—in the learned language of one who hoped, that, to understand our mother English, the use of Latin as a key would one day be required !—has been most admirably called “ a sober incalescence and regulated æstuation from wine.”

A FEW WORDS ON SACK AND CLARET.

As this passage of Cornaro (from his “ *De conviviorum veterum Græcorum et Germanorum Ritibus*,” Leips. 1546) concerns all those who have an interest in the “ sack-question,”—and who has not ?—I am tempted to give it in the original, being its first appearance, as far as I am aware, on the boards of this old controversy. After observing that the German banquets are plentifully supplied with cerevisiacs of all kinds, he adds, “ *Optimus quoque vinis non modo invectis sed arte etiam puratis et SACCATIS, que videlicet, peregrinis aromatorum saporibus in sacos additis transmittuntur et percolantur ; et hac genera Claret et Hypocras nomini- bus indigitant.*” Here, it will be remarked, the terms sacked wine, claret, and hypocras are nearly synonymous, indicating varieties of spiced or made wines, resembling each other in the common feature of being *clarified or strained* ; for this process of clarification it is which is particularly expressed by each of them. Thus *saccatus* is defined by Cooper, in his “ *Thesaurus*,” “ *that which is put through a sack*,” (by which he means any kind of bag,) “ *strained like Hippocras.*” *Claretus* speaks for itself ; and *hypocras* was so called, from its being passed through a cloth strainer, formerly styled by the apothecaries “ *the sleeve of Hippocrates.*” Now, two of these terms for spiced and strained wine we know were domesticated in England—*hypocras* and the *vinum claretum*—not derived from the *vin claret*, quite a different thing, but from the German *claret*, as Ducange observes ad ver. *Claretum* : “ *Germanis, Claret ; Hisp. Clarea ; vinum factitium dulce vel aromaties quod Germanis, Gallis, &c., Hippocras.*” who also cites a curious passage from *Bartholomeus Anglicus*—(Bartholomew de Glantville, an Englishman of the fourteenth century,) *de proprietatibus rerum*, describing the mode of making it, which I give in English, from a black-letter translation, by Stephen Batman, of Magdalen College, in 1582. “ *Claret is made of wine, honnie, and sweet spiceries (so he inaccurately translates aromatice species, which merely means splices—*

species, in low Latin, originally designating all kinds of plants, sometimes even corn, wine, and oil.) For good spicerie is ground to small powder, and put in a small linen bag, that is faire and cleah, with honnie and with sugar, and the best wine is put on the spicerie, as who maketh lye ; and the wine shall be put thereon, until the virtue of the spicerie be incorporated with the wine, and be clarified ; and so claret draweth of the wine might and sharpness, and holdeth of spicerie good smell and odour, and borroweth of honnie sweetness and favour." On which the translator has the note :—"The olde kind of Ippocrass." If then, as is manifest, the words *hypoceras* and *claret* found their way into our language as names for made-wines, we should naturally expect that the cognate word, *saccatum*, would accompany them, and that equally distinct traces of its incorporation into English ought to have survived ; but where shall we find these traces, unless in the word *sack* ? Reasoning *a priori*, therefore, the presumption is very strong in favour of "sack" being an Anglicised form of *saccatum*, as *claret* of *claretum* ; and it becomes still stronger when we consider the infructuous attempts to give it any other derivation. The *sacks*, or skins, in which the Spanish wines were formerly stowed, have furnished a solution which would have, at least, been more worthy of attention, if it could be shown that the wines confessedly *not* included in the term "sack," were not put into sacks, just as well as those which *are* included in it. As to the suggestion of *vin-sec*, it is perfectly untenable, as a first glance at Dr. Vernon's "*Via recta ad vitam longam*," p. 47, will most indisputably show. The most reasonable inference then is, that the *vinum saccatum*, like the *vinum claretum*, found its representative in English, and that we have that representative in *sack* ; and, if we may be permitted the conjecture, that there grew up by degrees a subdivision of these made-wines into *light* and *strong*, into those made of French wine, and those of Spanish—a thing likely to occur—we may easily conceive that the former might be arbitrarily designated by the *vinum claretum*, or *claret* ; and the latter, by the *vinum saccatum*, or *sack* ; and while, on the one hand, such French wines as were preferred for the lighter kinds of made-wine—(Florio, in his first "*Frutes*," speaks of *white* and *red* *claret*)—would be generally known as *clarets* ; so would the Spanish wines, selected for making the stronger sorts, be commonly known as *sacks*. But I must conclude this long-winded note by observing, that *sherry* eventually became the *sack*, *par excellence*, and probably the only one much used ; and that the lime which the fat knight complains of was evidently a fraudulent substitute for some part of the process which the beverage should have undergone, and plainly shows that the "*sherris-sack*" was a *vinum saccatum*, or made-wine.

CANZONE.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

MEET me, dearest, in the morning,
When the dreams of happy hours
Are the freshest ; 'midst the dawning,
When the dew-drops gem the flowers :
Ere the glare of garish day, love,
Has call'd hearts to Mammon's shrine,
Ere thy thoughts to earth may stray, love,
And taint their pureness—half divine.

When the greenwood, and the ocean,
Wake in peace, and move in light ;
And thy soul's unstained emotion
Thrills with rapture's fond delight :
Meet me, dearest ! in the morning,
When the dreams of happy hours
Are the freshest ; 'midst the dawning,
When the dew-drops gem the flowers.

THE OLD CASTLE OF ARDEN.

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

CAZOTTE, the author, or rather the editor, of the singular legend to which we are about to direct the attention of our readers, nominally belonged to that school of philosophers whose vehement attacks on all received opinions prepared the way for the French Revolution. His character was a strange compound of ancient superstition and modern infidelity. With the daring scepticism and mocking spirit of a follower of Voltaire, he combined the gloomy imaginings and credulity in the marvellous of a hermit of the Thebaid. He doubted every history that ever was written, and believed in every prodigy that ever was told. According to La Harpe's well-known story, he not only pretended to prophecy, but really predicted the fate of the leading philosophers of the day, including his own. His belief in ghosts was as profound as that of Dr. Johnson, and he defended it by the same reasoning that the English Aristarchus has placed in the mouth of Imlac :—

“ There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth ; those that never heard of one another could not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence ; and some, who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.”

Cazotte's infancy and youth were spent in a manner well calculated to nourish a strong belief in supernatural appearances. He was fond of listening to the old crones who were story-tellers to the village.

While all the recollections of youth tended to form in Cazotte a strong taste and deep reverence for the supernatural, the studies and associations of mature age led him to divest the marvellous of its true elements of sublimity, and to render it fantastic rather than terrible. It was the boast of the French philosophers that they had rendered their age an age of realities ; but indistinctness and obscurity are absolutely essential to the terrific effects of the supernatural. In Darwin's description of the omens that heralded the destruction of the army of Cambyses, we find that all the incidents are of a dark, indefinable nature ;—inexplicable occurrences, because we can neither comprehend the perceptions to which they give rise, nor guess at the consequences to which they may lead.

“ Slow as they pass'd, the indignant temples frown'd,
Low curses muttering from the vaulted ground ;
Long aisles of cypress waved their deepen'd glooms,
And quivering spectres grinn'd amid the tombs ;
Prophetic whispers breathed from Sphynx's tongue,
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung ;
Burst from each pyramid expiring groans,
And darker shadows stretch'd their lengthen'd cones.”*

The power of this magnificent passage arises entirely from the material being kept strictly subordinate to the spiritual; in fact, the poet does not so much describe incidents, as the perceptions of these incidents by the superstitious soldiery, whose imaginations were overwhelmed by the colossal architecture of Egypt, and whose fears were sharpened to agony by the belief that their despotic master had engaged them in a war against the gods. Cazotte, like most French writers of the day, viewed the mind only as influenced by external events; but, as the real strength of the supernatural lies within us, he who wishes to influence us by recitals of the marvellous must cause the external events to take their shape and colouring from the mind. Even where the marvellous is discarded, this view of external nature, through the medium of mental imaginings, gives life and power to familiar objects, and imparts spiritual agency to inert matter.

The effect of the terrible, then, is not produced by any simple external agency, but by the spiritual agency imparted to external objects from the mind, and the feelings of the real or supposed observer. It might lead us into a curious disquisition, were we to inquire whether all supernatural appearances, but more especially ghosts, may not be traced to the imparted agency of living minds; but, without "darkening counsel" by metaphysical inquiry, we may hold it demonstrated that the supernatural is only sublime through the impressions which it produces, and that these impressions are powerful in proportion to their indistinctness, and we may almost say their unreality. Hence no description of supernatural appearances ever produced a more thrilling effect than Eliphaz's account of his vision:—

"Now a thing was imparted to me secretly :
 It came to my ear in a whisper'd sound,
 In thoughts from the visions of the night ;
 At the time when sleep falleth upon men,
 A fear came upon me and a horror,
 A shuddering went through all my bones ;
 Then a spirit glided before me ;
 The hair of my flesh stood on end.
It stood still ; but I could not distinguish the form thereof.
 A spectre stood before mine eyes.
 There was silence—I heard a hollow murmur, saying,
 ' Shall mortal man be just before God ?
 Shall the creature be pure in the sight of the Creator ? ' " *

Cazotte's acquired taste for the real and palpable was much more likely to lead him to the grotesque than to the sublime in description; just as the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth fills the mind with terror, while the real, substantial dagger which Burke produced in the House of Commons excited nothing but ridicule. A simplicity of mind, from which he never parted, in spite of his philosophical associations, saved Cazotte from anticipating the mockery of superstitions which belongs to our own day. He was neither sublime nor grotesque, but he was fantastic. He combined the mocking spirit of an unbeliever with the credulity of childhood; stopping to laugh at some ludicrous combination, arising from the mixture of sober fact with the wildest of his imaginings, and never pausing to inquire whether this sudden percep-

* Job, iv. 12—16; Wemyss's Translation.

tion of the ludicrous did not weaken, or even destroy, all sense of the terrible. Cazotte's theory of life seems to have been, that it is a kind of tragical farce ; and one incident near the close of his career went far to realize his theory. He was sentenced to death during the September massacre ; the bloody hands were stretched out to pierce his aged breast. His daughter flung herself on the old man's neck, and exclaimed, as she presented her bosom to the pikes of the assassins,— “ You shall not get at my father till you have forced your way through my heart ! ” The pikes were instantly lowered, shouts of pardon were raised, and echoed by a thousand voices. The young lady threw herself into the arms of the murderers, embracing them, reeking as they were with human gore, and then led off her father, followed by a shouting and shrieking mob, in whose frantic orgies she did not refuse to join.

The Castle of Arden was one of Cazotte's earliest productions ; it was an old legend, which he put into verse at the request of Madame Porsonnier, who had been appointed nurse in the family of the Dauphin, son to Louis XV., and who was in want of a good ghost-story to frighten the royal infants to sleep. There were two versions of the story ; one designed for a prince, and the other for a princess ; but they differ very slightly from each other. We have chosen the latter, as it brings out more directly the child's impression of the story at the end of every stanza. A literal translation of Cazotte's legend would be unsuited to these pages, for he has taken rather more than a Frenchman's licence in loose descriptions. Indeed, there could be no stronger proof of the profligacy of the French court in the middle of the last century than the fact that such a tale should have formed part of the literature of the royal nursery. Believing, however, that the legend possesses sufficient merit in itself to deserve a divorce from the grossness with which it was united by Cazotte, we have resolved to give a very free imitation of the original, but preserving that which gives it a special character, the Child's interruption of the Nurse's recital, and the Ingoldsby moral, which the narrator deduces from her tale.

We shall only add, that Cazotte, after having escaped the massacres of the 2nd of September, was one of the earliest victims of that organized assassination which assumed the name of revolutionary justice.

“ In the dense woods of Arden, through which scarce a ray
Of the sun in its brightness can e'er force a way,
There stands an old castle, deserted and lone,
For the demons of darkness have made it their own.

Round its walls and its towers
The shrieking ghosts hover ;
In its arbours and bowers
The wolves find a cover ; .
The ominous owl,
And the ill-boding raven,
With the vulture so foul,
Have there found a haven.”

(“ Nurse ! I 'm frighten'd !—cease thy tale !
My soul is chill'd !—my spirits fail ! ”)

“ The gallant Sir Engherrand came from the war ;
His courser was weary, his home was afar,

The rain fell in torrents, and drear was the road,
So in Arden he sought for that night an abode.

“ Brave warrior ! beware !
Lest the spirits of evil
Should force you to share
In their horrible revel !
Remain in the field,
In the court-yard, or garden ;—
Your destiny’s seal’d
If you come within Arden !”
(“ Nurse !—tis shocking ! How I quiver !
See ! from cold and fear I shiver !”)

“ The knight laugh’d in scorn : ‘ Your ghosts I defy !
A soldier of Christ from no peril should fly
The power which has shielded me often in fight
Will aid me, I trust, in the dangers of night.

Set the cups :—bring the wine,
Spread the banquet with speed, sirs ;—
That my fire brightly shine,
I charge you take heed, sirs ;
And lend me your aid
To undress and unarm me.
See ! I’m not afraid
That your spirits can harm me !”
(“ Nurse ! the knight was sure in error.
For what comes next I wait in terror !”)

“ ‘Tis midnight—the turrets and battlements rock :
Sir Engherrand springs up in bed at the shock.
Horrid sounds ring around him—dread forms meet his view—
The lights of his tapers and fire burn blue !

The shrieks of despair
Through the chamber are swelling,
And, borne through the air,
A death-peal is knelling ;
The ban-dogs of hell
Are some victim pursuing,
And show by their yell
That the prey they are viewing !”
(“ Nurse, dear nurse ! you overpower me !
I feel those dogs of hell devour me !”)

“ Down the chimney the fragments of carcases fall ;
Heads and hands, arms and legs are heap’d up in the hall ;
They combine into form as they rest on the floor ;
And that instant a tempest bursts open the door ;

And onward is borne
A body distorted,
By the hell-hounds all torn,
By those hell-hounds supported.
White foam is o’erspread
On his visage appalling,
And tears of hot lead
From his eyelids are falling !”

(“ Nurse, forbear !—the tale’s too horrid.
Feel, oh ! feel how throbs my forehead !”)

“ On the breast of the spectre a woman is placed ;
One hand grasps a dagger, the other his waist ;

She yields him no respite, she grants him no rest,
But plunges and plunges the blade in his breast !

From the merciless wound

His rack'd bosom is bleeding ;

While serpents twined round

On his cold heart are feeding ;

Molten fires on his sores

Winged demons are flinging,

While his agonized pores

Countless scorpions are stinging ! ”

(“ Oh ! 'tis awful ! —hold me ! hold me ! ”

In your arms, dear nurse, enfold me ! ”)

“ On the form of the lady Sir Engherrand gazed,
At the sight of her beauty and vengeance amazed.
‘ Speak, lady, or demon ! ’ he cried, ‘ I command,
By that name which no powers of hell can withstand,

And tell, with such train,

Why have you come hither ?

Why, in anguish and pain,

Is that wretch forced to wither ?

What brought him the doom

In his blood still to welter ;

So that even the tomb

Affords him no shelter ? ”

(“ I 'm not asleep, nurse ; here, I 'm quaking ;
I never was in such a taking.”)

“ The shadowy form paused a moment, then sigh'd,
Clear'd her brow from its elf-locks, and calmly replied,
‘ My sire was Count Anselm, lord of this land ;
Many suitors came hither to seek for my hand ;

I was then young and fair,

Like the morning unclouded,

Till sorrow and care

The bright prospect shrouded ;

As on a young flower,

By whose bud we 're delighted,

Comes the tempest in power,

And its blooming is blighted.’ ”

(“ Nurse, my eyes are red with weeping ;
The lady's woes prevent my sleeping.”)

“ ‘ This miscreant was chosen my tutor and guide,
For in none but a monk would my father confide ;
And this hypocrite's bearing appear'd so divine,
That he seem'd like a saint just come out of his shrine !

But woe be to those

Who on monks place reliance ;

The trust they repose

Should be changed to defiance.

The look void of pride,

And the lips blandly smiling,

May serve but to hide

A vile tempter's beguiling ! ”

(“ Nurse, I wish you 'd get on faster,
And let me hear the ghost's disaster ! ”)

“ ‘ In vain did the traitor try flattery and wile,
He found me too wise for such arts to beguile,

So he turn'd for relief to the spirits of hell,
And sold them his soul for a magical spell.

An exquisite flower,
Wondrous beauty revealing,

The mystical power
Of ill was concealing.

I pluck'd it—I fell,
All fainting and senseless.

What more need I tell?

He found me defenceless!"

("Nurse, make haste! the caffle's waning,
Scarce an end of it remaining.")

"I woke from my swoon, fill'd with anger and pride;
I menaced the traitor, who stood by my side.
His love changed to hatred; his dagger he drew;
And his innocent victim remorselessly slew.

He dug a deep grave,
But its rest was denied me;

The treacherous slave
Found that earth would not hide me.

He ran to the lake,
But its crimsoning water

Made his hands deeper take
The red impress of slaughter."

("Nurse, come near; I faint; I stagger;
Methinks I see the bloody dagger!")

"While he stood thus perplex'd, the Count's voice reach'd his ear;
The heart of the dastard was sicken'd with fear;
He call'd upon Satan for rescue! such aid
As Satan affords was no longer delay'd.

He seized on his prey,
Earth open'd in sunder;

They vanish'd away
Amid lightning and thunder:

Then began this wild race,
To avenge my undoing;

And, still, on goes the chase,
He pursued—I pursuing!"

("Nurse, the story's very charming,
Though I find it quite alarming!")

"She finish'd. At once, again, open the hounds;
The dagger more sharply inflicts its sharp wounds;
The serpents and scorpions more deep drive their stings,
Each imp scalding tortures more rapidly flings.

The knight made the sign
Of the cross in devotion;

And the emblem divine
Soon quell'd the commotion.

Away they all hied,
While the knight, danger scorning,

Just turn'd on his side,
And slept sound until morning."

("Nurse, I'm glad the story's ended.")—

"Litt'e miss, by it be mended.

Never in the garden-bowers,
Without leave, pluck pretty flowers.

Never with your handsome lip
 Touch a blue flower's utmost tip ;
 Though its lovely hue decoys one,
 MONKSHOOD IS THE RANKEST POISON !"

The savage chase and untiring vengeance described in this tale, have numerous parallels in the legends of the Middle Ages ; they all, probably, had their origin in the forests of Germany, and may claim the "Wild Huntsman" for their common parent. Both Homer and Virgil, in their descriptions of the infernal regions, represent the ghosts as animated by the same passions that they had while on earth ; Ajax retains his resentment against Ulysses, and Dido refuses to grant pardon to Æneas, when these heroes visit the region of shadows. A Gothic imagination had only to evoke the spectres from Pluto's realms, and classical authority could be quoted for their subsequent adventures. A mere change in the locality of Orion's spectral chase, described by Homer in the *Odyssey*, would, in fact, nearly identify it with the legend of the "Wild Huntsman."

" There huge Orion, of portentous size,
 Swift through the gloom a giant hunter flies ;
 A ponderous mace of brass, with direful sway,
 Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey ;
 Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheons fell,
 Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the plains of hell !"

Prometheus, the first and greatest impersonation of the immortality of woe in poetic fiction, may have suggested the first notion of those tortures "which, unconsumed, are still consuming." If the minstrels and story-tellers of the Middle Ages borrowed any of these hints from the writers of Greece and Rome, it must be confessed that they remoulded them in their own barbarism, and superadded every horror which the natural gloom of a Teutonic imagination could supply. They revelled in descriptions of physical suffering, and wearied themselves in imagining the tortures prepared for the wicked after death. They were not satisfied with anything so unsubstantial as the misery of the soul ; they held it necessary that the body should suffer ; and, hence, Satan was represented as claiming the corpse of "the old woman of Berkeley ;" and it was related that the body of a baron bold, who was too wicked to pay tithes, was obliged to rise out of his grave in the church, and stand outside the porch, while the holy St. Austin celebrated mass. We know not whether Cazotte has exaggerated the horrors of the legend as it was originally told to him, but assuredly the old collections of monkish stories abound in details infinitely more disgusting and revolting.

Boccaccio's "Decameron" contains a legend so very like Cazotte's, that both may be supposed to have come from the same source ; but in the Italian tale the lady is the person chased, and an injured lover is the huntsman. Dryden has rendered the story into English verse in his "Fables," which we regard as his most finished performance.

THE BAND OF THE FORTY-SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES.

BY HENRY CURLING.

“ Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.”
 “ That’s a lie, for I invented it myself.”—SHAKSPEARE.

“ WHEREFORE this halt, Diego ?” said Don Matthias de Castro, thrusting his head from the window of a huge, ill-contrived leathern vehicle, the hindmost of three similarly constructed conveyances, which, attended by a couple of dozen horsemen, armed to the teeth, had just at that moment come to a stand-still in a mountain-pass of the Pyrenees.—“ Wherefore halting here, and be d—d to them, Diego ?” cried the irascible Hidalgo. “ Ride to the front, sirrah, and order the headmost carriage to push forward as quickly as possible. We’re in the worst part of this ugly road ; and the Seven-and-forty, as thou well knowest, infest the neighbourhood. Spur on, sir ! This is no place to be caught napping in.”

“ I will so,” said the attendant, spurring and lashing his horse amongst the press ; for the road being sandy, with high rocks on either hand, the horsemen and vehicles, from the anxiety of the rear to get forward, had become somewhat confused and jammed together. “ Out of the way there !” cried Diego, “ clear the road, and let me to the front, men ! Get on there, can’t you ? What hinders us ? Forwards, I say ! The general’s angry at this halt.”

The beautiful Elvira de Mendoza, leaning back in the vehicle in which she was seated beside her guardian, the beforesaid Don Matthias de Castro, hid her peerless features in her hands, as the vivid flashes of the forked lightning darted through the front windows of the vehicle they were passengers in, and displayed the rocks, precipices, and hanging woods they were surrounded by, brightly as though, for the moment, a hundred flambeaux had suddenly flashed through the forest scene.

“ Get on, sirs !” roared the incensed noble, once more thrusting his impatient head from the window. “ D——, sir ! move on ! Drive over those men in front, coachman, if they don’t choose to move out of the way ! Fire and fury ! why don’t you move on, you scoundrels ?”

“ May it please your lordship,” said the serving-man, Diego, from the place where he was now jammed up amidst the press, “ we can’t stir a peg to the front. The pass is choked up here in the narrowest part ; a large number of broken-down carts and tumbrils are before us, and the men are dismounting to remove the obstruction. The night, too, is so dark, Seignior, that, but for the lightning, we should not have found out what opposed our progress.”

“ Let them NOT dismount !” roared Don Matthias. “ Bid them stand to their arms : we shall be attacked here. I thought how it would be ! Here, let me out this instant !”

So saying, the Hidalgo seized a pistol from his waist-belt, kicked

open the door of the carriage, jumped into the road, and, plucking forth his toledo, made for the front of the cavalcade.

" Halloo there ! " roared a voice louder than the thunder-clap,— " halloo there ! Who dares remove our baggage, and disturb our bivouac ? Shoot them, Matteo ! — fire, men, upon the scoundrels ! — Char— ! "

No sooner had the words rang out from amongst the carts and wagons which obstructed the advance of the travellers, than, from front, and rear, and flank, the carriages and escort were assailed. Forty-seven bullets whistled amongst the belated travellers, forty-seven swords leaped from their scabbards into the air, and forty-seven ruffians, clad in back, breast, and head-piece, dashed upon the affrighted and helpless party.

A short, rapid, and murderous combat instantly ensued. The horses of the vehicles were slaughtered like cattle in the shambles ; the drivers and footmen were cut down, and hurled beneath the wheels ; the escort, unable to make much resistance, were dragged from their horses, and dealt with to a man ; the male passengers within the carriages were killed almost before they could set foot upon the ground ; and Don Matthias de Castro, a general in the Spanish service, after fighting for full five minutes like an infuriated tiger, died amidst the hoofs of the horses of his own serving-men !

Almost before the confusion was over, the female passengers of the three vehicles were dragged, fainting, from their seats, and became the prey of the banditti. A ferocious ruffian, with the proportions of an Aberdeen porter, and a beard like a coppice of brushwood, had possession of the radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable Elvira de Mendoza,— she, for whose slightest glance all the cavaliers in Madrid were dying, was now the hopeless and insensible captive of Roderigo Rapscalliano —a blear-eyed, broad-shouldered villain—the lieutenant of the band of the Forty-seven !

Torches now also flashed from the clefts and crevices of the rocks, which immediately overhung that part of the road where this onslaught had taken place ; and in a few minutes more the vehicles were sacked, and, as it were, almost turned inside out. Trunks and packages were strewed about, rich apparel torn from them, jewels and gold sparkled in the sand, and, in fact, a scene ensued which only the pencil of a Salvator could have done justice to. Of the passengers, and escort attendant upon the three carriages, which had a few minutes before entered the mountain-pass, not one, except some half dozen hapless females, remained living to tell the tale ; whilst the lurid glare of the flaming branches of pine, carried by some ten or a dozen miscreants, who had till now lain in ambush, flashed from the steel hauberks of their comrades, displaying their savage visages, in contrast to the grim and death-stamped features of the victims whom they had butchered, and who, almost heaped together, lay bleeding amidst their wounded steeds and overthrown vehicles.

The captain of the banditti was the only one of his party who remained inactive whilst the band was engaged in plunder. Sitting on his horse, a little aloof from the scene, he watched for a few minutes their proceedings. After wiping his trenchant blade upon the leatherne sleeve of his doublet, he sheathed the weapon, and, moving up to the spot where his lieutenant was at that moment engaged in conveying the inanimate form of the Lady Elvira from her carriage, he bade him,

in a stern voice, call off some of the men from plunder, and bring the captured females instantly before him.

Roderigo, who had just begun to eye the lovely creature in his arms with the wonder of a savage who sees beauty for the first time, upon this order, placed her upon the ground beside him, and, grasping his bugle, wound half a dozen notes upon it, as a sort of call for certain of the band to rally around him.

"I'll take charge of your prize for you, comrade," said a man, stepping up close beside him, and extinguishing with his foot the torch which Roderigo had thrown to the ground, when he had placed Elvira upon the bank,—"I'll take charge of your prize, whilst you attend to the captain's order; leave her with me here for the moment."

"Not so," returned the lieutenant gruffly; "mind your own affairs. She's mine—I'll not quit her. What devil made you put out the light? Attend me to the trysting-tree."

So saying, he turned, and stooped to raise and bear off his victim; but a deadly thrust met him as he did so, and the blow taking effect in his bull-neck, just above the cuirass, he fell dead without a groan.

In another moment the lady was seized in the powerful arms of this new assailant, thrown across a steed like a sack of flour, and silently and quickly conveyed into the thickest part of the forest.

This transfer of the beautiful Elvira had been so quickly made, and the banditti were so fully occupied with the business in hand, that he who had thus obtained possession of the greatest prize had some little time for a fair start before the incident became known, and he, accordingly, made the best use of it. Leading his horse into a gorge of the mountain, along which a small rivulet formed its pebbly bed, and in whose murmur the hoof-tread of the steed was drowned, he pushed on with caution and dispatch. After hurrying onwards for some few hundred paces, his further progress was stayed by coming to the end of the gorge, a huge flat rock rising, like a wall of alabaster, before him, from whose high top the waters flowed; whilst the narrow crevices on either hand were so precipitous, and overgrown with brushwood, that, cumbered as he was with the inanimate form of the lady, it was extremely hazardous to adventure down. Pausing for an instant to listen, he found that his exploit was detected, and that several of the band were dispersed in pursuit. He heard plainly the rapid approach of horsemen up the path he had just traversed. Dismounting the lady, he turned his horse's head into the opening on his right, and striking him smartly with his rapier, the steed plunged into the ravine; he then took the weapon between his teeth, and descending into the little basin into which the cascade fell, he immediately rushed through the torrent, and entered a small cavern, or grotto, on the other side,—a place so effectually concealed by the falling stream, and requiring so much resolution to reach it, that, unless some fortuitous accident had discovered it, no one would possibly conjecture its existence.

When the lady awoke to consciousness, the situation in which she was placed was sufficiently startling and alarming. She found herself reclining upon the hard floor of a spacious cavern, amidst the roar of waters, which, falling over its entrance, threw their spray over her damask cheek. A small lamp hung in a recess at the further end, and at the entrance stood a tall figure, his drawn rapier being grasped in one hand, and a petronel in the other.

Hastily parting the long tresses from before her eyes, as recollection

of the horrid slaughter she had so recently witnessed flashed across her brain, she continued to gaze upon the dark form before her, and which stood with its back towards her, without being able to find words to utter a single sentence. After a while, the fixed sentin^g at the cavern's mouth, slowly and quietly quitting his guard, turned round and approached her ; and Elvira, casting herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, besought his pity and protection in accents of despair and horror. The stranger was a tall, stately, and noble-looking man ; so much the Lady Elvira discovered by the feeble glimmer of the lamp which hung in the recess of the grotto the moment he turned towards her. He stooped, and, raising her from the ground, addressed her in words of comfort and re-assurance. If, as she surmised, he *was* the captain of the robbers, he at least showed symptoms of some nurture, and there was a grace and dignity in his deportment which bespoke him descended from a better and more honourable station.

"Be of good comfort, madam," he said ; "I trust that the immediate danger has passed. You have been fortunate in having escaped the clutches of the Forty-seven, — a horde of the most infernal miscreants that ever infested the Pyrenees!"

"Merciful heaven!" cried Elvira, "then I am *not* in the power of that dreadful band?"

"You are not, lady," he returned. "My presence near the scene of your disaster enabled me to render you the service I have done in rescuing you."

"To whom am I indebted for so daring and so humane an act?" eagerly inquired the lady. "Oh! tell me your name, gallant stranger, that I may ever remember it in my orisons!"

"Ask it not, madam," said he, "lest you return the trifling service I have been so fortunate as to render you, by giving me a pang sharp as the stiletto of the bravo from whose power I even now snatched you. I am nameless, madam, but not homeless. I have a refuge not far from this place, where, Heaven willing, I will convey you in safety. Suffice it, I am no robber, but a knight of Alcantara ; and my vow enjoins me to the assistance and protection of beauty in distress. Circumstances have made me ram up my gates for ever from the world ; but your hapless condition must absolve me from breaking through a resolution I had formed to mingle with mankind no more."

"And my guardian, and our attendants?" said Elvira, covering her face with her hands. "Have I no companion in my escape?"

"They are past help, lady," he returned. "We must not think of them, since we need all our energies to avoid the perils which still surround us, and reach the refuge which I hope remains. 'Tis not often, nay, I believe this to be the first time, that the Forty-seven have ventured into this part of our mountains ; and it would be well for us to remain in concealment here till morning dawns ; but I fear the stream is becoming more swollen by the present storm, in which case we might be imprisoned, and perhaps starved to death, in a living tomb ; since then it would be impossible to pass out without being beaten down and killed in the attempt."

So saying, the cavalier once more bade her have no fear of his fidelity ; and, saying that it would be necessary for him to reconnoitre before he dared remove her from concealment, and pursue their journey, he prepared to leave the cavern.

"Should I not return in one hour, lady," said he, "remain here on

longer, but follow my example ; dash through the water-fall, and gain the opposite bank ; that done, conceal yourself in the ravine upon your left till day breaks, continue then along it for a couple of miles, and in the woods before you you will behold the turrets of my château ; give this token (my signet-ring) to the sentinel who challenges, and you will be admitted. If I live, I will return hither in a quarter of an hour. Should I fail, this is your only chance."

Then leaping through the torrent, he left the lady alone in the cavern. For the first few minutes after Elvira was left in solitude in this strange refuge, she felt inclined to follow the example of the mysterious stranger, and endeavour to escape both from him and the sort of grave in which she was entombed by rushing through the waterfall which thus seemed to shut her out from the world. One moment she gazed with horror at the roaring cascade, which, in the darkness visible of the flickering lamp, looked black as ink ; and the next she reflected upon the doubtful character of him who professed himself her protector. What if, after all, he should prove a member of the banditti, who had thus conveyed her to his lurking-place for his own sinister ends ? The thought was dreadful ! She doubted whether she possessed strength to struggle through the torrent, and paused as she was about to make the attempt. Then, again, the frank and noble bearing of her champion, and his apparent devotion in thus venturing from the cavern in her cause, reassured her, and she resolved to obey his instructions, and bide the hour and the event.

Wet, and shivering with the damp air of her prison-house, she wrapped herself in the embroidered cloak which the stranger had placed her upon on their first entrance, and, seating herself on the rock, patiently awaited his coming, and, before many minutes had passed, he leaped breathless to her side.

"Quick, lady !" said he ; "there is no time now to lose. We have no foe to encounter in our path ; but the waters are on the increase, and that which was even now our safety, will in a short time prove our greatest danger !"

With these words, he seized her in his arms, and, once more darting through the falling stream, they stood the next moment in safety in the glen. Then setting her on her feet, he took her hand, and led her down the ravine.

The two miles he had mentioned to her, in the rocky and overgrown path they pursued, were as much as ten in any ordinary road, and frequently the stranger was compelled to carry his companion over the dangerous ground. With the calmness of a stoic, however, and the true duty of a loyal knight, the stranger performed his task ; and, at length halting in the forest, he pointed to a solitary light before them, and cheered his wearied fellow-traveller with the news that their haven was in sight. Elvira now found herself under the walls of a lone and melancholy-looking building, situated in the depths of the forest.

The storm had nearly passed away, and, as the clouds rolled beneath the moon, the battlements showed black as the thick woods around them. The night-breeze sighed drearily as the stranger, pausing before this ominous-looking place, glanced cautiously around him, whilst the wolf howling in the forest was answered by the owl in the tower. It seemed, in short, the very situation for the strongholds of a robber-band ; and, accordingly, the lady was once more seized with feelings of dismay and distrust. She shuddered whilst she gazed

upon the dark building before her, and almost dreaded to hear her conductor propose to her to enter its walls. There was something singularly cold and stern, too, in his manner, since they had left the shelter of the cavern. He had scarcely addressed a word to her as he hurried onwards ; and, although it is true that he had aided her, and given every assistance along the difficult path they had traversed, still his manner had been rather that of a guard to his captive, than of an attendant escort upon a damsel in distress. However, there was now no choice in the matter ; she felt that she must embrace the fate of the hour, be it for good or evil ; she was in the power of her conductor, and to heaven she committed her future fate.

After pausing for a few moments, the cavalier took his bugle in hand, and wound a faint and long-drawn blast thereon : it was instantly replied to by a sort of echo from within the walls. A few minutes more, and the clash and clatter of arms resounded through the building, lights flashed from its loop-holed towers, a sentinel challenged from the gate-house, the draw-bridge was lowered, and, taking his companion by the hand, the mysterious cavalier entered his ominous-looking dwelling-house.

Elvira observed that they passed through a tolerably strong body of men-at-arms, who stood enranked within the first barrier, and who did the honours to her conductor pretty much in the same style that the turned-out guard of a garrison in the present day presents arms to the commandant. A sort of major-domo also met them within the court-yard, and, ushering them into the hall of the building, bowed, and withdrew. The hall of the castle, or château, to which the lady now found herself introduced, was of ample dimensions, and (for that rude age) displayed a considerable share of comfort, as well as feudal state. An ample fire glowed upon the hearth ; a massive table stood before it ; and wine, together with more solid refreshments, seemed as though they had been prepared for expected guests. Banners of ancestral chivalry, also, floated from the roof on each side ; suits of armour "hung unscur'd by the wall," whilst arms of various denominations also festooned and ornamented the apartment, numerous enough to furnish forth an infantry regiment of modern times.

The cavalier, doffing his high-crowned beaver, formally welcomed his lovely guest to his stronghold.

"It gives me pleasure, madam," said he, "in your favour to break through a firm resolve, never to taste the pleasures of the world, or open my gates in the way of hospitality again. The peculiar circumstances of your situation, however, absolve me from my oath, and all I possess in this wild domain is at your service. I must, however, premise to you, that the same circumstances which have made me a recluse here will also imprison you within these walls for an indefinite period, since the dangers with which I am at present surrounded will not permit of my offering you the protection of my own escort, or suffer me to part with any of my retinue. Suffice it, whilst beneath this roof that your comfort be cared for, and all your wants supplied."

Having this, the cavalier proceeded to offer the Lady Elvira the refreshments of which she stood in some need ; and, summoning an attendant, desired that the evening-meal should be instantly served, whilst a chamber was being prepared for her. Hot and savoury viands were accordingly brought in, as an addition to the supper, by a train of serving-men, at one end of the hall ; whilst from the door at its other

extremity issued what the lady at first supposed was a funeral procession, since it consisted of some half-a-dozen females clad in sable suits, and veiled from head to foot.

They advanced to the table, and remained stationary, as if waiting for leave to sit down, and partake of the repast prepared.

The cavalier (whose brow had grown black as midnight so soon as he became aware of this accession to the party,) was about to invite the Lady Elvira to a seat, when the loud and repeated blast of a bugle without the walls suddenly arrested his attention. Making a sign to the attendant steward, that functionary left the apartment, in order to ascertain the meaning of such summons, and, quickly returning, announced that two strangers, who had, apparently, been attacked by some of the Forty-seven, and who were, moreover, belated and bewildered in the mountains, craved admittance and harbourage within the walls. After some slight struggle, apparently between his firm resolve and his hospitality, the stern cavalier gave orders for their being conducted to his presence.

The new accession to the party consisted, as has been mentioned, of two cavaliers ; and both were as far from the common run of chance-wayfarers as it was possible to conceive. Both were clad in rich travelling suits, such as the wealthy merchant, or, indeed, the noble of that period, might be supposed to travel in. Their equipage, however, shewed both tokens of a recent fray, and a foul and toilsome journey. They advanced into the room, with all that dignity and bearing which belongs to men accustomed to mingle with the nobles of the land ; and the first words they spoke of apology for their necessary intrusion, proclaimed by their accent that they were Englishmen.

The taller, and more bulky of the two, seemed to assume the lead, (although not the least superiority over his more quiet and dignified companion) ; about whom there was, indeed, a presence and high-bearing which claimed respect and homage at the first glance ; and accordingly, his more free and assuming comrade was unregarded in his presence, and the attention of the host instantly bestowed upon the younger and quieter of the new-comers.

After the first greetings were over, the cavalier craved the name and condition of his guests, and bade them welcome to his château.

"They were English merchants," they said, "on their way to Madrid. In crossing from the French frontier, they had been assailed by an outlying party of the banditti, separated from their friends and attendants, and lost in the depths of the forest."

The cavalier, upon this explanation, invited both to assume a place at his board ; and the overbearing style of the taller stranger called forth a caution and reproof from the host before the viands were tasted.

"By Saint George!" said he, as soon as he threw himself into the seat next the Lady Elvira, "but I am agreeably surprised to see Sir Hidalgo! In seeking a refuge within these thick-ribbed walls, I thought we should be doomed to the companionship of odds and ends — dozen old-faced ancients, a captain of a detachment, ailing before some four or five companies of men-at-arms ; here, however, whilst I stumbled upon a whole sisterhood of Carmelites — for so these the sisters appear to mine eyes ; and, did not this heavenly vision half-side entirely enthrall my senses, 'fore heaven ! but, cold and hungry as your mountain-fastnesses have rendered us, I swear to thee I should

be altogether as anxious for the removal of those envious veils I see before me, as to partake of the good cheer your hospitable board is laden with."

"In good time," returned the haughty Spaniard, "your wish will be gratified, stranger. Meanwhile, perhaps I had better inform you, since you have thrust yourself upon my privacy, and claim the hospitality and protection of my roof, that, to offer interruption to, or in any way to seek the meaning of, that which *you* may chance to think either out of the common course of every-day occurrences, or extraordinary, whilst you honour me by this *visit*, may be *visited* upon you by my stern displeasure, and possibly might end in the violent and sudden death of him who presumes to offer such insult."

So saying, the cavalier signed to the lady, who appeared the principal of the veiled votaries, to seat herself at the table, the remainder, turning to the right-about, went out of the apartment solemnly as they had entered it. The steward touched the dishes with his white wand, in signal to the serving-men to uncover, and the meal proceeded. The reply of the stern-looking host to the sally of the traveller was sufficiently startling; but that which followed yet more astonished the guests. As soon as the steward had caused the dishes to be uncovered, the host, in a stern voice, desired the mourner, who was seated opposite him, to unveil, and his guests beheld a face of such surpassing beauty that their thoughts were altogether withdrawn from the viands set before them, and lost in its contemplation.

The two strangers, glancing at each other, thought that they "ne'er had seen true beauty till that night." Whilst the Lady Elvira was as much touched by the deep melancholy and pallid hue of those chiseled features as astonished with their lovely expression. The grim Spaniard, however, quickly recalling them to the business of life, commanded their attention to the good cheer before them, and himself set an example. The English travellers, upon this hint, turned their attention from the lady to an *olla podrida* of savoury flavour; the Lady Elvira swallowed the best part of a good-sized *omelette*; and, the mysterious and lovely mourner, after picking up a few grains of rice, and masticating them as leisurely as Amné, after she had feasted with the Goul, resumed her rigid and motionless demeanour.

The host, meagrely, calling for wine, pledged his guests in a flowing goblet; after which, the steward, with some little form, brought from the side-table a vessel of a somewhat curious and horrid look, being a human-skull, the orifices of which were covered with silver. Taking it from the hands of the steward, the host filled it with sparkling wine, rose from his seat, and offered it to the lady of the flowing-veil, who with trembling hand accepted, carried it to her lips, and drank from it;* water was then brought to her in a silver ewer, in which she washed her hands and mouth, and, after curtseying to the host, left the apartment by the way she had entered.

This episode was quite sufficient to disperse the mirth (if there was) of any meeting. In the present instance it served to put the whole party "into most admired disorder."

"Can such things be?" cried the bigger of the two Englishmen, start-

* Some such passage as a lady being forced by her enraged husband to drink from the skull of her sometime gallant has been said really to have taken place in former days.

ing to his feet. " Now, by my knightly vow ! I swear to thee, Sir Spaniard, that I hold thee a stain to thy nation, to treat that radiant and incomparable female after yonder hellish fashion ! As a free-born Englishman I require of thee sufficing reasons for your cruelty to the unhappy woman who has even now left the apartment."

The countenance of the handsome Spaniard grew livid with concentrated rage, as, looking from one to the other of his English guests, he arose slowly from his seat, beckoned to his *major domo*, and whispered half-a-dozen words in his ear.

The younger and more dignified of the Englishmen also arose, and, with much grace, addressed the host.

"I cannot," said he, "permit so great an outrage to be enacted, sir, upon a defenceless woman, without also protesting against its propriety. We are your guests, here, 'tis true; but to sit tamely by, and, without comment, witness the loathsome torture to which you have this night subjected that lady, were to proclaim ourselves either cowards, or participators in the act. It is my pleasure, sir, that you unfold yourself, and proclaim the meaning of the scene you have just now entertained us with!"

"Holy Saint Agatha! and is it even so? Your pleasure, quotha? Really, signiors," said the Spaniard, with set teeth and clutched hands, "you do me too much honour thus to interest yourselves with my poor household! Now, by our blessed lady!" he continued, as some half-a-dozen halberdiers entered the apartment, "thou shalt rue this unmeasured insult, base-born islanders! before the hour has passed in which you have offered it! What ho! there! arrest these strangers!"

"We are thy guests, churl!" cried the larger traveller. "Thou darest not, for very shame, lay hands upon us!"

"You ceased to deserve the hospitality you claim," returned the Spaniard, "when you meddled in the household affairs of your host. Hadst thou not sat at my board, I had poniarded ye on the instant!"

"The fig of Spain for your threats!" cried the Englishman, suddenly leaping upon, and seizing the Spaniard in his powerful grasp, at the same moment unsheathing his dagger, and holding it high in air. "Make but one motion, Sir Hidalgo, by way of signal to those men-at-arms of thine, and I flood the apartment with, *or* blood! Dismiss the cut-throats from the presence, sirrah! *but* they *h* worse befall thee! We have fallen into evil company," he contifrom tho his companion. "Your royal highness!—ahem! your worship! I *would* say,—will do well to draw, and stand upon the defensive here. *This is some robber's hold we have got into."*

The hidalgo, therefore, quite cowed, and three parts ~~throttled~~^{before} fain to cry *peccavi*, and signed to his men-at-arms to leave the ~~whilst~~^{ment} ; upon which, the Englishman threw him from him, and ~~the~~^{the} Ms rapier. The Spaniard, also, gathered himself up, plucked forth his toledo, and, bidding the attendants not interfere, assailed his adversary with the rage and fury of a tiger ; whilst the lesser traveller busied

himself in comforting the Lady Elvira, and watching the progress of the duel.

It was of short duration. The hidalgo, mad with rage, rushed upon his adversary with a thrust that, had it pierced him, would have pinned him to the wainscoating. The Englishman, however, put it aside; and, in order to save himself from being closed with, dealt his enemy a downright, straight-handed, good old English blow in the teeth, the hilt of his rapier coming with such effect in his countenance, that he instantly took measure of his proportions upon the well-polished oaken flooring of his ample hall.

"That's the English method of settling a foreign noble's hash," he said, stepping up, and putting his rapier to his throat. "Yield thee, Sir Spaniard! and promise release to the captive female you have immured in these rocky mountains, or die the death! Nay, I'll teach thee to force ladies to pledge healths out of a dead man's skull. Tush! your highness, these foreign Counts and hidalgos are as plentiful as blackberries, and as insufferably proud, as they are beggarly and cruel-hearted."

The Lady Elvira now rushed forward, and, throwing herself upon her knees, besought the Englishman to forbear all further hostility; he, therefore, resigned his opponent's sword, which he had mastered, and, sheathing his own weapon, drew back, and permitted the Spaniard to arise. The haughty Spaniard had found his level; his fiery spirit was tamed.

"You have the advantage, stranger," said he; "and albeit I might, by summoning my people, sacrifice you to my revenge and resentment; yet, as I have even now heard you address your companion by a title which shows me I am amongst men of the highest rank, I will not pursue the quarrel, but, on the contrary, am willing so far to grant your request, as to explain the circumstance which has set this quarrel abroach. Thus it is: — In me, sir, you behold the most miserable of mortal men. In happier days I owned the name and title of Marquis de Castel Blastam. The lady whose cause you have advocated is my wedded wife. Unhappy was the clock that struck the hour in which she became so! That she is beautiful, yourselves have witnessed; that she is of noble birth is no less true; that I shall be able to vindicate myself from the charge of over-severity towards her, is, perhaps, more doubtful. You wives shall judge me. This much, however, I may premise that, however misery I have inflicted upon her, it must fall very short of that which her ill-conduct causes me hourly to suffer. In short, then, signors, twelve happy moons had barely waned after I had gained her hand, when, returning on the wings of love, somewhat unexpectedly, to my home, after a hurried journey to Madrid, I beheld that she had now heart to stone—my wife faithless! and the friend

Don Antonio de Cordova instantly fell, pierced through and through 'till the least a death to nature'; and as I was about to descend to the不幸的女主人, his paramour, *my wife—she whom you commiserate*, I myself beaten to the earth, desperately wounded, and left to die by the attendants of my sometime friend, who had rushed to the scene, hearing the tumult of our encounter. To be brief, I gave my wife the life she begged; but my revenge conceived a punishment for her, which, like the misery she had inflicted upon me, might be more insupportable than death, to confine her in an apartment in this château. I hung up on its walls the skeleton of her gallant; and

that she may be kept in perpetual remembrance of her crime, in place of a cup I force her to drink from the skull of the faithless friend she suffered herself to be seduced by. The traitress, by this means, sees two objects at her meals which ought to affect her most—a living enemy, and a deceitful friend, both the consequence of her own guilt. Such, signior, is my story, with this further circumstance that you behold me here, cooped up and surrounded by savage foes; inasmuch as both the friends and relations of him who fell by my hand, seeking my life, keep my château in a state of constant siege; whilst the connections, also, of my wife, no less remorseless, have with gold purchased me ~~the~~ additional annoyance of being continually assailed by the horde of miscreants infesting these mountains, and, from their number, known by the name of '*The Forty-seven*'. As yet I have maintained my position, ~~beat~~ off my assailants, and escaped being slaughtered. To-night, whilst myself playing the spy upon the banditti, I was so fortunate as to rescue this lady from a fate worse than death; and, now, sirs, if it is your wish to see and speak with the unhappy woman, my wife, I will conduct you to her."

The offer being accepted, the English guests, together with the Lady Elvira, were forthwith conducted by their eccentric host into an elegantly-furnished chamber, where they found this "mourning bride," surrounded by her women.

"If, madam," said the taller stranger, addressing her, "your resignation and patience is equal to your punishment, and your repentance forms the product, I look upon you as the most extraordinary woman it has ever been my fortune to encounter; and I most strenuously advise that this worthy and injured nobleman should pity your sufferings, forgive your indiscretion, and once more receive you to his bosom."

His companion, who, from delicacy, had forbore addressing the lady, upon this ventured to approach, and second the motion.

"One sole motive," said he, "in wishing to intrude upon her sorrows, was to endeavour to procure a reconciliation."

"And who, then, gentlemen," said the Spaniard, "are you, who thus interest yourselves with my family matters, and advise me to such a measure?"

"I will confide to you my secret," said the younger Englishman, now, for the first time, assuming the lead in ~~the~~ ^{our} conversation; "let it be, however, upon honour, since I myself ~~say~~ ^{hast} but to seek a wife from amongst your Spanish damsels. Dismiss ~~in~~ ^{the} attendants. I am Prince Charles of England."

"And this rough signior?"

"Villiers, Duke of Buckingham," returned the other. "Parole d'honneur, let the adventure go no further, for your own sake I had you down, and might have ended you. Do you know, Marquis de Castel Blastam?"

"I do," returned the Spaniard. "We'll to M's' sed here, Sir

"Then bury your skeleton, and make an *auto-da-fé*, I
ing-cup. Tush, man! for a thrust with my rapier, or ~~my~~ before
my fist, I am as unscrupulous as most men; but, to force one
swallow sour wine out of her innamorata's brain-pan! ~~it~~ whilst
makes me sick to think on 't!"

It would exceed the limits of this paper to wind up the tale. ~~But~~ sacrifice it, the lady of the veil had been too great a sufferer in mind to profit by the interference of the English travellers.

"The life of all her blood was touch'd corruptibly."

She died that night.

It is also impossible here to dilate at full upon the future career of the Lady Elvira de Castro, whether or not she became the Marchioness of Castel Blastam, and, without having the fear of an ossified goblet constantly before her eyes, allowed her preserver from the Forty-seven to take her for his second, we cannot say. We may, however, presume such was the case, as it has been handed down to a particular friend of ours by his great-grandfather's son, that the Marquis and Marchioness de Castel Blastam danced in the same set with Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain, at Madrid, that very season.

THE "LONELY HOUSE."

Not far from the small town of Barbacena, about fifty leagues north of Rio de Janeiro, there stands an old house, formerly inhabited by a Brazilian *fazendeiro*, or gentleman-farmer, called Jozé de Souza, whose name it still bears. A story is current among the good people of the little town that Jozé de Souza was barbarously murdered by his wife and her paramour, who, *mirabile dictu!* were hung for it, such being the very rare consequence of a murder committed by a free person in Brazil. Advice is given to all travellers on no account to stop the night in the "Lonely house," as they would be visited by the ghost of the former owner, who was nightly seen flying before his murderers in a bloody-shirt, and uttering shrieks for help.

Having occasion to pass through Barbacena with a friend, we determined to spend a night in the haunted mansion, and, if possible, to discover who their ghostships were. The usual advice about not visiting the place was most generously bestowed on us; and, although we heeded it little, it appeared to have considerable effect upon a Brazilian, and a negro servant, who accompanied us. Antonio (the Brazilian) suddenly discovered that he had run a horse-shoe nail into his foot, which utterly disabled him from stirring another step; at the same time the negro found out to his amazement that he had forgotten his *manta* (coverlet), and that he must instantly return to fetch it. These misfortunes we very soon remedied by putting Antonio on a muleback, and by purchasing a new manta for Pedro; still, both seemed unwilling to move, and we were obliged to resort to threats and promises before they would stir. In about four hours we reached the "Lonely house"—a place fully deserving its name; and, having ascertained we should find so wretched a lodging, our curiosity would, probably, have been subdued. There was twelve miles of this miserable building, which was narrow, and only one story high. The roof was still in some parts; but, in others, it had fallen in. Not a window shutter was left, nor even the vestige of a door; we, therefore, knocked up the vacant spaces in the best-looking apartment, which we chose for the adventure, with logs of wood, and bushes from a neighbouring thicket. Having kindled a large fire here, as night approached we fastened our horses in one corner, and spread

our *ponchos* (Brazilian cloaks) in another, where we intended to sleep. Our servants made themselves happy on some dry grass near the fire; and, having had their insides warmed with a stiff glass of hot grog, before long they were fast asleep.

My companion and I discussed our toddy, and the necessity of one keeping watch whilst the other slept, "lest bogies catch us unawares;" for we thought it possible that some trick might be intended; but, having talked till long after "night's dark key-stone," which we were told was the visiting hour of the deceased parties, we dozed off into a comfortable sleep, which, in about an hour's time, was interrupted by the shrieks of our servants, who rushed to us from their bed by candle, calling on all the ghost-dispelling saints for assistance against the Tuttus (evil spirits); and true enough, by the light of the expiring embers, we could perceive several hideous beings warming themselves by the fire. The horses were apparently as much frightened as our servants, or, I may as well own it, ourselves; for, although I had always laughed at the idea of democomyacy, my first thought was, that his Satanic Majesty must have sent a troop of his imps to worry us: but, to put them to the proof, I fired a pistol loaded with shot into the midst of them, which caused a frightful yell, and set them skipping at us. To fire again would have endangered the horses, when Pedro, who was trying to shield himself, covered one of them by a sudden jerk with his new manta, into which my friend fired a pistol, by the flash of which we saw some of the imps climbing up the wall above our heads, whence a shot from my gun brought one down. During the scuffle the horses broke loose, and, by rushing across the room, kicked some burning charcoal into the dry grass, which directly flamed up, and gave us sufficient light to recover our wits, and to find out something about our uninvited guests.

It appeared that some large monkeys, called monnos by the Brazilians, had been accustomed to pay occasional visits to the relics of a banana and orange-garden adjoining the old house; and, as they were never interrupted, they probably used sometimes to seek shelter in the building. Whether the smell of our provisions, or the warmth of the fire, had proved an extra inducement, we can ^{not} say; but certain it is, that they first awoke poor Antonio, who they ^{were} hearing most gloriously by the fireside. We consoled him by assuring him that they must have taken his ugly face for one belonging to their own tribe; for truly no other animal could have been so misshapen. The idea appeared both novel and unpleasant to him. On removing P'ro's manta very carefully, we found a young monno, who ^{had} been stunned by a charge of buck-shot passing close by him, and taking a piece out of his ear. This animal we took ^{care} of, ^{and} putting ^{him} into a cage, muzzled him, and tied his paws, we carried ^{him} in ^{the} cage ^{on} our shoulders, and ^{thus} made our way to Barbacena. Some people laughed at the joke; others, however, said it was useless for "Pagãos Inglezes" (as before Pagans) to try to pawn the devil, in the shape of a monno, ^{among} Christians, and ended by assuring us that nothing would ever ^{cause} them to pass a night in the "lonely house."

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY H. CURLING.

I REMEMBER it was five or six days before the battle of Roliça, the army was on the march, and we were pushing on pretty fast. The whole force had slept the night before in the open fields; indeed, as far as I know, (for the rifles were always in the front at this time;) they had been for many days without any covering but the sky. We were pelting along through the streets of a village, the name of which I do not think I ever knew, so cannot name it; I was in the front, and had just cleared the village, when I recollect observing General Hill (afterwards Lord Hill) and another officer ride up to a house, and give their horses to some of the soldiery to hold. Our bugles at that moment sounded the halt, and I stood leaning upon my rifle near the door of the mansion which General Hill had entered. There was a little garden before the house, and I stood by the gate. Whilst I remained there, the officer who had entered with General Hill came to the door, and called to me. "Rifleman," said he, "come here." I entered the gate, and approached him. "Go," he continued, handing me a dollar, "and try if you can get some wine; for we are devilish thirsty here." Taking the dollar, I made my way back to the village. At a wine-house, where the men were crowding around the door, and clamouring for drink, (for the day was intensely hot,) I succeeded, after some little difficulty, in getting a small pipkin full of wine; but the crowd was so great, that I found as much trouble in paying for it as in getting it; so I returned back as fast as I was able, fearing that the general would be impatient, and move off before I reached him. I remember Lord Hill was loosening his sword-belt as I handed him the wine. "Drink first, rifleman," said he; and I took a good pull at the pipkin, and held it to him again. He looked at it as I did so, and told me I might drink it all up, for it appeared greasy; so I swallowed the remainder, and handed him back the dollar which I had received from the officer. "Keep the money," he said, "my man. Go back to the village once more, and try if you can not get me another draught." Saying this, he handed me a second dollar, and told me to be quick. I made my way to the village, and got another pipkin full, and returned as fast as I could. The general was pleased with my promptness, and drank with satisfaction handing the remainder to the officer who attended him. I dare say, if he ever recollects the circumstance, after this sweet draught, after the toil of the morning, he will not at many a nobleman's board in old England end.

Again meeting Lord Hill, for the second time in my life, I recollect scenes which (from their not being of every-day occurrence) were long upon my mind. The Twenty-ninth regiment received orders to support the right wing, that I saw the right wing almost annihilated, and the (the rank of which was Lennox) lay sprawling amongst the rest. The 45th were, I believe, caught it pretty handsomely; for there was no cover for us, we were rather too near. The living soldiers were lying all over the field; of their own dead; but still we had held our own till the

battalion regiments came up. "Fire and retire" * is a very good sound ; but the rifles were not over fond of such notes. We never performed that manœuvre except when it was made pretty plain to us that it was quite necessary ; the Twenty-ninth, however, had got their fairing here at this time ; and the shock of that fire seemed to stagger the whole line, and make them recoil. At the moment a little confusion appeared in the ranks, I thought. Lord Hill was near at hand, and saw it, and I observed him come galloping up. He put himself at the head of the regiment, and restored them to order in a moment. Pouring a regular and sharp fire upon the enemy, he galled them in return ; and, remaining with them till he brought them to the charge, quickly sent them to the right about. It seemed to me that few men could have conducted the business with more coolness and quietude of manner, under such a storm of balls as he was exposed to. *Indeed I have never forgotten him from that day.*

At the time I was remarking these matters, (loading and firing as I lay,) another circumstance divided my attention for a while, and made me forget even the gallant conduct of General Hill. A man near me uttered a scream of agony ; and, looking from the Twenty-ninth, who were on my right, to the left, whence the screech had come, I saw one of our sergeants, named Frazer, sitting in a doubled-up position, and swaying backwards and forwards, as though he had got a terrible pain in his bowels. He continued to make so much complaint that I arose and went to him, for he was rather a crony of mine.

"Oh ! Harris !" said he, as I took him in my arms, "I shall die ! I shall die ! The agony is so great that I cannot bear it."

It was, indeed, dreadful to look upon him ; the froth came from his mouth, and the perspiration poured from his face. Thank Heaven ! he was soon out of pain ; and, laying him down, I returned to my place. Poor fellow ! he suffered more for the short time that he was dying than any man I think I ever saw in the same circumstances. I had the curiosity to return and look at him after the battle. A musket-ball, I found, had taken him sideways, and gone through both groins.

It was, I should think, about half an hour after I had left Sergeant Frazer, and, indeed, for the time, had as completely forgotten him as if he had died an hundred years back. The sight of so much bloodshed around will not suffer the mind to dwell long on any particular casualty, even though it happen to one's dearest friend. There was no time, either, to think, for all was action with us rifles just at this moment ; and the barrel of my piece was so hot, from continual firing, that I could hardly bear to touch it ; and was obliged to grasp it by the stock beneath the iron, as I continued to blaze away. James Ponton was another crony of mine (a gallant fellow !) ; he had pushed himself in front of me, and was checked by one of our officers for his rashness. "Ponton ! Ponton !" the lieutenant said to him more than once, "you are not to be restrained by anything but a bullet when you are in the field." At this moment, Ponton, who had been firing for some time he got one ; which, striking him in the thigh, passed through his artery, for he died quickly. The Frenchmen's balls were wretchedly aimed at that moment ; and I crept up to Ponton, and lay him by lying behind, and making a rest for my rifle of his body. It strikes me that I revenged his death by the assistance of my rifle. At any rate, I tried my best to hit his enemies hard. The

* "Fire and retire,"—one of the bugle sounds to the skirmishers when

small buildings in our front ; and the French, having managed to get into them, annoyed us much from that quarter. A small rise in the ground close before these houses, also favoured them ; and our men were being handled very severely in consequence. They became angry, and wouldn't stand it any longer. One of the skirmishers, jumping up, rushed forward, crying, "Over, boys!—over! over!" when instantly the whole line responded to the cry, "Over! over! over!" They ran along the grass like wildfire, and dashed at the rise, fixing their sword-bayonets as they ran. The French light bobs could not stand the sight, but turned about, and fled ; and, getting possession of their ground, we were soon inside the buildings. After the battle was over I stepped across to the other house I have mentioned, in order to see what was going on there ; for the one I remained in was now pretty well filled with the wounded (both French and English), who had managed to get there for a little shelter. Two or three surgeons, also, had arrived at this house, and were busily engaged in giving their assistance to the wounded, who were here lying as thickly as in the building which I had left ; but, what struck me most forcibly was, that, from the circumstance of some wine-butts having been left in the apartment, and their having in the engagement been perforated by bullets, and otherwise broken, the red wine had escaped most plentifully, and ran down upon the earthen floor, where the wounded were lying, so that many of them were soaked in the wine with which their blood was mingled.

THE DEVOTION OF RIZPAH, THE CONCUBINE.

(2 Samuel, xxi, 8—11.)

BEHOLD the goodly corses on the rock of Jabesh hoary,—

Mighty corses seven of warriors strong and tall !

Erst they dwelt in palaces, and went arrayed in glory,

For they were seven princes of the royal blood of Saul !

They fell not like the mighty, where the deadly strife was keenest ;

In the thunder of the battle ; in the leaguer'd city's flame !

But on th' accursed gallows they perish'd like the meanest ;

And their sire's beloved Gibeah beheld their cruel shame !

Now, side by side the brothers, in the sleep that hath no dreaming,
Naked to the soul, in blast or sunny glare they lie ;
From morn to morn the vultures sail around them screaming,
And nightly from the wilderness the savage creatures cry.

Raw, bleak of red nor famish'd fang of wolf invades them sleeping ;
Without a man is feeding there, and noiseless, slow decay ;
With many a mother's slaughter'd sons, a mother watches, weeping,
The stooping bird of noon and midnight beast away.

They had brethren, and friends they loved as brothers ;
Very many in their days of grandeur, fled,
In love of women—but none was like a mother's,
It doth most remember when all forget them dead !

Millo seemed it a marvel and a wonder
There, mighty men of valour, and the princes every one,
Parting other from her children not shame nor death could sunder ;
As told King David what that concubine had done.

S. K.



Andrew ^{W.} Sargent, Esq.

THE "DONE BRO^{UN}."

THE BOY.

BETTY WATSON, familiarly called Mother Watson, in the crowded court in which she tenanted a single room, was one of those benevolent, charitable creatures, who, to the honour of her sex, are so frequently met with among the poor classes. She was not one of the fifty souls who dwelt within the crowded court but esteemed her. Men, women, and children, all felt the influence of her beneficence; for true it is, that like the purest gold, the smallest portion is capable of covering over an almost incredible surface. She was a physician, and gave her advice and prescriptions to the sick; and a nurse, and a nurse, to boot, to all the children in their little ailment; a judicious pacificator in all family squabbles; and rendered home happy by reclaiming a drunken husband, for the sake of which among the men respected her for the many obligations she had incurred to her, and feared her reproofs.



Although an illiterate woman, she had a perfect consciousness of what was right, and generally addressed a delinquent, or a straggler from the path of duty, in a style which partook more of the boldness of truth than the delicate fencing of a refined rhetoric. In fact, "a talking-to" from Mother Watson seldom failed in its object; for, even "the brute" who would beat his wife, listened to the kind old woman, who was ever ready to do a good turn for a neighbour, with, at least, a dogged respect.

There are, indeed, more real charity, and more sincere gratitude, among the lower orders than the rich suspect. Besides, the services, and they were many, which she had rendered her neighbours, Mother Watson had won the good opinion of all by adopting and bringing up an orphan boy, only four years old, whose parents had fallen victims to the scarlet fever, which had proved very fatal in the densely-populated court, in despite of the exertions of the good old creature.

"I couldn't abear," said she, with tears in her eyes,—"I couldn't abear that the poor little innocent should go to the work'us, to be bandied about from one to t'other. Besides, I'm obligated, in a manner, to keep the poor thing; for, I promised 'em both that while Mother Watson could yarn a crust, their babby shouldn't want a morsel—poor dears! I thought their hearts would ha' busted when they said 'God bless you!' and I dropped on my knces, and prayed that I might have health and strength to keep my promise; and, thanks be to Providence! I have never wanted."

Mother Watson was only a laundress, and hard did she toil in her laborious vocation to "make both ends meet;" but she went to her task with a good will, and was enabled to surmount all her difficulties. Little Andrew was blest with a robust constitution, and soon became a sturdy boy; his inclination for "larning" was, however, almost on a par with the good woman's means of providing him with it; and being herself illiterate, she had no means of testing his ability or progress, although she "preached" to him continually of the value of education.

Andrew was, unfortunately, of a surly and sullen disposition, and very much disposed to have his own way in everything; and, as he was not her own child as although she was "more than a mother" to him, he unwisely, from kind motives, "spared the rod" when his victory boy richly deserved it.

big story boy" richly deserved it.
; led at the age of thirteen, and possessing only a smattering of
rawh writing, Betty pointed out the necessity of his giving up
writing, and turning his attention to the propriety of
getting a much more honest livelihood!

ference for idleness, and an aristocratic horror
of work. Master Andrew merely answered her with
a smile, and remained at home all day, gloomy, savage,
and silent, as though the good creature herself

R. It is confessed that the good creature herself "adjudged," as she said, at the idea of his first going into the world; but possessed, at the same time, such a strong sense of the necessity, that she tried "high and low" to get him a place, and at last succeeded in recommending him as an errand boy to a drapery shop, where, for several years, she had done the

Her recommendation was sufficient; and, after schooling the unwilling cub, and setting him off to the best advantage, she introduced her *protégé*, who was to receive his "victuals" for his services.

This was the first step; and he had not remained above six months in the employment before he scraped acquaintance with many lads of the same grade, and, his wits being sharpened by the collision, he spoke about bettering his condition, and getting some remuneration for his valuable services!

"Slow and sure!" said Mother Watson, yet inwardly pleased at his ambition. "We must crawl before we walk, and walk before we run, Andrew."

The "people" he was with, finding that he was diligent and useful, voluntarily gave him a shilling a week in addition to his board. This advance, however, instead of satisfying his selfish disposition, only induced him to believe that he "was worth something;" which, translated into plain English, meant that he was worth a great deal more than he got; and, in the course of six months more, he applied for, and obtained a situation at a broker's in the "Lane," where he received five shillings a week, and "kept himself;" that is, Mother Watson fed and clothed him, and he kept or spent his allowance upon himself; for, as she afterwards declared, "she never in her born days saw the colour of his money."

THE MAN.

THE atmosphere of the Stock Exchange had a wonderful influence on the boy.

He suddenly became "mannish," and talked of his "prospects;" and he had scarcely been two years in the situation before the gambling spirit of the place tempted him to make a venture—and he was fortunate!

"He made a matter of ten pound," as Mother Watson said, and she was very pleased, although she derived no benefit from his speculation. Emboldened by the result of his first attempt, he risked his all—and won again! yes! Andrew Saggers was actually worth fifty pounds!

And this was the last time that he condoned to impart to the kind-hearted creature, who had most disinterestedly rejoiced in his good fortune, the success of his daring speculations, for he presently quitted his employer, and his kind nurse, and guardian, took a lodging; and did not even empld' the old woman, who's termed an "old bore," to wash for him.

"She wanted nothink of him, poor dear son," said the old woman, "but he should take no notice whatsomever of the old bore." At the period at which our veritable list of the fluctuations in the stock-market was very great, Andrew "was set upon horseback;" and Andrew was having neither character nor fortune to lose, dashed into the market, and was successful; whereas, had he failed, he would have deemed a great rogue.

For several years poor Betty Watson sought in vain for the "whereabout" of Master Andrew; "not that she

think of him," as she often reiterated, "but she felt anxious about his welfare; altho' he might have thought of the old 'oman as nursed him, and brought him up like from the egg-shell, as it were!"

At last, she discovered that he had an office, (for she could not read,) and ventured to inquire after him. Three or four pert and important clerks were in the place.

"Is Mr. Andrew at home?" inquired she, rather flustered at finding herself in such a fine office.

"Mr. Saggers, do you mean?"

"Yes, Mr. Saggers," said she, collecting her scattered senses.

"His carriage is just driven from the door," was the reply.

"In a carriage!—goodness gracious me!" mentally exclaimed the old woman.

"If you want to see Mr. Saggers, you must be here at ten in the morning. Is it business? What's your name?"

The old woman sighed. "If you please, sir, tell him Betty Watson just called,—that's all!" And she retreated, while the clerk winked at his fellows, who burst into a loud laugh.

Of course they never mentioned the "call" of such a "person" to Andrew Saggers, Esquire, who was reported to be worth fifty thousand pounds!—an omission which was certainly of no importance; for the great man would have disdained to have recollected such a "poor devil;" although she did not seek him from any interested motives, but merely from a romantic feeling that he was the (unworthy) child of her adoption.

Saggers was indeed a rich man,—a sordid, selfish, low-minded fellow, who was unworthy the affectionate solicitude of the poor washerwoman, who thanked Providence she wanted for nothing, and shed bitter tears when she reflected on his ingratitude.

As for Saggers, he was a perfect type of the "beggar on horseback;" despised by his clerks and servants for his rude language and overbearing conduct, and only endured by those who "could make anything of him." He feasted many, but had no friends. He only invited those to his table whom he wished to dazzle by his display; and, when they quitted him, they only laughed at, or envied him the possession of the money with which a series of fortunate speculations had supplied him.

He was, in truth, a very shallow, narrow-minded, vulgar man, with a ~~big~~ engineering spirit; he delighted in playing "first fiddle" at his ; but

on a rawny day, his spirit of speculation, however, which had so suddenly raised him above his natural level, being still most restlessly on the wing, had enabled him to ascend from the height to which "luck," and on the industry, had raised him. He was, however, and experienced in the highest degree in the genere that unamiable character.

R. I. C. K.

THE PAUPER.

There, M^r crocket was the rise of Andrew Saggers; and in a twinkling. If his rapid and brilliant career turned up their eyes in ; but, even with the same velocity did he now de- this, the "yder" was expended. His case was in every



Andrew Saggers,—the Pauper.

point like the aforesaid fire-work, and he fell from his artificial elevation as empty and worthless !

A defaulter to a considerable amount, he "waddled" out of the "Alley," and was to be seen for a while at the seedy knot of paltry gamblers assembled in one corner of the Royal Exchange, trying his luck in Poyais, or any other "scrip," losing in amo^u three pence to a shilling ! But the tide was against him, and rapidly drifted on the shoals of poverty.

He became a beggar, and solicited alms from the men who had despised him in palmier times, when he "tooled" about the city in ostentatious display to his office-door every day. They all despised, and none esteemed him, for he had no more or sympathies with his former associates.

With an old greasy hat over his head, a ragged coat about his neck, a tattered suit, and almost naked, he was seen lurking about the piazzas, now and then holding up his hat in speechless supplication to some forlorn alms. He had no change; and sometimes the "poor devil" goes sixpence a day, tossed at him by one who was following in the same course he had once shone—"making money like dir-

His most constant and really charitable friends were the cads and coachmen of the various vehicles that thronged the north side of the Exchange, who frequently gave him pence, and sometimes treated him to a "go" at the bar of the "Edinburgh Castle."

Too lazy to work, even had he had "character" enough for any employment, he gradually sank lower and lower in the scale of society.

With a pallid and unhealthy face, and a red nose,—for he was almost sustained by drink alone,—he sauntered about, and was never excited to anything like a movement, except a gentleman rode into the "Lane" on horseback, when he would compete with the tatterdemalion boys for the dubious service of holding the horse!

A severe winter, however, set in, and, ill fed and wretchedly clad, he shivered about for several days, until his trembling and feverish limbs could scarcely support his distempered body; and, one night, when he had no means of returning to his miserable lodgings, to herd with sturdier mendicants, at three pence per night, and fearing to die in the streets, he remembered the good old woman, and for the first time "wondered whether Mother Watson was still among the living," and had the boldness, in his desperate situation, to enter the court.

It was ten o'clock at night ; his heart beat as he looked up to the well-known window—all was dark and still. His courage almost failed him ; and, while he was debating within his mind whether he should knock at the door and inquire, a figure glided into the court, and proceeded to the door.

Covered up in an old duffle cloak, and a lantern in her hand, he beheld the well-known figure of his "more than mother."

"Betty!" he muttered, advancing towards her, "Betty!"

"Mercy on me!" cried the old woman, "what do you want, young man? Really, now, you made my very heart jump into my mouth, you did! What do you want?"

"Shelter! — I'm starving! — I'm dying with cold and hunger! Dear Betty!" continued he, bursting into tears, "have pity on me!"

"Who are you?" demanded the good-hearted creature, moved by his appeal.

"I am—I am!" replied he, almost suffocated with sobbing,—
"your poor boy, ^{as} _{now}, and I'm dying!"

"I'm joyful for you, !" cried the old woman, "and has it come to
this? Oh! And, how could you—"

the wretched object of her early care heard no more. Over-
drawny eakn^{ing}, and a feeling of unworthiness, he dropped sense-

with much * * * *

endeavor was by the neglect of the orphan she

RICHARD "REW," as she called him, helpless and de-

... the laird, to him in his sickness and extremity, with

...are, M. de — had taken rally, only quitting the cradle of
; but, when I ch

TEN DAYS IN QUARANTINE.

BY BENJAMIN BUNTING.

DURING the summer of 183-, I left St. Petersburgh to return to England, *via* Lubeck and Hamburgh, by the steam-packet "Nicolai the First." The weather was lovely, and the motion of the vessel so slight, that scarcely one of nearly fifty passengers had to submit to the usual tax by his oceanic majesty on those who cross his domains for the first time. Our party consisted of persons of various nations and occupations. Among the medley there were sundry Russian officers, all moustaches and medals, going to see the world. A French *attaché* also went with us, fitter for a ball-room than the deck of a sea-boat. There was a sleek, comely Quaker, and a top-booted John Bull, the former a merchant, and the latter a wealthy farmer, who had taken some broken-down English horses to Russia, and was now returning with his pockets well lined. Besides these were several Germans, who opened their mouths only when they took in their food, or blew the smoke from their long pipes. To complete this motley cargo of "live lumber," we had about twenty of the *corps de ballet* from the Italian theatre at St. Petersburgh, who were just returning after their season of gaiety.

After the first two days, the sharp edges of ceremony wore off among most of my fellow-travellers, and steady conversation, as well as harmless jokes, became the order of the day. The French, German, and English languages were rattled together like dice in a box, until the French spoke German to their own countrymen, and the English passengers addressed each other in broken French. The third and fourth day passed very agreeably. The dinners on board were good. Champagne and brown stout, claret and brandy-pawney, were called for constantly. Everybody appeared satisfied at having left the land of snows and serfs, to visit the more sunny lands of the west and the south. The commander of the steamer was an old lieutenant, who had fought under Nelson and Collingwood, but whom bad fortune, and a narrow half-pay, had induced to enter the service of the Steam-packet Company. He related to us the glorious days of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Trafalgar; and even our French friend could not but admire the spirit of *hero*, although his stories told against "*La belle France*."

On the fifth morning, Travemünde (the port of Lubeck,) was visible in the distance; and, on coming within half a mile of it, a signal was made for us to come to anchor, which we resumed. It was to be the case until a health-boat should examine us, as it was known that cholera was raging in some parts of Russia. We had left Petersburgh when we left, and there had been no news of it. But our sentence was soon pronounced: a large signal was made for us to hoist the yellow flag, and to remain at anchor under a penalty of being fired at by the health-boat. The order was not to be disregarded; and a man (a Russian, I suppose) who had hoped to be in England in six weeks, was condemned to another fortnight of miserable, monotonous confinement at anchor. The crown all, the captain informed us that, as we had only a cask of water only sufficient for common emergencies, and sixpence to ourselves with half the regular allowance, we were to remain at anchor for six weeks, and were to be supplied with water and provisions by the same captain.

four pints daily for each person, for cooking, tea, drinking, and last, though not least, for washing. Many on board thought four pints a very fair allowance; but, on finding two to two and a half pints deducted for making tea and cooking their dinners, they complained bitterly, and our poor skipper was hourly pestered to send on shore for a supply; but the orders he had received were peremptory. Nobody from the shore or the other vessels would venture near our yellow flag, a colour at that time more dreaded than the black ensign of the pirates seen in the Gulf of Florida and the Indian seas. No bribe would have induced any one to approach us, even if our captain had granted permission, which he dared not give. Within five hundred yards of us lay a large vessel, just arrived from the Azores, with a freight of oranges. With our glasses we could see bushels of damaged fruit thrown overboard; but none would float near us. The sight was perfectly tantalising. On shore everything looked green, and we could fancy to ourselves the pleasure of those who were enjoying the first fruits of the season. Everybody on board was out of temper; conversation flagged; jokes, even stale ones, were no longer attempted; and, had it not been for our worthy skipper, some of the passengers would, I verily believe, have thrown themselves overboard. He endeavoured to cheer us a little. Having requested us to go into the cabin for a short while, we were recalled and found a sail drawn across the steamer, which, on being raised presented the *corps de ballet*, whom he had requested to dance and sing on his beautifully-polished quarterdeck. A piano, the property of an English lady, a violin, and two flutes, played by their owners served as an orchestra; and in this manner a short time was very pleasantly passed. A game of blind-man's-buff was now proposed and the lot fell on our little French friend to be blinded. He endeavoured to catch everybody; and at last seized the top-booted Englishman; who, to the amusement of the passengers, had donned a lady's bonnet and shawl.

“C'est vous, ma petite comtesse!” murmured the *attaché*, thinking that he had laid his hands upon a delicate Russian *belle*,—“c'est vous! c'est vous!” and down came the handkerchief from his eyes but lo! and behold! there stood a strapping John Bull, of some feet in height, and half as much in width, holding his fat sides a pair of hands which would not have disgraced an old Polar bear and his jolly red whiskers bursting from the restraint which he had hinged to his coat upon them.

“I'm your pretty countess, my dear!” he exclaimed, throwing his arms round the slender Frenchmen; and, lifting his fat wit with much ease as a hawk does a sparrow. “Come to my arms, and I'll make thee a duchess.” The endearing expressions he bestowed upon his generosity.

He kicked; but, finding it useless to run away, “RIOH! tesse,” took it very good-humouredly when the real countess made her appearance, the laughter against him.

“Are, M. de ——,” said she, “that quarantine diet fatiguing. I thought I had become rather thinner during my stay; but, when Mr. Smith is mistaken for me, I regard this mode of living is exceedingly conducive to health.”

M. de —, who never before was known to be wanting with some polite speech, particularly if a lady were in the case, stood now perfectly abashed, and could not utter a word. The only persons who seemed not to enjoy, or even to see the joke, were the lethargic Germans ; who sat as usual close by the funnel, smoking at a regular steam-pace. The old quaker, who had all along worn a most sedate countenance, was obliged to allow a hearty laugh to escape ; and, although he refused to join in the game, he entered fully into the spirit of it. Shortly afterwards a quadrille was commenced, which was succeeded by a waltz, and that by a mazurka ; until the people from the distant vessels imagined that we had a crew of lunatics on board.

Three days wore away tolerably well in this manner ; but, the fourth being rainy, none of the ladies ventured on deck, although there was an awning, which served as a tolerable umbrella ; and the gentlemen being obliged to amuse themselves as well as they could, a new game was proposed. A thin piece of wood, three feet in length, was fixed upright on the deck ; and the point of it a small potato was stuck. A person was then blindfolded, and, with a sword in his hand, was to walk up to the potato, and split it ; if he missed it three successive times, he forfeited a bottle of champagne. As everybody may easily suppose there were many more misses than hits ; and the champagne flew very freely ; and many were the seven-and-sixpences pocketed by the steward. But the champagne resembled our own spirits ; it kled for a short time, and then died away. We were now obliged to pass our time as well as we could ; and tried to do it after a certain Sambo's plan ; who, when asked by a friend how he passed his time, pol'ely remarked, " Me no pass me time ; me cock up me leg, an let time pass me !"

Before long we were roused from our stupor by some sharp words which passed between one of the be-inedalled Russians and the Frenchman, regarding the old joke, which the former had thought proper to revive. Friends were consulted by both parties; and a meeting was fixed to take place on the forecastle by five o'clock next morning; but it too soon reached the skipper's ears, who threatened to place the would-be combatants under an arrest if they did not faithfully promise to say no more on the subject until they left his vessel. Finding that they could not have that satisfaction which they *so much* desired, they very well kept quiet; games were invented; and by degrees the remaining days of prisonment wore away, and we were at length released from this horrid confinement.

One thing more I must mention,—viz. pressed by the different passengers as to what I desired on landing. The husband of the fair, longing for a couple of *s*ipes, and a *bliff*, attaché desired to have a *pâté de foie gras* for sour-kraut and brat-wurz. (sauerkraut was begged for a good beefsteak, and a pot of mustard according to his taste, brought I; but I could not tell if I had the choice, I should certainly have dined with the mentioned person, particularly as I had been obliged for months to content myself with fowls smothered in oil in onions; and beef made up into anything but beef.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

&c.

No.
LXXXVII.
May 1, 1843.

RICHARD BENTLEY,
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Contents.

	Page
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON,	BY ALBERT SMITH,
	WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH
THE MANIAC RHAPSODY,	441
A BALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—LIFE IN HANOVER, BY DUDLEY COSTELLO	446
THE GALANTEE-SHOW—BEING A SUPPLEMENT TO MR. HOWARD'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BY JACK GOSSAMER	453
THE DEATH OF THE POOR,	BY WILLIAM JONES
A TALE OF WRITERS' BUILDINGS — FREEMASONRY IN INDIA — INDIAN JEALOUSY — TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT — THE CENTIPEDE — THE SCOFFER'S FATE: — HOURS IN HIN- DOSTĀN,	BY H. R. ADDISON
POESY,	BY WILLIAM JONES
MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN, BY HIS SON	459
OUNCE SHOOTING IN BRAZIL,	BY BEN BUNTING
THE NOCTURNAL SUMMONS,	BY HILARY HYPBANE
JERRY JARVIS'S WIG, BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK	476
THE GAOL CHAPLAIN; OR, A DARK LEAF FROM LIFE'S PAGE. THE ELECTION — PRISON DISCIPLINE — THE SOLDIER ASSASSIN,	486
THE HARD,	BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
	508
	521



THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS
FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

~~WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEWIS.~~

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which Mr. Ledbury takes his sister into the country ; their progress and arrival.

THERE are few families residing in the more private streets of the metropolis and its suburbs, where the tide of population is not very great, and commercial bustle is equally trifling, insensible to the social annoyance of having neighbours, who, without any visible attraction in the street—in the perfect absence of *Punch's* shows, broken down cabs, or ingenious demonstrators of every use to which a chair can be applied in supporting the human body, except as a seat—without one of those temporary spectacles, we repeat, are continually looking out of window. No sooner does any daring individual, of great moral courage, and more than ordinary nerve, disturb the wonted tranquillity of the neighbourhood by a double knock of unusual energy at one of the doors, than the adjacent windows opposite and contiguous become frames for a series of living portraits, whose eyes are all turned towards the intrepid stranger. The flapping of the beaver's tail does not produce more restless vigilance amongst the other inhabitants of his colony, than do the concussions of the lion's head in the economy of those who reside within ear-shot of its thunder.

Any person of moderate capabilities, who had been in the habit of seeing the little ships blown up, or the visitors startled by placing their hands upon the galvanic columns, at the Polytechnic Institution, might easily have been persuaded that there were secret wires running from the knocker of Mr. Ledbury's street-door to the different articles of furniture in the drawing-room pertaining to the Grimleys ; for no sooner did the aforesaid knocker inflict rapid chastisement upon the metal nut placed there to bear its convulsive assaults, than the chairs and ottomans next door appeared to act on the theory of repulsion, and drove whoever chanced to have taken possession of them with great energy towards the windows ; the panes of which attracted them for a short time, and then repelled them when the end was attained, in the same manner (to follow out the theory of domestic electricity in accordance with the scientific taste of the age) that the piece of glass, when excited, causes the bits of paper to jump from the table towards it, and after remaining for a period in close approximation to its surface, to return to the spot whence they came. But this phenomenon only took place in the drawing-room ; in the parlour there was no necessity to go to the windows at all, for Mr. Horace Grimley had set up a piece of looking-glass outside, in a crafty manner, only perfected after many trials ; and then the Grimley family in general had never any oc-

casion to move from where they were stationed, because, by a cunning optical illusion, upon looking at this mirror, all the Ledburies' visitors appeared to be walking quietly through their own wire-blinds, and into the window-shutters, where they were finally lost.

One fine morning, however, a few days after the events of the last chapter, the Grimleys were looking out at a comparatively early hour, and constantly peeping between the hyacinths that bloomed in the window, towards next door; although their attention had not been ~~summarily~~ attracted by any knock of unwonted assurance, nor did the house of Ledbury present any unusual appearance of bustle. But still there was enough to put them upon the alert, for the night before, old Mrs. Hoddle's maid had been to the flyman to ask about the price of a conveyance to Hornsey on a particular evening, ~~in~~, anticipation, and there she had learnt that a fly had been ordered to be at Mr. Ledbury's punctually at nine o'clock the next morning, to go to the South Western Railway. Of course Mrs. Hoddle's maid immediately conveyed this important piece of local intelligence to her mistress, and by that medium the Grimleys also became acquainted with it. For dear Miss Grimley had gone in on that very evening, so pleasant and kind as she always was, to take tea with Mrs. Hoddle, and learn how to make frizzled spills of coloured paper for the mantelpiece, which her brother, with his coarse ideas, always termed fancy pipe-lights, to her very great horror and disgust; and during this visit they had talked over everything they knew about everybody, and a great deal more that they did not, until their stock of subjects was almost exhausted, so that this new bit of information came in most opportunely, although they could not conceive what the fly could possibly have been ordered for. It was certainly very strange, and the mystery was not at all cleared up by a chance visit of the washerwoman, who stated that she had been obliged to take most of the things home on Thursday night instead of Saturday, because they were wanted particularly. Mrs. Hoddle and her visitor went over every probable solution of the enigma, with long comments upon each; and at last came to the conclusion that Emma Ledbury was going to elope the next morning with Mr. Johnson, aided and abetted by her papa and mamma, to save expense, and avoid creating a sensation. And this idea was the more strengthened because they had not seen Mr. Johnson go there a great deal lately, which was meant, they were assured, as a blind, to deceive all those neighbours who took an interest in the proceedings; which class may be reasonably assumed to comprise everybody who lived in the street upon both sides of the way, including the family at the end, who called their house [▲], from a belief that this thoroughfare was more respectable than the one which ran at right-angles to it, and implied by their address that they lived therein, although the street-door, from which the locality of a house is generally ascertained, was round the corner.

As Miss Grimley conveyed the news home with her that night, we can understand the cause of the vigilance in the family the next morning, and the active lookout that was kept as the time approached. At last, a few minutes after nine, the fly drew up to the door, and presently the new page appeared, with a square box sewed up in a canvass, which obstinately refused to go inside at either of the

doors, or in any direction, but was finally placed upon the driving-seat, giving rise to a curious temporary surmise in inquiring minds as to where it was possible for the flyman to perch himself when it had been put there. Next Foster appeared with an umbrella, a parasol, and a Berlin-wool frame, taken to pieces, enveloped in a shawl, and tied round with string, which were collectively deposited within the carriage ; and directly afterwards Master Walter Ledbury, in a dirty pinafore, and ancient buff slippers—the *débris* of a pair purchased last year in the Isle of Thanet—rushed from the house in a paroxysm of excitement, and having executed a wild dance of triumph round the fly, concluded his performance by hugging the muddy hind-wheel and trying to creep between its spokes, from which perilous situation he was forcibly snatched away by Foster, and carried back to the parlour in violent convulsions. Then came more parcels and bandboxes, containing, as the Grimleys supposed, the wedding-clothes ; and, finally, Titus and Emma entered the fly, waving their hands to the inmates of the parlour, and nodding to one or two little heads at the nursery-window, until the glasses were drawn up, and the vehicle moved off. The Grimleys immediately came to the conclusion that Emma was going to be married, that Titus was to give her away, and that Mr. Johnson was waiting for them at some unknown church, in a brown coat, dead gold buttons, and white gloves ; upon which point having set their minds perfectly at rest, Miss Grimley ran in with the intelligence to Mrs. Hoddle ; and the other branches of the family resumed their breakfast, to canvass over the strange manner in which the Ledburys did everything. And here we will leave them, and return to the occupants of the fly.

Emma was in anything but good spirits ; and, so far the expression of her countenance bore out the reality of the position in which the Grimleys supposed her to be placed ; it being proper and customary for brides to look exceedingly miserable on their wedding-morn, that the mirth of the laughing girls by whom they are surrounded may be repressed, and a mild warning given to them not to be too precipitate in committing a like indiscretion. The events of the last fortnight had caused her great uneasiness. She had been much hurt at the sudden manner in which Johnson had been desired to discontinue his attentions by her father ; indeed, she was scarcely aware to what an extent she had allowed her feelings of attachment to go, until the object of them was no longer allowed to visit at her home. Still she heard of him from her brother nearly everyday, and knew that the pursuits in which he was engaged had her happiness and comfort for their ultimate end : but now she was about to leave town, and at comparatively so short a notice as to convince her that her father and mother were anxious to break off at once all chance of the attachment being renewed. At any other time, Emma would have looked forward to her visit with extreme happiness, for she was strongly inclined to the country and its tranquil pleasures ; much more so, from her gentle nature, than to the false society and noisy excitement of the metropolis. But now, although spring was coming on, and every wild bud that the sunshine unfolded in the hedges appeared to pay joyous homage to the passer-by by its odour and colours, she would rather have remained in

suburban Islington, with all its dusty foliage and struggling attempts at rusticity.

Titus was, however, in great glee at the trip. Deeming it compulsively incumbent upon every one who visited the country for a short period to do nothing but try to fish all day long, he had laid in a store of rods, hooks, landing-nets, and split shot, that was marvellous to behold ; and the imaginary jack which he caught the entire way from Islington to the terminus, would have supplied all Billingsgate. Not but what, at the same time, he was most attentive to his sister, trying to cheer her with his remarks upon anything worth notice which they chanced to pass, or conjuring up anticipations of forthcoming rural delight. So that the diagonal section of London, which they made from their house to Vauxhall, did not seem so very long, in spite of the infinity of small streets, whose labyrinths they threaded—little back-thoroughfares, where the existence of traffic and animal life is a perfect wonder, and which are only found to have names of their own when anybody takes an ideal walk, in company with a pin, over a map of London, with the intention of discovering short cuts from one spot to another. At last they arrived at Nine Elms, amidst a number of other travellers just shot out from the different cabs and omnibuses about the doors of the terminus ; and then Mr. Ledbury, having procured the requisite passports, exhibited them to the policeman at the inner gate, and reached the train, in company with his sister and his luggage—the former under his own care, and the latter in the custody of one of those attendants whom courteous travellers are never perfectly decided whether to call guards or policemen,

More travellers arrived ; wicker wheelbarrows of gigantic growth rolled down the platform, with cargoes of fish-baskets and carpet-bags, which being wanted again at early stages of the journey, were forthwith interred in the lowest depths of the luggage van, or compressed with herculean violence into the extreme recesses of inaccessible lockers. Clamorous bells rang, for no other reason that could be conceived than to afford a little calisthenic exercise to the clerks in pulling them, since nothing took place upon the alarm ; newspaper boys, of impish ubiquity, rushed about all the carriages at once, in the frantic agony of several unsold copies ; and, amidst all the confusion, the engine approached to be attached to the train, snorting, and sneezing, and wheezing, in a manner that left no doubt in the minds of the passengers of its being an ever-so-many-horse-power one ; or that, moreover, the quadrupeds whose united efforts composed its force, were all equally broken-winded, and suffering from severe colds. But the noise which the engine made was an important noise, as if it had been fully impressed with the arduous nature of the labours it was expected to perform ; and far different in its meaning to the idle vapouring of other engines close at hand, who were screaming at different parts of the yard in an indolent and devil-may-care manner, without any perceptible end beyond their own amusement, or the desire of promoting a little conviviality in their own line amongst an admiring circle of tenders, luggage-trucks, pig-cages, and broken tram-wheels, by which they were surrounded.

At last the signal was made for starting. The "SAM SLICK" gave a pull at the tender, and the tender made a tough tug, for a tender,

at the large rattling box upon wheels, full of human "Tenders" of the second class, there placed to act as buffers, and take the shock of any collision or explosion from the inmates of the close carriages; and then the whole train got into motion. As the morning was fine, and the distance not very great, Titus and Emma had gone in one of the second cars, and if they had not been aware themselves that they had actually started, would soon have received the information by every other passenger saying "Off she goes!"—the term *she* being collectively applied to the whole string of trucks, vans, and carriages now in motion, which feminine appellation proved that it was not a male train. At least so observed a jolly gentleman in a dirty macintosh to Mr. Ledbury, at which he smiled approvingly; and that gave rise to a few more jokes about sitting with their backs to the horses, stopping for the engine to bait, giving it a feed of coke and water, with other jests of infinite humour, which any one appears at liberty to make in similar circumstances, without the least personal risk, or the slightest chance of instant annihilation for his temerity.

On went the train—first through the precincts of the terminus, keeping its course amidst twenty different lines of rail, which crossed and interlaced until they dazzled you to look at them. Then the houses of poor and noisome neighbourhoods came up to the very boundaries of the road, from which squalid children ran out and huzzaed, and smoke-dried artizans in back garrets looked up for an instant from their work as the train passed; and then a few patches of blackened grass, together with small bits of ground, inclosed by green and mouldering rails, producing nothing but dead stumps and oyster-shells. Anon some tall chimney of a contiguous manufactory belched out its dense volumes of smoke, which ~~climbed~~ over one another in clumsy gambols, and then sailed off to pollute the air of London; this was succeeded by a few dingy gardens, and unenclosed drying-grounds, from which every blade of verdure had been long since ~~shunned~~ away; then came more houses, but not so crowded or so poverty-stricken in appearance as the others, although still in rows; these gave way to detached mansions, and large open fields, with high roads running through the middle of them; and, finally, nothing appeared on either side but the hedges, meadows, and occasional cottages and farm-houses of the country.

On went the train—screaming, gasping, and roaring, now rattling under an archway, or between two lofty slopes of furze and brushwood, in many parts scorched away by the burning cinders which it flung off in its career; and now flying along the ridge of an embankment, scaring away the cattle from the pastures below, whilome undisturbed and sequestered. Passengers got out, fresh ones took their places; and at length, with a squeal that a giant's infant might be expected to utter upon having a tooth out or burning its fingers, the engine slackened its pace, and finally producing the same pleasant sensations that arise from grinding a knife, setting a saw, or writing with a perpendicular slate-pencil, the whole of the carriages drew up at the station where Titus and Emma were to alight.

Too confiding individuals, not much accustomed to travelling, are apt to imagine that the names of the various stations are so given, on account of the contiguity of the towns whose appellations they bear,—in fact, that the line of road, in all probability, runs up the

High Street, through the churchyard, and under the market-place ; but nothing can be more delusive than this theory, and therefore Mr. Ledbury and his sister had still some two or three miles to go across the country before arriving at their ultimate destination. In order to do this, they availed themselves of a rustic conveyance in attendance,—a carriage peculiar to the district, somewhat resembling an old coach, whose hinder portion had been blown clean away by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in the boot, and which left the village at all sorts of curious and out-of-the-way hours to meet the trains, never starting at the same time two weeks together, and making a point of being three minutes too late every other morning. So curiously unsafe and rickety was this vehicle, which Mr. Ledbury at the first glance imagined to be constructed of card-board, pack-thread, and sealing-wax, that he was somewhat in doubt about avail-ing himself of its accommodation ; more especially when he heard one of the natives, who was idling upon the bridge over the line, call it a flying bandbox. But at length he was prevailed upon to enter, together with Emma, and the curious machine started, after the driver had announced his intention to the public in general of so doing, by blowing a few wild notes upon an ancient horn, and a barrel of oysters had broken through the roof, for which misbehaviour it was immediately consigned to the care of the "guard,"—an unwashed urchin, in the costume of a ploughboy of the western division of Surrey. And in about three quarters of an hour they arrived at the end of their journey without further accident, the "guard" contentedly riding upon the spikes behind, apparently to his great joy and satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of the diverting manner in which the Grimleys were introduced to Mr. Rawkins.

VERY little time elapsed before Jack Johnson, with his happy tact for accommodating himself to all society into which he might be thrown, was quite as much at his ease in the establishment of Mr. Rawkins as he had been in his own lodging ; and, indeed, between that gentleman, Mr. Prodgers, and himself, there arose such good fellowship, that, if the personator of Hercules had not been so much the senior, any one might have involved his ideas in a maze of the most abstruse reasoning before he found out which was the master ; for, in moments of conviviality, they would slap the head of the house upon the back, and call him plain "Rawkins,"—nay, once Mr. Prodgers went so far as to say "old chap" to him ; but this was very late one night, after the glasses had sparkled on the board some time, and they had each expressed their opinion, lyrically and unanimously, that the cock would crow and the day would dawn before the last of them should fall beside his chair.

Mr. Rawkins, as we have stated, was not a great deal at home ; and on fine afternoons, during his absence, Mr. Prodgers and Jack would leave the surgery in charge of Bob, and ascend to the pigeon-trap, in order, as Mr. Prodgers would observe, "to taste the pleasures of the pewter amongst the chimney pots." And then he would beguile the time by various professional anecdotes, and snatches of

melody, occasionally varying the diversions by puffing tobacco-smoke into the pigeon-holes where the birds were sitting, or making them giddy by putting their heads under their wings, and swinging them round. There was also an inflated old rabbit, to whom he was in the habit of giving strong liquors, until its behaviour became exceedingly eccentric ; and, having once detected the favourite cat pertaining to Mrs. Pim, who lived next door, in a predatory visit to the poultry, he had painted her face in imitation of an *al fresco* portrait of the late Mr. Grimaldi, opposite Sadler's Wells theatre, and then, before it could be wiped off, had attached various tassels of gay-coloured paper to her tail, together with a few old ferret-bells, and sent her back, with the compliments of the old gentleman who lived over the way tied round her neck. During the fore part of the day, however, Mr. Prodgers was generally at lecture, or rather gave out to the world that such was his occupation ; and then Jack remained in the surgery, attending to the patients, and conversing with Bob, at least when Bob was not idiotic. For as that small assistant led a species of chameleon life, apparently living upon air, and never closing his eyes, his brain at times became perturbed and wandering, and at these seasons Mr. Prodgers generally gave him two pills and a thrashing, which had always the effect of bringing him round again. And then his intellect usually came out in great force, more especially in the deliverance of moral maxims, which he had picked up during his education at the charity-school. For he had been brought up on the Chinese plan, which consists, upon the authority of the collection at Hyde Park Corner, in hanging sage precepts about the apartments, to be ingrafted in the early minds of youth ; and having once learned a great quantity of them by heart, for which he was rewarded with the medal of superior deportment, he had a great notion of their value, and was constantly employing them. But Mr. Prodgers, observing this propensity, had laboured indefatigably to confound his notions of these proverbs ; so that eventually Bob made glorious confusion of them whenever he spoke, to the great delight of bystanders in general.

Although the work which Bob got through in the establishment of Mr. Rawkins was supposed, upon a moderate computation, to be equal to that of five different servants in a large family, he contrived to snatch two or three minutes now and then from his labours, for his own diversion. And he usually employed these joyous moments in singing popular negro melodies to the poultry in the back-yard, practising violent gestures to accompany them, or playing *extempore* airs upon his Clerkenwell castanets, which were composed of pieces of slate, surreptitiously procured from the roof of the dust-bin. He was also an admirable chin-melodist, could dance a hornpipe on his head, derived a small income from the redemption of shuttlecocks and peg-tops which came down the area, whistled louder than anybody else when he went twice a-year to the gallery of Sadler's Wells, and could play part of "God save the Queen" in various keys at once, by blowing into a series of empty phials ; so that altogether, when his faculties were active, he was considered accomplished. His usual companions were the various living things comprising Mr. Rawkins's menagerie, between all of whom and himself there appeared to exist some curious affinity ; but his especial favourite was a superannuated pet leech, that he kept in a pickle-

bottle full of water under his knife-board, to whom he was in the habit of addressing most of his snatches of melody and ebullitions of jocosity: for the shed inclosing the knife-board might be considered as his own peculiar *boudoir*, being the only part of the house whose general arrangements he had the sole right of controlling, and within its limits most of his domestic labours were accomplished.

One fine morning Mr. Prodgers did not go to lecture at his usual hour, but remained loitering about the surgery, from which it was evident that there was some attraction in anticipation to keep him at home. Jack Johnson was amusing himself by cutting up old day-books into powder-papers for the poor people, and enveloping small portions of Epsom salts, ground to powder and coloured pink, in each; and boy Bob had been furnished with a mass of uninviting composition, about the size of a Bath-bun, which was to be rolled out into pills without delay, for the same class of patients, and then deposited in the jar appropriated to the PIL. HUM. Mr. Prodgers himself was not working particularly hard, but had seated himself upon the counter, with his feet resting in the cork-drawer, and was now watching the operations of his companions.

"Is it possible you mean that for a pill, sir?" he exclaimed, gazing at Bob with a stern expression, and taking up a small triangular morsel of "hum," which the small assistant had just cut off. "Now you eat that, sir, directly."

"That's four you've made me eat this morning," said Bob, looking very surly.

"What of that, sir?" demanded Mr. Prodgers, so sharply, that Bob gave a leap into the air. "If you don't eat that pill this instant, Mr. Johnson shall draw one of your double teeth. I am sure your sight must be bad to make such pills as that. I shall have to take out your eyes, after all, and wash them in soap-suds."

The last threat had such an effect upon Bob, that he directly bolted the offending composition, but with an expression of intense dislike.

"Don't make that face, sir," said Jack Johnson, following up his fellow apprentice. "Recollect, there are many poor children in the street would be glad of such nice pills."

"And remember," added Prodgers, with suitable gravity, "that evil communications is the mother of invention, and that a pin a-day —what did I tell you about a pin a-day?"

"A pin a-day is not to be caught with chaff," replied Bob, in extreme terror.

"Of course not," continued Prodgers. "How often am I to din that into your stupid ears? Now go and stand upon your head in the corner until I tell you to get down, or all your brains will run down into your heels. You'll be a perfect fool before long."

The hapless Bob had no course but to comply with the orders of his superior, and immediately turned himself over into the commanded position, from which he was not released until he had gone through "Jim along Josey" topsy-turvy, and danced an accompanying hornpipe upside down; towards the end of which, however, he was interrupted by Mr. Prodgers, who suddenly knocked him over, kicked him into the back-room, and followed after him, exclaiming to Johnson, as he closed the door,

"Here's Mrs. Stokes coming in. I leave you to enjoy the pleasure of her company."

The female who approached was one of Mr. Rawkins's chief private patients, to whom he was at all times most obsequious and attentive, for she was the wife of his baker; and, as he took out all his bills in half-quartern loaves, it was greatly to his interest to send in as much medicine as he could. She was a very woe-begone woman, of forty or thereabouts, with a white face a red nose, a rusty, faded mourning-bonnet, and a large, untidy mob-cap, with her hair constantly in papers, as if awaiting some grand occasion for full dress, which never came. Suffering under the combined effects of missionaries and dram-drinking, she was never perfectly well, and, what with continual attacks of indigestion, and occasional gentle fits of *delirium tremens*, the whole establishment of Mr. Rawkins was indirectly indebted to her for its daily bread.

"Well, Mrs. Stokes," said Jack, with great politeness, as the lady entered the surgery, "how are you to-day?"

"Very bad," replied the patient, after much wheezing, and laborious efforts to speak; "it's all them nasty cramps and the colds I catches in Mr. Knock's chapel."

"We will feel the pulse, ma'am," observed Johnson, fixing his face to a professional expression. "Ah—I see—not quite right; and now let us look at the tongue—not so good as I could wish. How's the appetite?"

"Law! you know, Mr. Johnson, last Christmas twelvemonth—"

"Yes, I am aware of that," replied Jack; "but I wished to know how it was at present."

"A hinfant's, Mr. Johnson—a unborn babe's is more. But Mr. Knock says I require spirituous consolation. I have put my trust in peppermint and salvation."

"You have done quite right, ma'am," replied Jack; "and we will do the rest. You find the red draughts agree with you?"

"They are blessed balm," answered Mrs. Stokes, "and their effects is peace."

Talented analytical chemists might possibly have pronounced them gin-and-water coloured with tincture of cardamums.

"You shall have four more this afternoon," continued Johnson. "The others must be gone by this time."

"Do not send them," returned the lady; "what I says is, that temptation must not be thrown out to servants, for maids-of-all-work is weak, and the draughts is grateful. I will call for them."

"You will find them ready," said Jack, opening the door for the lady, and politely bowing her out: striving very hard to keep his countenance as he caught sight of Mr. Prodgers making unearthly grimaces through the glass-door of the back-room. And as soon as she had departed, that gentleman returned to the surgery.

"I couldn't stand her again," observed Mr. Prodgers upon entering. "The last time she came she nailed me for a penny to endow a chapel with somewhere in the South Seas. It was not much, to be sure, if that sum was all they wanted for the purpose; but she's always up to dodges of the same kind."

"Do you think she makes an answer?" asked Jack.

"Rather," returned the other. "If ever I should have a house of

my own, the first article of furniture I established should be a box for missionary penny-pieces. I'd warrant it to pay the taxes. Here's Rawkins coming. Now for the lunch."

The cause of Mr. Prodger's choosing to remain at home on this particular morning, instead of going to lecture, may now be divulged.

The respected head of the establishment, from his love of athletic exercises, had been led into making a wager with some *habitué* of the neighbouring tavern, that he would run a given space in a certain time ; but as he was not in first-rate condition for such an undertaking, he had devoted certain periods of the morning to training, under the direction of a professor of self-defence. Mr. Prodgers, whose friends resided in the country, had received a day or two before a goodly hamper of pork-pies, fowls, and black-puddings, from the agricultural districts ; and in consequence had requested Mr. Rawkins to bring back the trainer to lunch with him, when their diurnal task was concluded. The medical Hercules immediately fell into the views of his assistant, — even going so far as to promise some champagne, which he could procure from the landlady, to whom he was paying his addresses, at the lowest possible rate, and begging that Hoppy, the bird-fancier, might be included in the invitation, he being regarded somewhat in the light of a link between the live-stock and human inhabitants of the establishment.

Although the day was somewhat close and oppressive, Mr. Rawkins entered his surgery enveloped in an enormous great-coat of a shaggy, white fabric, similar to those formerly worn by watchmen ; with a variety of comforters twined round his neck, of several colours and fashions, nearly concealing his face, so that he looked somewhat as if he was about to sit on the box of a cab all day long, in a heavy rain.

The gentleman of the ring, who accompanied him, was a thick-set fellow, with small eyes, high cheek-bones, thick lips, and cropped hair, of especially slang appearance, dressed in a coarse, cut-away coat, and drab-gaiters. He had evidently met with an accident similar to that of Juliet when she was young, for his features were as flattened as if he had fallen down upon his face very violently—with so much force, indeed, that they had never recovered their proper outline. The trio was completed by Hoppy, limping after them as fast as his lameness would allow, with a live rabbit of a peculiar "lop" in each of his shooting-coat pockets, whose increasing struggles and convulsions were the occasion of much marvel, and more compliments from such little boys as were passing at the time.

"Well, Prodgers," said Mr. Rawkins, as soon as he had disengaged himself of sufficient clothing to allow him to speak ; "well, Prodgers, what has happened — any good accident—fracture —eh?"

"Nothing particular, sir," was the reply.

"Um ! I suppose so. Hang the children ! I can't tell what's come to them ; they never tumble into the fires, or under the cabs, or down the stairs, as they used to do ; one should think they didn't do it on purpose."

The parish paid extra for casualties, which accounted for Mr. Rawkin's discontent.

"Mrs. Stokes has been here," said Johnson. "She wants four more draughts of the 'Spiritus Juniperi Comp:' and will call for them by and by."

"Very good!" replied Mr. Rawkins. "Suppose you make it six. The bread-bill will be heavy this week, and I shall want some ground-bait on Friday. The extra three shillings will cover it."

"Bob!" shouted Mr. Prodgers, in a voice that immediately commanded the presence of the attendant, "where are the clean phials?"

"There ain't none," answered Bob; "I hadn't time to shot 'em."

"Then you ought to have had," continued Prodgers; "you should get up early, and take time by the padlock. Remember, the early bird never boils, and procrastination is the soul of business."

"We can send a mixture instead," said Johnson; "I can wash out this Reading-sauce bottle in a minute."

"No, no—by no means," returned Rawkins; "don't put her up to it. The minute people find that a three-shilling mixture holds more than four eighteen-penny phials, they put the kibosh on the draughts; wait for the little bottles."

And having delivered himself of this elegant speech, Mr. Rawkins inducted his friends into the back surgery, whilst Johnson and Prodgers put up the medicine, directed it, and finally kicked Bob from one to the other for five minutes, upon wringing from him a confession that he had given away a bottle to a man at the door, in exchange for three yards of new and popular compositions in verse, adapted for music; the particular lyric which had tempted him to this act of dishonesty being the account of an individual, with a peculiarly tremulous name, whose powers of absorbing caloric were exceedingly limited.

These things being concluded, Jack and his associate joined the company in the consulting-room; and the cloth having been laid by the housemaid, Mr. Rawkins brought forth the champagne. Hoppy was accommodated with his accustomed seat near the fire, and a pot of porter, which he affirmed to be superior "to any champagnes as ever was bred;" and Mr. Chorkey Dags, professor of self-defence, being looked upon by Mr. Rawkins as a superior member of society, was allowed the tooth-drawing chair, by way of distinction.

For the first ten minutes of the repast there was very little conversation, for everybody was better engaged; but when their appetites had been somewhat satisfied, the company gradually became exceedingly noisy,—the professor of self-defence chiefly entertaining them with various gladiatorial reminiscences, which it is not worth while here to chronicle. And then, from the conversational style of amusement, they came to the enigmatical, in which Mr. Dags was a remarkable proficient. He broke tobacco-pipes into small pieces, and with the fragments thereof worked out deep problems of foxes going over rivers, with geese and pecks of oats, in boats of deficient capacity; and then he conjured with the bowls of the pipes, and a calomel pill, that had been made a long time, in the manner of the pea and thimble; and getting more confidential, exposed the different methods made use of by dishonest people to insure success in tossing up a coin, and speculating upon its obverse and reverse as it descends; together with many other crafty manœuvres, which came under his category of "dodge," all to the

great delight of the company, especially Bob, who looked upon him as a great magician, and could not take his eyes from him.

"What are you about, sir?" cried Mr. Prodgers, breaking his glass by accident, and immediately boxing Bob's ears for doing it, to divert attention.

"Where are you driving to now?" exclaimed Johnson, giving him a *contre-coup*, which drove him in a different direction.

"You are always breaking something or another," said Mr. Rawkins, dealing the devoted Bob a third blow, which knocked him into a tea-chest rabbit-hutch, wherein he remain firmly wedged.

"You are too good to him, Rawkins," said Mr. Prodgers, getting slightly familiar, from the juice of the grape, or gooseberry, as the case might have been. "He knows right reckonings corrupt good manners, and imposes upon it. Get up, sir!"

But this Bob was perfectly unable to do; and so, as he was quite out of everybody's way, they left him, and went on with their entertainment. Mr. Rawkins, who always led the conversation round to muscular activity, and feats of strength, began to show his power in squeezing the top of a pewter-pot into an ellipse with his hand, and defying others to open his fist when he had closed it. Then he took off his dressing-gown, and commenced a display of gymnastics with the aid of the staples and hooks driven into the walls and ceiling; and whilst he was doing this, Mr. Dags persuaded Johnson to put on a pair of boxing-gloves, and have a spar with him. Mr. Prodgers and Hoppy took their places on each side of the fire-place, with a couple of pipes, and the beer on the hob; so that altogether the room presented as singular a spectacle for the house of a medical man as any one could well conceive. But Mr. Rawkins stood alone in the profession for peculiarity.

On this very day, and at this particular time, Mrs. Grimley and her daughter were wending their way from the heights of Islington towards the street in which Mr. Rawkins had pitched his dwelling, or, rather, the roof of his pigeonries. Their business was a mission of charity; for Miss Grimley, finding that offers became scarcer every day, and that marrying young men appeared, in her opinion at least, to be gradually disappearing from the face of the earth, had taken up tracts and canary-birds as a last resource, stedfastly refusing all invitations, even of the mildest kind, in Passion-week, and making great numbers of list tippets and worsted mits for inferior children. She had also joined a district society for visiting poor people at their own houses, and seeing what they wanted, which, as the wants were never supplied, was an amusing occupation, at a small outlay; and she kept a circulating-library of serious pamphlets, which she was good enough to lend to any of her flock who would keep them clean, and bring them back again. So that she was pronounced an amiable young woman by the senior ladies of Islington, as well as an estimable young person, and a girl of great sense. On the morning in question she had started with her mother to make one of her usual rounds, calling upon the baker's wife, Mrs. Stokes, for some local information; for she felt a great veneration towards the house of Stokes, and dealt with it for bread, although the shop was some distance from their abode; because Mr. Stokes, acting under the wishes of his wife, only displayed religious announcements in his window, to the exclusion of all play-bills, and

other unseemly placards, which proceeding met with the highest encouragement from the Grimleys, albeit they had whilome inclined to private theatricals. But, as the religion of display and the religion of the heart are two sentiments entirely opposed to each other, this apparent paradox is not to be wondered at.

We have stated that Mr. Rawkins was always remarkably polite and subdued towards Mrs. Stokes, seeing that she was a good patient, and the bread of the household depended upon her indisposition ; and consequently Mrs. Stokes held the medical man in high estimation, she being comparatively blind to his eccentricities, and always recommended him whenever it lay in her power ; so that, being unable upon the present occasion to give the Grimleys all the information they desired, she volunteered to conduct and introduce them to Mr. Rawkins, who being the parish doctor, would most probably know all about it ; at the same time hinting, that should they ever think of changing their present medical attendant, she knew of no one more eligible than her favourite, whose excellent treatment of her indigestions she lauded to the highest point.

Mrs. and Miss Grimley accepted her offer, as it would introduce them to a practitioner whose mind was properly regulated ; and they set off together towards his house. No one was in the shop when they entered ; but sounds of mirth proceeded from the back-surgery, as well as occasional cries, which they at first imagined to arise from the consecutive extraction of teeth from many patients. But Mrs. Grimley, finding no notice taken of the signal made by tapping her parasol upon the counter, was about to advance and repeat it rather louder, when a sudden scuffle was heard, the door appeared to be burst open with some violence, and Mr. Chorkey Dags threw a back somersault into the shop, finally plumping down on the floor at the feet of the terror-stricken visitors, whither he had been driven by a sudden and well-planted blow from Jack Johnson, who now stood in the doorway, without his coat, and wearing the gloves, his face flushed, and his hair disordered, from the amicable contest he had been engaged in. Mr. Prodgers and Hoppy were still sitting on either side of the fire-place, watching the scientific displays of the two *athletæ* ; and Bob, whom nobody had thought fit to release from the private box which he had taken all to himself, was very contentedly looking on from the rabbit-hutch, and surreptitiously devouring part of a pork-pie in the confusion.

But where was Mr. Rawkins ?—for as the eyes of the scared visitors had first been directed by circumstances to the ground, they did not at once perceive him ; and when they did, they were more bewildered than ever. Half-way up the side of the room, grasping two large staples, and with his body thrown out by powerful muscular force, at right angles from the wall, in the manner of those remarkable individuals who enact monkeys and strong men at the minor theatres, was Mr. Rawkins, in a position which would have qualified him to assume the name of a Persian Impossible, a Caoutchouc Convolutionist, an Egyptian Brother, or any other title he might have chosen to adopt.

To this rapid action succeeded a perfect immovability of all parties, from the combined influences of terror, surprise, and want of breath, forming an *extempore tableau vivant* of the most original composition, which those who delight in such dull and wearisome en-

acments would have been much gratified at beholding. Mr. Rawkins was the only exception to the statue-like deportment of the others ; for, not being aware of the presence of strangers, and above all, of the pious Mrs. Stokes, he was still posturing in his elevated position, flinging his legs about to display the flexibility and power of his joints, and just upon the point of requesting Mr. Prodgers to hang a fourteen-pound weight upon his calves ; but, as soon as he perceived Mrs. Stokes and two other ladies, he dropped from his laborious attitude as if he had been shot, and scuffling on his dressing-gown, advanced towards them.

“ Ha ! Mrs. Stokes, I am glad to see you,” he exclaimed, with most ready assurance. “ Ladies—pray be under no alarm—you have called at the hour of our professional studies. I fear we have somewhat startled you.”

There was certainly very just ground for the alarm of Mr. Rawkins. The visitors had not yet recovered themselves sufficiently to speak.

“ We demonstrate, each day, at one,” continued Mr. Rawkins, “ the power of the animal fibre in the muscular *fasciculi*. Such practical examples are worth an age of lectures. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Prodgers—gentlemen—we will close the class for this morning.”

And gently urging the professor of self-defence into the back-surgery, he closed the door, shutting all the rest in with him, and begged to know to what circumstance he was indebted for the honour of this visit. This was soon stated, when the ladies had recovered themselves sufficiently to speak, which, however, was not for some minutes, whilst Mr. Rawkins was equally breathless from his late exertions. At length, when they had gained the necessary information, after the head of the establishment had consulted his assistant, to whom the care of the parochial patients was principally entrusted, they took their departure, leaving Mrs. Stokes to get her medicine, and detail some fresh ailments to Mr. Rawkins.

“ What an extraordinary scene, my love,” said Mrs. Grimley, feeling a little reassured at being once more in the street.

“ Very, mamma,” replied her daughter. “ Do you think they were all tipsy, or really studying ?”

“ I am sure I can’t tell, my dear,” returned Mrs. Grimley ; “ but I am glad we have found out how that Mr. Johnson employs his time. He appeared ashamed to speak to us.”

This was in reality not the case ; for Jack had not recognised the ladies in the bustle of the moment.

“ How angry the Ledbrys will be, if they know we have discovered where their favourite lives,—for I suppose he lives there,” said Miss Grimley.

“ And what news it will be for Mrs. Hoddle ! You must go in this evening, Jane, and tell her all about it.”

“ Emma Ledbury need not plume herself so upon her conquest,” said Miss Grimley, with a toss of her head. “ She does not appear to have got any such great catch, after all.”

“ I think not,” said Mrs. Grimley ; “ but I always said I thought him a very wild young man. Mrs. Ledbury is such a thorough manœuvrer, it will serve them right if it all turns out very badly, and I shall not be sorry if it does.”

And having delivered themselves of these friendly sentiments,

which contained their own creed of their duty towards their neighbour, Mrs. and Miss Grimley proceeded on their mission of religion and charity ; no doubt thanking Providence that *their* minds at least were actuated by pure and disinterested motives.

CHAPTER XXX.

Which treats of the country connexions of the Ledburys.

THE village of Clumpley, to which Titus had escorted his sister, was pleasantly situated upon the banks of the Thames, about a score of miles from London, and during the summer formed a great place of resort for numbers of gentlemen, who thought the extreme of earthly happiness was obtained by sitting in a punt all day long, and watching a bit of painted cork float along the water. It was a picturesque, quiet place ; not on any high road from any town of importance to any other, so that its commercial interests were chiefly confined to its own limits, as well as the ideas of its inhabitants, in the casual fashion of small country towns. But, whilst places of greater pretensions in the neighbourhood had become bankrupt, from the decline of coaches on their line, and increase of railways, Clumpley flourished from those very circumstances ; for the neighbouring station opened a very ready communication with the metropolis, and brought visitors down from town, who were not previously aware that there was such a place in existence.

The chief feature in the topography of Clumpley was certainly the High Street ; for in this thoroughfare most of the traffic of the community took place, and within its boundaries were comprised all the public buildings of the village, the most important, next to the church, being the Literary and Scientific Institution, which frowned with classic severity upon the public house opposite, silently reproaching the frequenters. Most of the professions, too, resided in High Street, the law taking precedence in point of wealth, and medicine standing first as regarded numbers ; and as there were four medical men in the village, which was of reasonable size, and none of them spoke to the other, each had his own followers, and the society was thus divided into as many sets, whose transactions furnished constant amusement for each other. Of course there was not an inhabitant whose income and expenditure were not generally known and canvassed ; and when strangers entered the village they caused much excitement, for people ran to their doors to see them pass, and afterwards collected into little knots to discuss the probable cause of their arrival. On fair and market-days, however, strange faces did not cause any very great excitement ; for then burly men in top-boots entered the village in numbers from the wild adjacent districts, only known to the doctors' assistants and relieving officers. Some rode large-boned horses, and came alone ; others drove portions of their family in sturdy chaise-carts, and these were left in long rows in front of the inn, to the great joy and diversion of the little boys, who climbed into all of them by turns, and drove imaginary horses, until scared away by the ostler. There was a branch stage-coach that ran through Clumpley to some unimportant place, which appeared to have been overlooked in the general exter-

mination of such vehicles, and its arrival to change horses was a great epoch in the transactions of the day. The passengers which it carried—seldom more than two or three—were regarded by the inhabitants as ~~travellers~~ ^{travellers} of peculiar enterprise; and if a parcel was left at the inn for any one in the village, it served those who were not lucky enough to see the address to talk about all day long, as to who it could be for, what it contained, and where it came from.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, above alluded to, might be considered as ~~the~~ the Bourse, or Exchange of Clumpley,—not in a mercantile point of view, but as a spot where the inhabitants were accustomed to meet from various parts of the village, and sometimes from the adjacent hamlets. The museum attached to this establishment was highly interesting, and filled with curiosities, which sometimes included the visitors. Everybody in the neighbourhood had been requested to contribute something when it was first started; and accordingly, those whose houses were limited for space looked upon it as a safety-valve to get rid of all superfluous rubbish. First of all came, as a matter of course, models of canoes, and bows and arrows, with spears and paddles, from the South Seas, presented by the old captain who lived out on the Green. Then arrived some stuffed birds and plaster busts, with three volumes of the Poor Law Reports, and a clothes-basket full of minerals and fossils, that nobody understood. But when these various things came to be admired, and small labels attached to them blazoned forth the names of the donors, the inhabitants began endeavouring to outvie each other in the value of their presents, and poured their choicest curiosities into the museum with lavish generosity, not always without occasional wishes, when the enthusiasm was over, that they had them back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer, at whose house Emma was about to stay upon her country-visit, were connexions of Mrs. Ledbury—worthy and comfortable people, with two children, a son and a daughter, about the same ages as Titus and his sister. The old folks did not often go to town, no persuasions having up to the present time ever proved sufficient to get Mrs. Wilmer upon the railway, the train of which, she imagined, was a species of enormous rocket, that went off with a *whisk!* and shot the passengers from one station to another. Mr. Wilmer occasionally paid a visit to the metropolis at regular intervals, to look after his dividends, and was now and then seen at ~~Mark Lane~~; but this was the extent of his peregrinations. Neither were the visits to town of his son, Mr. John Wilmer, more frequent, for he was a sportsman, and found few pleasures in London accordant with his own tastes; but the daughter, Fanny, was in the habit of going ~~to~~ stay every year with the Ledburys,—an excursion she always looked forward to with the greatest delight. And, indeed, upon these occasions her parents always had very great trouble in getting her back again, for when a day was fixed upon for her return, some party or excursion always arose, that rendered it necessary for her to stay some few days longer. And upon these occasions Fanny Wilmer was accustomed to be in a great flurry about her dress,—what she should wear, and which mode was most in vogue,—always prevailing upon Emma to go shopping with her, as she did not like to trust to her own taste in London, although at

Clumpley she usually set the fashion. Altogether, indeed, she had a great opinion of Emma's acquirements, and usual looked to her for instructions in carriage and demeanour, all of which she carefully followed ; so that Jack Johnson, who had now and then met her at Ledbury's, said she was not altogether so rustic in her manners as some of the provincial beauties he had occasionally met, seeing that she knew how to waltz, and could sit down properly. For Jack observed, in confidence, to Titus, that he could usually tell the country-girls when they entered a room ; they generally settled down upon a seat at once, as soon as they had been received, and appeared glad of the refuge the chair afforded ; whereas, the London young ladies always looked calmly about them, and spread their dress out very carefully before they sank gently upon the rout-seats, in order that it might possess no unseemly creases upon rising. Fanny Wilmer had, moreover, a shade of blue in her composition, for which she was indebted to the lectures at the scientific institution above-mentioned. But the azure tint was like the same colour upon one of the dissolving-views — very transparent, and never obtrusive ; indeed, she sometimes used to wish that the Ledburys had taken her more to the opera, and less to the Polytechnic Institution, that she might have been able to talk to her partners about *Giselle* and the *Puritani* as well as the other young ladies. Nevertheless, she always spent a very pleasant evening, and the description of the supper, and the party in general, used to serve her to talk about for weeks after she ultimately got home. And when she had talked the subject out to her own family, she recapitulated it all to the Mrs. Hoddle of the neighbourhood — for there is a Mrs. Hoddle residing in all country towns, who collects and retails all the news, and, despite the quarrels of medical men, and the bickerings of the small gentilities, is on friendly terms of visiting with everybody.

As the peculiar carriage before-mentioned drew up at the gate of Mr. Wilmer's house, the old gentleman came out to welcome his visitors, and the ladies remained at the windows, perpetrating a series of smiles and nods, that would have done honour to a mandarin — Fanny being at one, and Mrs. Wilmer at the other, in a cap so beautiful, that you would scarcely have thought it possible to group so many artificial flowers upon so small a space of net and wire. When the two servants, assisted by the driver, and the guard who had ridden upon the spikes behind, had got all the luggage from the fly, Mr. Wilmer escorted his visitors to the parlour, where a hearty welcome burst from the family assembled ; indeed, Mr. John Wilmer seized Titus's hand with a grasp that numbed his fingers for ten minutes afterwards. And then, after the first greetings, and particular inquiries after the health of everybody, and punctual delivery of the kind loves and regards which had been sent, Emma withdrew with Fanny to divest herself of her travelling costume, and have a long conversation of secrets, after the manner of young ladies in general ; and the old gentleman drew Titus into the garden, to show him the great improvements that had taken place in the disposition of the cucumber-beds since last year ; of which, as Titus had not the least recollection how they were placed before, he, of course, expressed much admiration at their altered state. And next John showed him the old mare, who was being blistered, and the new cow, and the wheelbarrow he had built himself, and the tame phe-

sant with the poultry, all of which objects elicited Mr. Ledbury's warmest approbation. But when he heard that at the ensuing races there was a chance of Miss Seymour, the *contadina* of the "Antediluvians," being asked to stay at Mr. Wilmer's, with whom he was aware she was acquainted, and that he also would be expected, his gratification was most unbounded; for the valentine and the ball had formed an epoch in Mr. Ledbury's life—the establishment of a lock and weir in the river of his thoughts, turning their stream into another channel, and causing much commotion.

It was not long before dinner re-assembled the family, and then, for the first time, Mr. Wilmer informed Titus of the treat in store for that evening. It appeared that the Clumpley Institution possessed a library,—that is to say, an extensive series of book-shelves; but as the funds of the establishment, in company with other scientific societies, were not very flourishing, there was no money to buy books. In consequence of this circumstance, the committee had put forth an appeal to the world, which had been answered by various learned gentlemen volunteering to lecture for nothing,—at least upon their mere expenses being paid them,—in order that the receipts might be applied to the purchase of books; and the first meeting was to take place that evening, when the lecture-room would be once more opened, after having remained in undisturbed tranquillity for some time. There were to be experiments with the gases, and chemical transformations; tricks with the air-pump, and dissolving views; electrotype, and galvanic batteries,—in fact, all sorts of entertaining sights; for the Institution possessed some very good apparatus, presented to it in one of the enthusiastic fits of generosity above alluded to, by a former inhabitant of the town,—although, unfortunately, nobody now knew how to use it. Mr. Wilmer was one of the committee, as also was Mr. John, and they had promised to use their endeavours to get up a large party, so that the arrival of Titus and his sister was most opportune, at the same time that the lecture provided some little amusement for their visitors.

After dinner, Emma was prevailed upon to play some new quadrilles upon the old-fashioned six-octave square piano, which had been an inhabitant of Clumpley for many years; and next she played the annual duet with Miss Wilmer, which they always performed when they were together, being a popular arrangement of "Cease your funning," with variations. After a great deal of pressing, they got Titus to sing, which with him was always a very rare occurrence, his talent in that line being very latent, and only fostered by the encouraging idea that he was in the country, where people were not so addicted to quizzing as in London. But, nevertheless, he succeeded tolerably well in the lyrical expression of the desire he felt to be a butterfly, which was one of the most modern songs they found in the music canterbury, although Miss Wilmer, who accompanied him, occasionally got a little before him, and did not rest sufficiently at the pauses to give it proper effect. Mr. Wilmer sat under the veranda, for it was a very fine afternoon, upon a most uncomfortable seat made of crooked boughs, smoking a pipe in company with his son, who, however, could not relish anything but cigars; and Mrs. Wilmer made tea, and thanked everybody for playing and singing, as soon as they had finished, and sometimes before, which was rather awkward. However, they were all very

happy, and the time passed pleasantly enough until the hour arrived for them to go the Institution, when they set off, Mr. John Wilmer most proud to have Emma Ledbury as his companion, more especially when he considered the sensation her new London spring-fashion bonnet would cause upon entering the lecture-room. And Mr. John himself was a fine young man, whom many match-making mammas looked at with anxious eyes as a most eligible suitor for their daughters. But Emma did not fully appreciate the enviable situation in which she was placed ; for, as they sauntered along the village towards the Institution, breathing the sweet fresh air of the country, and looking at the green May foliage and the clear sky, we fear she was thinking more of Jack Johnson in the close, gloomy doctor's shop in Clerkenwell.



CHAPTER XXXI.

The opening of the Clumpley Literary and Scientific Institution.

IT was a great day for Clumpley on which the gas was first introduced there by the enterprise of the townspeople. The whole place on that eventful evening was in one fever of excitement. Little boys followed the lamplighter with unceasing huzzas, and cheered louder than ever as each jet of light burst forth from the lamp ; sober inhabitants left their houses, and walked about the streets as though they had been at Vauxhall ; suppers were cooked by gas at the manufactory ; and there was a report that the directors and contractors all feasted together inside the gasometer, which obtained universal credence, inasmuch as several of the guests were very much indisposed the next day, which they attributed solely to the noxious vapours of the hydrogen floating in their banquet-room. Previously to this eventful change, the only lights in the village had been two oil-lamps over the doors of the chief inns, and one at the establishment of the principal medical man ; but, as the two first were always extinguished at eleven o'clock, and the last usually went out by itself about the same time, from the circumstance of the owner's persisting in using some new gimerack invention, that was to give ten times the light of ordinary oil at a quarter the cost, which never answered, the streets were in darkness throughout the night. This, however, was of little consequence ; for the Clumpleyites were an early people, usually retiring to bed about half-past ten, at which time any belated individual walking down the village might observe all the lights in the upper windows of the houses, now and then popping out very suddenly, as the inmate sought his French bed. And after this nobody was about, nor was any sound heard except the sheep-bells on the distant pastures, and the night-bells at the contiguous doctor's.

The excitement of the gas had not quite finished when Mr. Ledbury and Emma arrived at the village, and a demonstration of its nature and properties was to be one of the principal features of the evening's lecture. As they approached the Institution, they perceived a great throng of company wending their way towards it, most of whom were greeted by Mr. Wilmer and his family. First of all came up the young ladies from Theresa House Academy, on

the old London road, walking two and two, and admitted upon payment of sixpence each, when they displayed the most extraordinary diplomacy in getting as far away from the teachers as they could. Then arrived the preparatory school for young gentlemen from six to twelve, who entered somewhat less orderly, and divided the hour usually appointed to the lectures into ten minutes of attention, ten minutes of wriggling about, ten minutes of squabbling *sotto voce*, and the remaining half hour in sleep. The seats on the first row were reserved for the committee and their friends, most of whom were present, including the Wilmer detachment of spectators ; and the body of the lecture-room was filled with those who were subscribers, as well as many other visitors, who were not. The museum and library had been brushed up, and set off to the best advantage by the indefatigable librarian who was now taking the tickets, to entice new supporters ; and the table in the lecture-room was covered with a new green-baize, bound with yellow, and presented by the ladies of Clumpley, on which were displayed all the apparatus for the lecture, some of which was so singular in appearance, that the less-informed of the company were for a time divided in their opinions as to whether they had come to see an exhibition of conjuring or philosophy. And after these curious things, the chief objects of attention were Emma Ledbury and Titus ; who, being strangers, were therefore capable of producing a great sensation in a country-place like Clumpley ; not exceeded by the emotion caused when the *Fitzfabrics*—the great people of the village, who found scarcely anybody good enough to visit in the neighbourhood,—entered the room, and took their seats upon the benches, just like ordinary persons.

At length all the company had arrived, and at eight o'clock the secretary appeared at the table, and was received with much applause—the old gentlemen of the committee on the front seats agitating their gaiters, and using their umbrellas with much effect.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” observed the secretary, who, not being habituated to oratorial display, was somewhat nervous at addressing so large an assembly,—“Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy in being able to announce the following donations to the library and museum: (*Hear! hear!*)

“Mr. Shumbanks—a bottle of Isle of Wight sand, with a view of the Needles ; some cinders of bank-notes ; and an oyster-shell from the Royal George.”

These were interesting curiosities, and were welcomed accordingly.

“Mr. Jones—three volumes of the Gentleman’s Magazine for 1745 ; the second volume of an *Encyclopædia*, from *CAP* to *OPS* ; a large bust, name unknown ; and some pieces of granite.

“Mr. Gallett, Dr. Papworth’s pupil—skeleton of a cat’s head ; thunderbolt found in a cow’s heart ; a tooth supposed to have belonged to Julius Cæsar ; and a working model of the guillotine, with criminal to match.”

Mr. Gallett was rather a favourite, having promised to give the society a lecture upon popular physiology, and therefore these presents elicited much applause. The secretary now appeared as if about to make a communication of extra importance.

“The young ladies of Theresa House,” he continued—“Two transfer fire-screens for the library ; some perforated card flower-baskets ;

two book-marks, worked with '*souvenir*' and '*l'amitié*' in silk and gold; some worsted rugs for the curiosities; a butterfly pen-wiper, and a drawing of the Institution."

Hereat was a great sensation; the young gentlemen clapped their hands, and the young ladies blushed; whilst the governesses looked blandly round, but with a proper expression of pride, as much as to say, "See what can be done at our academy!"

These, with a few more similar bequests, completed the list of donations, and then the secretary begged to introduce the lecturer to the audience. Whereupon he dived into a back-room, and immediately returned, leading forth a gentleman in black, with his hair curled, and wristbands turned up, whom he marshalled into the room as Mr. Wilson, of London. Mr. Ledbury, who was on one of the front benches, directly thought he had seen him before. He mentioned this circumstance to Emma, whose memory of faces was somewhat remarkable, and to her was he indebted for the information, which he saw was correct as soon as it was given. There was no mistake at all about the matter—the gentleman who came forward to address the company was Mr. Roderick Doo! And of this he was furthermore convinced when that ubiquitous individual, upon advancing to the table, caught sight of Titus and his sister. For a moment he started; but then, recovering his placidity, bowed very graciously to them both, upon which the remainder of the audience immediately set Mr. Wilmer's visitors down as people of importance, from their being on such familiar terms with a London lecturer.

When the applause had subsided, after Mr. Doo had bent several turns very gracefully to the company, he commenced the lecture with an easy assurance, at which Mr. Ledbury was perfectly astonished.

After a short preliminary address, in which he spoke of the sun of knowledge dispelling the mists of ignorance, through the medium of institutions like the present, at which the committee looked very approvingly, as well as hinted at the proud star that Clumpley had become in the scientific hemisphere, since it had sent a representative to eat and drink at the British Association, and paralyze that learned body by his paper in section Q, upon "The totality of dependence in phrenology and fireworks upon metaphysical electricity," wherein such powerful arguments were adduced in support of the theory, that no one was able to refute them in the slightest manner. After this, he proceeded to state that he should divide the lecture into two parts: the first consisting of various experiments with the gases and other agents, and the second comprising the celebrated Dissolving Views. He also added, that as he should need some trifling assistance in the course of his experiments, he was happy to see in front of the table a talented gentleman of his acquaintance,—Professor Ledbury, of the learned societies,—whose valuable aid he should be too happy to secure. Mr. Ledbury started, and turned very red, when he first heard his name mentioned; but, calculating upon distinguishing himself, which was always a great point with him, he yielded to Mr. Doo's solicitations, and took his place at his side, amidst the applause of the audience, to whom he made an imposing obeisance. And indeed, as Emma remarked to Mrs. Wilmer, who felt much temporary gratification at their visitor

being so celebrated a person, with his spectacles, and mild expression of countenance, he looked very like a philosopher.

On the table in front of Mr. Doo was a large array of wide-mouthed stoppered bottles, apparently full of nothing, but which in reality contained various gases, that he had been preparing in the lecturers' room during the day, in a mysterious manner, and by the aid of sundry gun-barrels, wash-tubs, and bladders, to the intense bewilderment of the librarian, who could not conceive what they were intended for, but settled it at last by putting down Mr. Doo as the Wizard of the North getting ready the celebrated gun-delusion, of which he was more firmly convinced when that gentleman drew a union-jack handkerchief from his pocket, and asked the librarian if he could procure him a guinea-pig or small rabbit, all of which things, he was aware, were in great request with necromancers in general.

Oxygen—the universal sheet-anchor of all lecturers at scientific institutions—was the first element chosen by Mr. Doo for his experiments; and, to give proper effect to them, the lights were put half down by the librarian, who sat in the corner of the room, and turned a handle connected with the gas-metre. First of all, Mr. Doo lighted a match, which he blew out, and introduced into a bottle of gas, when it was immediately rekindled with a vivid flame. This was much applauded; but when he inserted a piece of incandescent charcoal into another bottle, which sparkled into a thousand coruscations, like a brilliant squib, the delight of the boys was so great that they could not contain their approbation, until sundry cuffs and boxes from the usher resounded through the semi-obscurity of the lecture-room. Upon this, order was once more restored, and they were again quiet, except Master Wheeler, an ill-conducted lad, who, having first imitated the ascent of a sky-rocket with his mouth, and next thrown a piece of chewed paper at Mr. Ledbury's spectacles, was finally discovered, and treated with several whacks of a cane across the shoulders, as a preliminary to farther punishment when he got home; which, however, did not prevent him from kissing his hand the next minute to the half-boarder at Theresa House, in which rude act he was detected by the English teacher, who immediately desired Miss Chapman, the half-boarder in question, to come and sit by her side, where she remained, in extreme *surveillance*, during the remainder of the lecture.

Hydrogen was next touched upon by Mr. Doo, who, with the assistance of Mr. Ledbury, inflated a small balloon over the gas-pipe, which ascended rapidly to the ceiling, and there kept stationary, and from which no looks nor intimidations could withdraw the eyes of the boys, who gazed at it unceasingly, to see what it would do next. This led to a short dissertation upon atmospheric voyages; and Mr. Doo drew the attention of the audience to a diagram somewhat resembling a flying wheelbarrow, which he said was a machine of his own invention for aerial travelling; and when he explained its manner of action, it appeared in every way worthy of Mr. Doo's peculiar talents, and perfectly convinced Mr. Ledbury, in his enthusiasm, that the ingenious projector, in spite of the many skilful and renowned people who bore his name, was the greatest Doo that had ever lived.

"It is impossible," said the supposed professor, "to form the least

idea of the triumphs in celestial science which this apparatus will achieve. The moon will become another portion of our boundless empire ; and all the twinkling stars, which even from infancy, when our hopes and fears were to each other known, have attracted our attention, and made us wonder what they are, all above the heavens so high, like a diamond in the sky, will export their choicest products to our favoured isle."

The pathos, national pride, and domestic sympathy of this short address came home to the hearts of all present, and they cheered the lecturer warily, two or three of the committee seriously dislocating their umbrellas in the excitement of their applause. And so much had the professor's speech warmed them up to the subject, that we firmly believe, if he had stated he was about to construct one of his machines in reality, and required innumerable shareholders to bring it to perfection, that several speculators then present would immediately have put down their names as part proprietors of the certain profits that would accrue from this wonderful invention. The whole affair was so plausible, so simple (in the diagram), and altogether, to a person of the smallest mechanical knowledge, so likely to succeed at the very first glance, that there was no doubt of the old-fashioned balloons being entirely superseded. And, indeed, Mr. Doo stated that a Mr. Green was one of his stanchest patrons,—which perfectly convinced the audience, conceiving it to be Mr. Green the celebrated aeronaut, of the importance of the invention. But on this point Mr. Ledbury alone was not quite so sanguine ; for he knew that, from time immemorial, the Doos had always relied upon the Greens for their chief support.

"The next gas to which I shall direct your attention," said the professor, returning to his lecture, "is called carbonic acid : it is a very heavy gas, as you perceive."

But of this the audience were not so perfectly assured, as Mr. Doo merely appeared to be pouring an imaginary fluid from one empty ale-glass into another.

"It is destructive," he continued, "to flame and animal life, which, if the ladies wish, I will immediately demonstrate by stifling a rabbit in a vessel of it."

Of course the ladies did not desire this proof ; and, as Mr. Doo had no rabbit, it was so far fortunate.

"Professor Ledbury will now assist me in showing the power of this gas over flame. You perceive I take this lighted taper, and you will see that, when I introduce it into this bottle of carbonic acid, it will be extinguished as suddenly as if it was plunged under water."

Mr. Ledbury, happy to distinguish himself, received the bottle of gas with an important air, and held it towards the lecturer, whilst Mr. Doo lighted a small piece of taper, and held it to the mouth of the bottle. But no sooner was the stopper removed than a bright flash of light, accompanied by a bang, which shook the building to its very foundation, scared the astounded audience. Mr. Doo leapt with convulsive energy to the other side of the table ; Mr. Ledbury was knocked backwards into a large tub of water, which answered the purpose of a pneumatic trough ; and the librarian, who directed the gas, turned it suddenly off in his fright, amidst the screams of the young ladies, the huzzas of the boys — who thought it was part of the experiment, and took advantage of the dark to kick up what

noise they liked, without fear of discovery,—and the general bewilderment of the whole assembly.

The greatest confusion ensued, and the professor for some time vainly endeavoured to make himself heard amidst the tumult. At length a light was obtained from a spirit-lamp that was burning upon the table, and gas was soon rekindled, when the company were somewhat re-assured to see Mr. Ledbury and the professor still alive, and not blown into small fragments, as they had anticipated, but in full possession of their energies,—the former gentleman wringing his coat-tails, and Mr. Doo preparing to address the assembly. A few words explained the accident, in which it appeared that the lecturer, instead of carbonic acid, had confided a bottle of oxy-hydrogen gas to Mr. Ledbury's care, which being highly explosive, had gone off so unexpectedly; but fortunately without any ill effects. The table was, however, thrown into so much confusion, that it was thought advisable to conclude the first portion of the lecture, and go on to the dissolving-views, the indulgence of the audience being claimed for ten minutes, in order to make the necessary preparations; and then the professor and his assistant retired into the lecturer's room, and the vice-president went to inquire about the health of the Fitzfabrics after the alarm.

"Well, Mr. Ledbury, and *how* are you?" asked Roderick, as they closed the door after them. "I was surprized to see you; you were equally surprised to see me in such a position, I have no doubt; but I am always happy to lend my poor abilities to the advancement of science."

"I certainly did not expect to meet you here," replied Titus.

"Of course not! how should you?—how should you? And the name, too,—ha! ha! Professor Wilson! it is at the wish of my family I adopt that *sobriquet*. Allow me the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you."

There was a bottle of sherry, and sixpennyworth of mixed biscuits on the table, provided by the liberality of the committee, and Mr. Doo poured out for Titus and himself, chiding Mr. Ledbury for not having been to see him, which, as he had never been informed by Roderick where he lived, could not be construed into a direct breach of politeness.

"All right!" said Mr. Doo, peeping out at the door. "The porter is hanging up the transparent screen, and this is the apparatus," pointing to two magic-lanterns standing side-by-side on a box, with a winch in front, that shut up the lens of one whilst it opened the other.

"The contrivance appears very simple," said Mr. Ledbury.

"All grand things are so," answered the professor; "look at my aërial ship. But I am rather in a dilemma, for I have lost the book of reference to the objects. However, we must begin, for the audience are shuffling their feet. Bring out the decanter with you: we can enjoy ourselves as we like behind the screen."

The lights were now gradually lowered, to prevent any new alarm, and when it was quite dark, Mr. Ledbury put in a slide, by Mr. Doo's direction, which turned out to be a portrait of Prince Albert as he would appear walking on his head. But this was immediately withdrawn as soon as the mistake was perceived, and another substituted.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Doo, in a low voice, of his assistant.

"A Turk who moves his eyes," replied Titus.

"That will do," said Roderick, speaking loud. "Portrait of Akbar Khan!"

This was received with great applause by all the audience, except a little child in front, who began to cry, and was immediately shaken into silence.

"The next is a sea-side place, with ships," said Ledbury, holding the slide between his eyes and the field of the lantern to see what was on it.

"The Harbour of Chusan!" cried Mr. Doo, as the Turk dissolved into the new object.

"I think it's meant for Margate," mildly hinted Mr. Ledbury; "yes, there are the windmills."

"Hush!" said Roderick, "it will do just as well. Now, what is the next?"

"It is a cottage and a tree. I can't make anything else out of it."

"Birthplace of Robert Bloomfield!" cried Mr. Doo.

"I don't think it is very like it," whispered Ledbury. "I have a view at home which is quite different."

"We can't be far out," returned Mr. Doo, in the same low tone. "All the poets of that class—Shenstone, Burns, Bloomfield, and Co. were born in the same kind of houses. I know them well. Little mud hovels, with two windows and a door. Go on."

"I can't see this one very plainly," said Ledbury. "It looks like some fortifications, and a tower."

"Push it in," replied Mr. Doo, finishing a clandestine glass of wine. "Citadel and ramparts of Ghuznee!" he continued aloud.

"That's Windsor Castle!" cried Master Wheeler in front, who lived at Datchet, and was perfectly acquainted with the view, proud of being able to set the lecturer right.

To this piece of gratuitous information succeeded a scuffle in the dark, between the usher and Master Wheeler, together with an extempore discussion upon the subject of academical discipline, as connected with the cane; one party demonstrating it practically, and the other objecting to it theoretically.

Order being restored, a few more scenes were exhibited, and Mr. Doo was just on the point of dissolving Milan Cathedral, which he had designated as the new Houses of Parliament, into a view of the Thames Tunnel, with a gentleman in a bright-blue coat walking up the centre, which could not very well be mistaken for anything else, when a fresh disturbance amongst the audience caused him to pause for an instant in his descriptions. The lights were suddenly turned on, and the librarian of the institution descended from the top bench of the theatre, and whispered something to the vice-president. And then the vice-president's face betrayed much astonishment, and he cast a severe and scrutinizing glance first at Mr. Ledbury, and then at Mr. Doo, who had pulled up the transparent screen to see what was the matter; after which he begged the patience of the audience for a few seconds, and left the lecture-room. All this was so very mysterious that the curiosity of the company was excited in a most singular manner; and this was not lessened when the vice-president re-appeared, ushering two policemen into the theatre—not common, rustic constables, but real London alphabetical policemen, with the

proper badges round their arms, and shiny tops to their hats. These individuals were at first presumed to have something to do with the entertainments of the evening by the majority of the spectators, who were, however, undeceived when the officers advanced towards Mr. Doo, and one of them said with much suavity,

"I must trouble you, sir, to come along with us."

The whole transaction was so rapid, that before Mr. Ledbury and the rest of the audience had recovered from their surprise, the policemen had conducted the thunder-stricken lecturer from the theatre. At the door of the institution a chaise was waiting to receive them, and in two hours from the last dissolving-view Mr. Roderick Doo was lodged in one of those secure apartments which the government, with its usual liberality, provides gratuitously for all who require them; and to which entrance may be obtained at all hours of the night, in the neighbourhood of Bow Street, being very centrally situated, and close to both the large theatres, and other places of public amusement.

THE MANIAC'S RHAPSODY.

THE night-breeze is sighing round field and bower
 With a dread and hollow tone,
 And sadly o'er castle, and crag, and tower,
 Resoundeth its dismal moan ;
 And—heard ye yon wild and wailing scream ?
 'Tis the shrieking of murdered men.
 Oh merrily glanreth the knife's cold gleam,
 In the depth of the raven's glen.

Dash on, thou deep, dark stream, dash on !
 "Twixt banks of emerald green,
 I love to list to your gurgling groan,
 And gaze on your sparkling sheen,
 And fain would I ride on your bonny blue wave
 Adown to the wild, wild sea,
 But the kelpie would bear me away to his cave,
 His bride and his slave, to be.

Aha ! I see you, my maiden moon,
 As you creep through yon ruin'd hall,
 You cannot escape,—I will catch you full soon
 In some chink of its ivied wall.
 You are mine ! you are mine, my damsel bright !
 Ah, faithless ! you 've stolen away,
 To dance and to dally on meadow and height,
 Or wanton 'mid woodland spray.

But, sooth, I love the stars better than you,
 Far away in the cold clear skies,
 Where they twinkle and gleam from their concave blue,
 A cluster of angels' eyes ;
 And I think that a God beyond doth dwell,
 And my heart beats quick and glad ;
 But a fiend holds my brain in his hideous spell,
 And I know that I am mad !

LIFE IN HANOVER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CONCLUSION.

We met—we gazed ; I saw, and sigh'd ;
 She did not speak, and yet replied.

Mazepa.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the manner in which Denham was received by the Duke, or detail the congratulations offered by Von Hartig, and those who had backed him. His own thoughts turned towards the fair Armgart ; and it was with much pleasure that he listened to the Duke's invitation to dine at the table appropriated for those of high rank, the military, &c., and at which strangers uninvited could not present themselves, although it was nominally a public one. Here he felt certain he should see her again, and possibly obtain an introduction ; if so, he might reckon upon engaging her to dance with him at the *bal champêtre*, which was to be held that night in the Blumensfeld gardens.

The last race being over, though scarcely more than two o'clock, the company were breaking up fast, and driving towards Celle ; about half a mile from which the marques were pitched for the numerous dinners now in readiness. Of course, the warmest to felicitate him on the result of the race were his English friends ; and Templewell did so with an earnestness and hilarity which manifested very plainly that teetotalism formed no portion of his creed.

"Well!" exclaimed he, "where are we to dine? Shall it be at the inn, or amongst those tents?"

Denham explained how he was situated ; at which Templewell at first shrugged his shoulders ; then, turning to Saville and Sir Nicholas, said, "Well, we can be jolly, at any rate ; let us go to the Wirthstafel, where the citizens are, with their wives and daughters : it will be quite as pleasant as among the grandees,—and we can meet again in the evening."

They did not, however, separate until they reached the marques, when Denham, introduced by Von Hartig, who extended the invitation to Saville, entered the privileged arena. But Saville declined leaving Sir Nicholas and Templewell, and the three therefore wended their way to the *table-d'hôte* of their choice. When Denham entered the pavilion, which was very gaily decorated for the occasion with flags, and flowers, and appropriate devices, he looked about him eagerly, and was not long in perceiving *his colours* at the further extremity, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were clustered. Having ascertained from Von Hartig that he was acquainted with almost everybody there, he claimed the favour of certain introductions.

"Willingly," said the aide-de-camp ; "to whom do you wish to be presented?"

"There is a tall, middle-aged lady, rather *embonpoint*, — I think her name is Von Bortfeld—and—and—her dau—the—the lady—the young lady that is with her."

"What! the Fräulein Armgart!—so!—oh! yes ; with much plea-

LIFE IN HANOVER.

sure ; they are connexions of mine. You have a good eye ; her mother is the most agreeable woman, and she is decidedly the prettiest girl, in the room." So saying, he led Denham to the spot where they were standing, and the usual formalities ensued. If Armgart blushed, and Denham felt slightly confused, it is scarcely to be wondered at.

" Ach, sare !" said Madame von Bortfeld ; who, accustomed to the society of the English in Hanover, liked always to speak their tongue, though she was less successful in the attempt than the generality of her countrywomen, — " ach, sare ! we must congratulate you ; you shall race vary handsom. Mein Gott ! you have make jomp your horse as one angel. He leap over de hordel like one cat. Aber poor Ludwig ! he shall get his tombles. Where is your cousin, Armgart ? have you saw him ?"

" No ; poor fellow !" replied her daughter, " not since he led his horse away ; but he was not hurt ; so we may fairly laugh at his mishap, especially as we gain so much by it. Adelaide, and Lottchen, and I, each win half-a-dozen pairs of gloves. The consequences would have been terrible if he had won."

Denham raised his eyes inquiringly.

" I hope," said he, " you did not bet him any very long odds. Though I am ignorant what [they were, I feel very much tempted to ask to share the risk in any future speculations."

" You have quite earned the right to do so," returned Armgart, " from having ridden so well. Is it long since you left England ?"

Denham was about to answer, when Madame von Bortfeld exclaimed, " Come ; the Duke has arrived. We shall be happy if you join our party. Come you, too, Von Hartig. Poor Ludwig ! I wonder where he been ?"

It seemed to Denham that Armgart, as she took his proffered arm, did not share in her mother's solicitude.

Need we say that he felt himself as happy now as any young man similarly situated could possibly be. He had fallen deeply in love ; was seated beside his mistress ; and it was evident she did not look upon him with aversion. He did not lose his time ; but whether he ate any dinner or not, for the life of him he could never afterwards remember. All he was conscious of was, that the two hours which he thus passed, though the briefest, seemed the happiest of his existence ; and, when the party broke up, the only distinct impression he had of anything was, that Armgart had promised to dance with him at the Blumenfeld gardens that evening.

THE BALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

" A battle and a ball resemble each other very closely."

Vide Duke of Wellington's Despatches.

WHEN the dinner-party broke up, Denham made the best of his way to the marquee, where his English friends had agreed to dine. It was not far off ; and the somewhat obstreperous mirth which broke from it easily directed his footsteps. The noise of song was loud ; and, as he drew nearer, he recognised the familiar tones of the baronet chanting a stave, which, if not exactly like those of Hafiz, or Anacreon, in praise of wine, was certainly no less commendatory of the virtues of that " familiar creature " strong beer. Such of our

readers as may have received their education at the University of Cambridge, will at once recognise the verse, which, for unity of design, terseness of expression, and loyalty of sentiment, is unequalled in the annals of song. The chorus, which was admirably sustained by Messieurs Templewell and Saville, did honour to the strength of their lungs.

The scene which greeted Denham on entering the marquee was significant of the poetical effusion just adverted to. At a table apart from the rest of the company,—who, for the most part, were busily engaged in smoking,—sat the three worthies; and behind the chair of one of them, half-shrinking from the light, and yet unwilling to leave the spot, stood a female figure, whom Denham quickly recognised as the *conditorinn* of the Leine Strasse — the pretty Doretta. Along the table was ranged a long file of small black bottles, once filled with Dublin stout, but now empty; and every five minutes added another to the number. There were already upwards of thirty of these sturdy recipients of strong drink; and, from the manner in which the sentiments of the song was practically applauded, it appeared likely that the line would “stretch to the crack of doom,” if the sitters could swallow till then. It would be superfluous to hint that perfect sobriety was not the order of the evening.

The approach of Denham was greeted by a loud shout from his friends, while consternation seemed to sit upon the countenances of the natives at beholding what they conceived to be the addition of another bass voice to the manly chorus, which so recently had made the welkin ring. Doretta looked imploringly, expressive of her anxiety that Templewell should drink no more; and Denham resolved to try and prevent him. But he might as well have tried to stop the current of a rapid river. Templewell was in that mood in which every suggestion for pursuing a particular line of conduct is invariably met by the adoption of an opposite course. The baronet's condition was no less equivocal; but the symptoms manifested themselves chiefly in hilarious expressions, and a proneness to cultivate the powers of his voice. Saville was, perhaps, the least affected of the party; but there was a gleam in his eye, and an occasional burst of eloquent objurgation against the sober world in general, and certain smoking individuals in particular, that showed all was not quiet within; and the prevalent tone of the three bacchanals under the influences which we have described, made the probability of a “row” in the course of the evening, by no means remote.

It was useless for Denham, under these circumstances, to ask for advice in the course he proposed to follow; and he clearly saw, that if he had any project in view, he must trust to himself for putting it in execution. He made no apology, therefore, for quitting the marquee; but quickly withdrew in the direction of the town of Celle. As he was passing by a small *gasthaus*, a half-opened door revealed to him the figure of Stumps, the Duke of Brunswick's jockey, amusing himself with a pipe, and laying down the law to a small circle of attentive listeners. “The very man,” thought Denham, “for my purpose;” and, putting his head into the room, he beckoned to him to leave the house. Stumps speedily obeyed; and, leading him aside, a brief, but animated conversation ensued, in a low tone; at the conclusion of which, an attentive ear might have caught

the jingle of something very like gold, and an observant eye have marked the air of satisfaction with which Stumps buttoned up his breeches-pocket. Denham also appeared pleased, and moved away with an elastic step towards his hotel, to make some further arrangements there, and prepare for the ball.

The hour at length was come ; and, beneath the glowing light of numberless lamps, with the bright stars alone shining above the scene, Denham found himself, with the lovely Armgart, wandering through the Blumenfeld gardens. He had danced with her ; and his language, animated at first, had now become impassioned,—and insensibly, as they quitted the throng, Armgart listened, and replied with deepening interest. Denham spoke of the impression which she had made when first he saw her in the garden at Bella Vista ; he told her how that feeling had increased when he beheld her before the race ; he described to her the motive which prompted him to ride ; and, finally, after dwelling at length upon his condition, his prospects, and his fortune, all of which gave encouragement to his hopes, he uttered the irrevocable words which form, when spoken, that era in life to which memory for ever recurs, as if existence till then had been a blank, or utterly unworthy of remembrance. What Armgart answered was never very distinctly known ; but, as German love is rapid in its growth, and as she neither withdrew her hand nor averted her eyes in anger, it is only reasonable to conclude that his suit was not discouraged.

They were seated at one end of the garden, beneath the shadow of a broad-spreading chestnut ; and Denham was discoursing most eloquent music to the fair Armgart, when a loud noise arose from the opposite extremity. He rose, and listened for a moment ; and, fancying that he could distinguish English voices amidst the confusion, readily conjectured that his friends had made their *entrée* at the *réve*. Nor was he wrong ; the three Englishmen were there, and the noise originated in a disposition on the part of the door-keepers to oppose their entrance, on the ground that the dress of the “wilder herr”—as they termed Templewell—was not suited to a ball. It must be admitted that there was some reason in the objection ; for a rough pilot-coat, with an enormous stick projecting from one pocket, is not exactly the trim for dancing. Templewell was, however, determined to get in, and his friends being equally strenuous, his irregularity of costume was allowed to pass as one of the peculiarities of “the eccentric Englishman.”

Denham was perplexed ; he did not wish to give umbrage to his countrymen by appearing to avoid them ; and yet, he feared that any recognition, in their present condition, would altogether mar the project he had formed.

He resolved, however, to be guided by circumstances, and trusted that the spirit of good fellowship, which he knew animated them, would predominate over their extravagant humour. Once more, then, lest their absence should be noted, he led Armgart to the dance ; and when it was over he left her with her party, amongst whom was Von Stiremup, while he obeyed the signal, which had more than once been given him, to join the new-comers. They had formed a group at one end of the space allotted to the dancers, and more than divided attention with the latter.

Denham went round, and, taking Saville by the arm, withdrew him from the ring.

"Templewell," he said, "is in a fine way to-night ; how came you to bring him here?"

"Oh ! Heaven knows !" answered Saville ; "he might have stayed where he was—but, here he comes!"

Denham turned his head, and saw Templewell approaching with the baronet.

"Well, old boy !" said the former ; "you have done the trick nicely, hav'n't you ? A pretty fellow you are, to leave us all in the lurch, and go philandering after the girls ! But, I tell you what, you've had enough of it for to-night. You shall come with us, and we'll have a jolly good supper,—lots of champagne ; and we'll drink the health of the *Frau* ——"

"For God's sake !" said Denham, "be quiet ! you'll spoil everything if you go on in this way."—"Why, what's the matter?" rejoined the other. "Come, let us know what's in the wind. Half-confidences, you know, are the greatest marplots."

There was truth in this ; so, making a virtue of necessity, Denham replied, "Saville shall tell you. I want to say a few words to him."

He then put his arm through Saville's, and led him away, communicating openly in few words the fact that he had made arrangements for starting for Hamburgh that night, and that Armgart von Bortfeld had consented to accompany him.

"I expect the carriage here," he added, "in an hour's time, at the foot of the hill beneath the gardens. We shall travel all night ; reach Hamburgh to-morrow ; catch the steamer, I trust ; and when we get to England we shall be married immediately."

"A very sensible and particularly well-digested scheme," said Saville. "I wish you success ; pray who do you depend upon for the carriage in this matter ? What German postmaster will supply you with horses fast enough for your purpose?"

"Oh ! little Stumps is my ally," returned Denham. "I won his heart to-day by winning the race ; and secured my conquest with some of old Cohen's "Friedrichs."* This is my secret ; tell Templewell and Sir Nicholas,—if they *must* know it ; but, beg them to keep aloof. By the way, what has become of Doretta ? I saw her in the marquee."

"We left her crying her eyes out somewhere near the entrance to the gardens : she tried hard to keep Templewell from coming here."

"Poor thing !" said Denham, "I am sorry for her. But I must leave you now. If I don't meet you again, — good b'ye !" and they shook hands cordially.

"Oh ! we'll see you fairly off, in case of accidents," replied Saville,—"and so, *bis wiedersehen*."

It was a pity that this conversation did not take place *sotto voce*, or that the English language should be so well understood in Hanover. The garden was divided by numerous cut hedges ; and Count Ludwig von Stiremup (who, for reasons of his own, had kept his eye upon Denham throughout the evening,) happened to be standing within a few feet of the speakers, and heard every syllable of the plan for the projected flight.

In a few moments, Denham had rejoined the circle in which he had left Armgart ; and, after a lively interchange of compliment

* A gold coin, value five Prussian thalers.

with Madame von Bortfeld, he again claimed her daughter's hand for a mazourka. It was readily obtained; and once again they mingled together in the dance; the pressure of hands, and the significant expression of eyes proving the most eloquent interpreters of each other's thoughts. At length they paused in their circling flight, and Denham whispered a few brief words in Armgart's ear. She started; tears came into her eyes; she trembled; and Denham feared for an instant that she repented of the rash enterprise.

"There is no time, dearest, for deliberation; all will be well. You shall again be here, a happy bride, within a month. Come—come!" and with gentle force he drew her, unresisting, away with him. They reached the garden-gate, and hurried along a path that led round to the foot of the hill. Armgart trembled violently, and Denham almost carried her as he pressed rapidly onwards. Stumps had been true to his mission—the carriage was at the appointed spot, and the postilion in his saddle. Enveloping Armgart in a large cloak, Denham lifted her into the carriage, and his foot was raised upon the step to follow; he turned his head to say one word to Stumps,—for he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps,—and at that moment he received a violent blow from behind, which stretched him at full length on the ground, while the voice of Von Stiremup rang in his ears.

"Aha! mein fine jockey!—you have not win eva-ry race!—you been to-night as I was this morning!"

Denham lay stunned; Armgart shrieked and fainted; and a party of the *polizei* rushing on, the horses heads were seized; while two of their number laid violent hands upon the prostrate Englishman. The capture was not, however, effected so speedily as they had thought. A hasty trampling of feet, and the expressive war-cry of Saville, rejoicing in the accomplishment of a fray at last, embodying itself in the erstwhile popular phrase, "Go it, you cripes!" announced a rescue at hand; and before Von Stiremup could look round him, he found himself opposed hand to hand against that gentleman, while Templewell made play with the *polizei* who stood over Denham; and Sir Nicholas bestowed his attention upon those who detained the horses. But, alas! for British valour, the hue-and-cry had been given, the place was in alarm, and hundreds of persons rushing to the spot, after a long and manly struggle, the bold Englishmen were overpowered by numbers, and consigned to the tender mercies of a guard of soldiers. Armgart, who had swooned, still lay insensible in the carriage; and, when Denham recovered his senses, he found himself in the *gefängniss* (prison) of Celle, with Saville, Templewell, Sir Nicholas, and little Stumps, for his companions.

Here terminates this sytte of "Life in Hanover." All we are further at liberty to disclose is, that the travelling-carriage did not proceed to Hamburg, but late on the following day was seen moving in the direction of the Hartz mountains, on the road to Ganderheim, where Madame von Bortfeld possessed a remarkably secluded country-house. It is satisfactory, however, to think that Ludwig von Stiremup was confined to his bed for six weeks, and only left it the day the Englishmen were released from prison, and escorted to the frontier.

THE GALANTEE-SHOW.

BY JACK GOSSAMER, RAILROAD PHILOSOPHER.

DRAWING FOR THE MILLION.

BEING A SUPPLEMENT TO MR. HOWARD'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DRAWING is one of the instincts of our nature, for as soon as we merge nothingness into somethingness, non-entity into entity, we are destined to *draw* the milk of nurture from our mamma, if she happens to suckle us. If not, we draw upon the wet-nurse, who has put her own babby upon tops and bottoms, baked flour, and prepared groats, for our accommodation. As we *draw* towards manhood, we *draw* both father and mother pretty handsomely, or there is no virtue in money. The same principle induces us afterwards to *draw* mankind. To *draw*, in short, is to fleece, to bamboozle, to humbug, and to cheat; it is the science of picking pockets.

The art of drawing is imperishably interwoven with that glory of the world, and admiration of surrounding nations, the constitution of our country; and indeed with all our institutions. It is to be found in the profundity of blindfold legislation, now somewhat on the wane; in the prolixity of national polity; and most especially in that divinest of all gifts, the gift of the gab; it embraces all arts, trades, and professions; it pervades the senate, the bar, and the gallopot. It is the all-in-all of all things, and the prime mover of that machinery called "wheels within wheels." Euclid said that he who knew not geometry was but half a man; but he who is ignorant of the art of drawing is less than nothing, being a perpetual *drawback* upon himself.

In beginning to learn to *draw*, it is first of all necessary to have something to *draw upon*, and as this treatise is intended to teach drawing in all its branches, a pretty considerable longitude and latitude of material is necessary. This is not paper exactly, nor canvass exactly, nor panel exactly; although a good *canvasser* at an election, and a stupid *pane!* in a trial, are always excellent. But the substance to draw upon, in accordance with the universal principle of humbug, to use Exeter Hall phraseology, should extend "the length and breadth of the land." Now, the broadest, the smoothest, the most lasting, and the most inexhaustible material is *public credulity*. It is as extensive as universal space, and you may draw on it to all eternity. It is so soft and porous that it will take up all sorts of colouring, and so transparent that you may see to work on both sides of it—just as a well-practised barrister can take *either* side of a case; a popular writer *every* side of a *question*; or a parliamentary place-hunter, *any* side that suits him.

In "drawing upon public credulity" much study is necessary, and many preliminary matters must be considered, for this kind of drawing is not merely an art, but a science, embracing all other sciences.

PRELIMINARY OPERATIONS.

The first thing for the consideration of the artist, is a clear and strong determination on his part never to forget the important fact, *viz.* that an artist is a *designer*, and that his designs must be deeply laid. The first point is to get your subject in a *line*, for which it is necessary to have an *angle*.

The next matters for consideration are various items, without which a picture could not be made, such as *lights, shadows, depth of colouring, units, keeping relief, strong and weak points, breadth of colouring, foreshortening, perspective, and styles of execution*.

LIGHTS.—As cats are said to see best in the dark, because they eat lights, so will the human artist do well to study lights. He need not go to Candlewick Ward for his illumination, in the expectation of finding *lights* among the *livery*; but he may consult with great advantage to himself the various public oracles, who are burning and shining lights in the sphere of our stupidity.

SHADOWS.—To study shadows, the pupil must make himself familiar with the anti-flesh-eating societies, the temperance halls, and the poor-law *unions*. Depth of shadow is when a man is five feet in the grave, and one out; and *breadth* of shadow may be likened to a man lost between an eclipse, a London fog, and a dissertation on metaphysics.

CONTRAST.—Dark objects should be relieved by light, and light by dark; *i. e.* light against dark, and dark against light, as Cribb said when he fought with Molineux; or, as Lord B. said when he made the poor-law, and 'mancipated the niggers. So in the argument concerning the distresses of the people; the whites must be shown that they are badly off, because the blacks are well off. This also embodies the principle of relief, which is to relieve a mass of dark against a brilliant light. Hence the dinner of the Poor Law Commissioners affords an excellent relief to that new order of animals, a poor-law union vagrant skinning flints for a breakfast, or *drawing* water to mend the ways of men, which is the first step in "water drawing."

DEPTH OF COLOURING.—A "deep un" knows well how to colour deeply; but all colouring, from the coarse Irish *stencilling* called *blarney*, to the English *fresco* of *gammon*, done in soft sawder, should be laid on with a refined touch. All harshness should be avoided; and when it is necessary to make a pencil of the tongue, as in making a speech against an opposing candidate for parliamentary honours, the colouring may be made to "tell" by certain contrasts, artfully thrown in as follow:—"The honourable member who does me the honour to oppose me in this election, is one of the most amiable of men; but *politically* an evil-minded, squinting-souled, 'white-livered renegade.' I grant he is true and just in all his dealings; but he would sell his own father for the sake of a pension, and his own soul for a mess of political porridge, in the shape of an official situation. My opponent may be, and no doubt is, a man of very nice honour and honesty; but, as a legislator, he would basely betray his trust, for he is, where politics are concerned, a thorough *scoundrel*, a fierce, grasping, unprincipled class-legislator, whose maxim is to ride over the people rough-shod, to plunder them at his will, and sabre them if they complain. He is in *private* life a sincere friend, and faithful companion; but in *public* affairs as false as hell, and as treacherous and designing as a Kentucky alligator. The honourable gentleman is

a Christian of the most fervent piety ; but, politically speaking, he is a devil-incarnate, with a heart as black as Pandemonium."—(Hear !)

CHIAROSCURO.—To attempt the chiaroscuro, one of the best lessons will be found in a London fog, during the month of November. Then blacks are falling fast, though coals may be on the rise. Then the *reign* (rain) of clouds has begun, when the sun has *mizzled*. Then London lies like a flitch of bacon in a smoking-house. The churches take a tender farewell of each other. Gog and Magog, in Guildhall, see each other out of sight, and the rival shot-towers have had their parting glance. Then the bells are hoarse and husky, and croak like Dutch nightingales ; and the pigeons of the Spitalfields' weavers are bothered. Then the unfortunates in Regent's Park group about in the thick and slab, hodge-podge, foggy air, and flounder and gasp in lethargic convulsions, like country members in a financial explanation. Such is the time and place to take lessons in the chiaroscuro ; to measure the gigantic heights of the lamp-posts, take cognizance of smashed cabs, broken busses, bothered policemen, and hazy gin-palaces, which may be said to be "*clarione tenebres*," more bright from obscurity.

THE PALPABLE OBSCURE.—Obscurity is, perhaps, one of the most important features in this art, and the tongue or the pen dipped in darkness and eclipse is irresistible. There are so many ways of "doing the obscure" that it is difficult to enumerate them. One of the finest and most comprehensive views of "darkness visible" is to be found in a cabinet dinner-speech, and the more indefinite and dark, the more hazy and mazy, the more foggy and misty it is, the better it will suit. The more misunderstood, the better it will be understood ; and if not understood, so much the better.

In the lower house of parliament this mystification is of the utmost importance, particularly as regards financial statements. In a general way you may say with Dr. Boreing, "The question before the house *is* a question, *or it is not* a question, and if *not* a question, it is unquestionably not to be questioned. Therefore, the question being a question or not being a question, may or may not be a question of the highest importance to be questioned. It is, therefore, either synthetical or analytical ; if synthetical, it is not analytical ; and if analytical, it is not synthetical. Hence analysis and synthesis being combined, renders the question unquestionably not to be questioned ; and therefore, it is *not* a question, or it *is* a question, for the consideration of this house."

The obscure may also be *done* in another way, as, for instance, in the speeches delivered at a *politico-pro-bono-publico* feed. In such cases, the fag-ends of sentences are always lost, (like the fag-ends of fustian or dowlass at the linen-drapers'), by reason of the applause and clamour of the company, who are disposed to give credit for anything or everything said or unsaid. A speech may be thus delivered by merely keeping on your tongue's end a few "clap-traps," leaving the company to carry out the ideas intended to be conveyed. Thus :

Gentlemen,—The toast is "Purity of Election," and I rise with the most glorious (hear ! hear ! and applause ;) and an Englishman's birth-right is (emotion, and clapping of hands)—"Tis like the air we breathe, and (bravo ! bravo ! and thunders of applause !) Mankind—not slaves —chains—(great sensation, and tumultuous cheers)—blood of the Russells—pure *put-riot-ism*—Ireland—flower—(roars of laughter)—

—tythes are gentlemen — (intense commotion — row-de-dow) and church-rates the great — (fo-fi-fum !—applause of the most vehement kind, mingled with encore ! encore !)—aristocracy with its hundred heads would—(hear, hear !)—kings are—(waving of caps, hats, umbrellas,)—priests are all—(cock-a-doodle-do—uproar,)—but mankind are—(stupendous applause, which lasted for several minutes).

Having fully entered into these preliminary matters, the pupil may begin, before he *points* his pencil, to enter upon an exercise which embodies “ the needful ” in every operation, and which is both the beginning and the end of the art. He must learn to **DRAW THE BLUNT.**

The merest tyro in artistical skill knows that to commence without the blunt would not be very sharp; and the old veteran, at the extreme end of his career, is doubly assured of the same fact.

To *draw the blunt*, in the early stage of the profession, is a very difficult process; and before it can be done, it is often necessary to learn to *draw* a bill, for bills are as useful to naked as to feathered bipeds. The following is the *rough draft* of an artist's bill, and may be considered as the first lesson in the school of *Practical DESIGN.*

“ One Million years after date I promise to pay to the Cock Lane Ghost, or to his order, the sum of Ten Thousand Dont-you-wish-you-may-get-its.

JACK CRAYON.

“ Ten Thousand.”

“ Accepted, NICK SATAN. Payable at the Bank, in Gammon Street.”

DRAWING IT MILD.—It is essential in all our undertakings to “ draw it mild ” at first, or we shall never be able to “ come it strong.” And this mode of drawing is applicable not only to one condition of life, but to many; not to one profession, but to all. In the admixture of the requisite colours for this process, *soap* is considered to be a valuable ingredient, or a little oil or *varnish*, may be effectively employed. This kind of drawing resembles the laying on of the neutral tints, and includes all those soft speeches which tend to hoodwink observation, and those oily-tongued, smooth-faced plausibilities, which bamboozle the judgment. Soft words *do* butter parsnips, as the minister said, when he wanted to lay on a new tax. Waiters at taverns were formerly called *drawers*—the reason is obvious: how very mild they draw it, for the sake of the “ wails,” and cringe, and bow, and scrape, while the gentleman-traveller buys respect by the *pound*.

Drawing it very mild.—Should the student wish to practise lessons of a more extended, refined, or particular character, and intend to draw it exclusively, elegantly, and peculiarly *mild*, he must “ make love”—*omnia vincit amor*. It is by no means necessary for him to fall in love. Cupid forbid us to realize Voltaire's distich:—

“ Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être,”

which would be “ fatal to all flummery; ” so, instead of making love, it will be only proper to make—believe.

Before you can make love with “ effect,” a very important branch of the art of drawing must be exercised, namely, that of “ drawing comparisons.” Your lady-love must, of course, be incomparable, and therefore you can compare her:—her eyes may be like stars, or diamonds, or lightning, or dew-drops,—her bosom like snow-drops or

alabaster,—her cheeks like roses,—her neck must be of pearls,—her lips must be of coral,—her arms like twining ivy,—and her feet fawn-like.

STRENGTH.—This is an artistical term, which refers to boldness ; and having, in the foregoing, shown your weakness, you are now to show your power. To do this properly, you may be in office : a dog is obeyed in office. Having learned to draw it mild, you may now “come it strong.” Mild measures are but the point of the wedge, or the oil that lubricates the sides of it ; but, as neither women nor fortifications are always to be taken on the simple suavity system, it is quite proper that you should not only learn to be a sneak but a bully, and be able to put on a heart of cast-iron and a face of brass, and look withal as fierce as a rat-catcher’s dog at a sink-hole.

There are many kinds of this species of drawing to be found in this hard-hearted-cabbage sort of world, which are exemplified in the art of “brow-beating,” the principal illustration of which may be seen in brow-beating a pauper, or brow-beating a witness.

The important artistical quality of *strength lies* not, however, in *words*, but in *deeds*. Soft words and hard words are but “musical flourishes” to the assault. The *argumentum ad hominem* and the *argumentum faculinum*, which can give *ardentia verba* the cross-buttock, and either knock *up* the case or knock *down* the people ; therefore, when the musketry of speech, the artillery of eloquence, the bayonetry of rhetoric, and the bludgeonery of bullying, shall fail, another mode of drawing must be resorted to, which leads to “French colouring,” viz. the

“DRAWING OUT” of the “National Guard,” and nothing shows a prettier picture,

“When they’re all in a row,
Row de dow,
They make then a very great show,
Row de dow ;
But what they’re intended for
No one can know,
But row de dow, row de dow.”

There they are all *mustered*, to be *a-salted*, and perhaps *peppered*. The tag-rag-and-bob-tail, the knock-kneed, bandy-legged, square-shouldered, round-shouldered, humped-backed, bible-backed, the one-eyed, the no-nosed, the splay-footed, the lame, the maimed, the halt, and the blind ; the squinting, the bandy, the ricketty, the lop-sided, and the chicken-hearted.

“DRAWING THE SWORD.”—In learning to draw the sword, the drawer must be especially careful not to cut his own fingers,—that is to say, paying through the nose for his commission. He must be also “particular” not to “cut his stick” when it is drawn. The successes of war depend upon luck ; and if a would-be hero “cuts his stick” at the commencement of a campaign, by selling out, or drawing off, it is, of course, tantamount to “cutting his lucky.” The use of the sword is to “draw the claret,” therefore it is legitimately a drawing instrument ; and, of all pictures that are painted, none possess so much “richness of tint,” or “depth of colouring,” or “breadth of shadow,” as those drawn by the sword. It is the chief implement in the Devil’s cookery, with which he hacks, cuts, and lops the limbs of men for his mince-

meat, as if the other world was a gigantic *Joint Stock Sausage Factory*, for which men should be fricasseed by massacre, and chopp'd to mummy in the way of trade. The following is a receipt by the aforesaid gentleman, for the preparation of the "chief ingredients" for

DRAWING A BATTLE.

Take a hundred thousand "green uns," and convert them into *red* uns, by putting them into a *stew* of drill for a few days; let the staff-sergeant take out their brains with tales of glory; chop their wings, gouge out their eyes, and cut out their tongues by the articles of war. Next draw out their "bowels of mercy" by discipline, and stuff them with notions of plunder and prize-money, ball-cartridges, grenades, and rockets as forcemeat, which will cause them to swell; score or flay them with a cat-of-nine-tails, truss them with bayonets, and break their backs with knapsacks. Now soak their livers in beer and baccy, singe their nostrils with gunpowder, and let them simmer in barracks for a short time, and strain through a "black hole." Take off the scum with a court-martial, and you have an excellent "stock soup," ready to "*go to pot*" on the first *occasion*.

Such are the outlines of the divine art of Drawing.

THE DEATH OF THE POOR.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

PAUSE ye awhile with reverent breath,
 Break not the stern repose,
 A spirit loosed by the hand of death
 To its kindred skies hath rose !
 The bolt hath fallen !—another frame
 Will soon lie low in dust.
 What boots it now his rank or name,
 Where was his hope and trust ?
 Unbare the head !—ye stand within
 A consecrated spot.
 Though frail and loose the covering
 That shields the poor man's cot,
 Bright angels have been from above
 To soothe his fainting breast,
 And they have spread their wings of love
 Upon his place of rest !

Earth, thou hast none to mourn him here, —
 The poor can have no friend
 But He who hearkens to their pray'r,
 And their few wants doth tend !
 The rich go to their trophied tomb,
 And gorgeous rites are given ;
 But wealth lights not sepulchral gloom,
 And pomp offends high heav'n !

The needy have no record here,
 A nameless heap doth show
 There is one dweller more elsewhere,
 A mortal less below !
 What matters it their bed is one
 Where countless millions lie ?
 Princes and serfs to us unknown,
 But register'd on high !

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

A TALE OF WRITER'S BUILDINGS.

WE had drank deeply ; Writers' Buildings re-echoed with our shouts of mirth ; eleven o'clock sounded, yet not a word of parting had yet been pronounced. The *loll shrob* (claret) was excellent ; the guests amusing ; unlike orgies of a similar description in Europe, not an argument had arisen to dim the bright hilarity of the evening. A feeling of brotherhood exists amongst Englishmen in India, arising from the distance of their common home, that joins them in closer ties of friendship than those we enter into elsewhere, more particularly if you are "in the service." In our country a man may be in the army, navy, church, or law, and yet not feel that every one in his profession is, consequently, his intimate friend. In India, however, those who, as I said before, are "in the service," consider themselves as members of a fraternity which binds them together by links of the strongest friendship. It is true, the civilian is apt to think himself a much greater man than the soldier ; yet, as this feeling is principally displayed by opening his house, and entertaining his less rich fellow-labourers, the military man has little to grumble at, and, consequently partakes of the sumptuous fare afforded him without murmur, as I did on the evening I have selected for this sketch.

Jack Thornton had lately arrived. He was the son of a director, and, perhaps, assumed a few airs and graces in consequence, which were willingly admitted ; for in Bengal we look upon the lords of Leadenhall as something exceeding the Emperor of Russia in power, in riches beyond Croesus, and (I must in common gratitude add) in kindness unequaled by any other rulers in the world. To come back, however, to my story.

The conversation had turned upon ghosts. Some boldly admitted their belief in such appearances ; others half-doubted ; while the third, and most numerous portion of the company loudly ridiculed the idea as being impossible, offering to undergo all kinds of tests in order to prove their scepticism. At the head of this party was young Thornton.

"It is really too ridiculous to talk of such things in the nineteenth century," cried he. "Ghosts, indeed ! I should like to see one."

"So should I," chimed in Gravestock ; "nothing would give me so much pleasure."

"Here's a health to all ghosts and goblins!" laughingly shouted Tom Baghott, a young cavalry-officer, and the toast was drank with great merriment.

"As an amendment, I vote that we go and drink it in the church-yard," said Thornton ; "they'll hear us better there."

"Really I fear, my dear sir, you are going a little too far," said Mr. Martin, the clergyman of St. John's ; "like yourself, I am no believer in such appearances as you describe ; but I must confess that I am wholly opposed to such indecorous proceedings as those you propose. Invocations of the kind might, indeed, summon with anger the dead from their graves."

"Twaddle!" interrupted Gravestock.

"Egad! if they're to be had out of their very resting-places," said Thornton, "we'll have 'em.. Here goes!" said he; and, assuming a very serious air and manner, in despite of the opposition of the clergyman, he pronounced in a solemn voice, "By all the powers of necromancy, past, present, and future, by every incantation and unholy, by every adjuration, I hereby, if such a thing be possible, call upon the dead to appear!"

Baghott, who had left the room for a single instant, hearing this pompous conjuration, suddenly burst into the room with a loud "Bah!"

The effect was so sudden, so unexpected, that Thornton uttered a loud scream, and sprang from his chair. In an instant the general laugh recalled him to himself, when, smarting under the quiz, which being unanimously kept up at his expense, he wisely refrained from resenting, he reseated himself, determined, however, not only to be quits with Master Tom on a future occasion, but also to redeem his character from the braggadocio hue which now slightly tinged it. After much laughing, after a hundred other topics had been in turn discussed, Thornton suddenly turned round, and abruptly adverted to the conversation, which had already caused him so much pain :

"Gentlemen, I was taken by surprise just now ; I was startled, I acknowledge, and overcome by sudden fear ; but, as you have had your laugh at me, it is but fair, in my turn, I should have my revenge on some of you. I require but a slight one. A thousand rupees will compensate for the little affront that has been put upon me. Now, gents, who will bet me a thousand rupees that I do not go through any ordeal with respect to ghosts and goblins that may be assigned to me?"

"I will," replied the president ; for he wished sincerely to make up for his apparent rudeness in having joined the laugh at Thornton's expense, even though he felt he should lose his money.

"Done!"

"Done!"

"Now, then, what am I to do?"

"It is nearly twelve o'clock. You shall go to the churchyard of St. John's, which is close by, and pick up a skull I saw lying there to-day, near old Halliday's tomb, and with a hammer and nail, which you can take with you, fasten the said skull to the wooden monument temporarily erected over the grave of poor Martin ; come back, and finish the evening here.—I think I have let him off lightly," added the president in a whisper to his next neighbour.

"I only bargain for one thing, namely, that no practical jokes are played off on me. To insure this, promise me that no one stirs from this table till I return ; I, on the other hand, am willing, on my return, to pledge my honour that I have accomplished the task, or pay the bet. You must, however, allow me two hours to perform it, as I must take the opportunity when the watch is off his beat."

These terms were agreed to, the required assurances given, and Thornton started off to his house to prepare himself for his undertaking, leaving the revellers to enjoy themselves till his return.

Once more at home, Thornton sent out a scout to see that the coast was clear ; then changing his dress, and donning a large mili-

tary cloak, he armed himself with a hammer and nail, and started off for St. John's churchyard. The night was one of those beautiful specimens of oriental climates, which in some degree compensate for the violent heat of the day. The heavens presented a sheet of the very darkest blue, thickly studded with stars. No moon was visible, but the lesser luminaries gave sufficient light to distinguish imperfectly objects in the immediate neighbourhood. A gentle breeze fanned the earth, slightly sighing as it passed through the ornamental buildings of the city.

Arrived at this destination, without meeting with a single living being, Thornton boldly entered the churchyard, steadily resolved to accomplish the feat that had been proposed to him. It is true he felt a slight fluttering around the region of the heart, for which he could not account; a continual desire to swallow his saliva, which, though generally admitted to be an indication of fear, or strong emotion, could scarcely be so in the present instance; for the youth never stepped more firmly than when he entered the place of Christian sepulture.

Without much difficulty he found the skull; but as he picked it up, he could not help thinking he heard some one pronounce his name. As he raised himself, a shadow appeared to flit by him. Could he be deceived by his senses? Could the dead thus rise to reproach him? Well he knew, after the pledge that he had received, that none of his companions could have followed him. The man he had sent as scout had too well examined the place to believe that any one could lurk there. Whence, then, the sound which he had heard, as it were close to his ear? Already he began to feel that he was wrong in thus desecrating by his presence the place of tombs. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not return and give up the bet. The money was no object; but the tauntings which would attend such a result he could not bear; so, in spite of everything, he determined to complete his task.

He now strode across the burial-ground. He suddenly felt a jerk. He started, and uttered a low ejaculation. He looked round; it was merely his cloak, that had caught the corner of a tombstone. He hastily snatched it away, and proceeded. Presently he felt a blow on his leg. For a moment he was startled. In the next he smiled, as he perceived it was only against a prostrate iron rail that he had hit it. On coming close to Martin's place of rest, he stepped on some new earth, and sank ankle-deep into it. It was the new grave of a friend, a fellow-passenger who had been interred that morning. He felt shocked; yet, determined on accomplishing his enterprise, he at length laid his hand on the wooden tablet, which, till the marble one should be completed, covered the remains of poor Martin, his brother writer, his late chum.

As he knelt down beside the monument, which consisted of a flat piece of board, resting on four brick walls, about eighteen inches from the ground, he felt more inclined to pray for the repose of his friend's soul, than thus to pollute the covering to his ashes by an unholy act. Again, however, the idea of the ridicule to which he would be exposed, shot across his mind, and he set about his task, being determined to do it as quietly as possible.

Having placed the skull upon the tablet, he was pulling his hammer from his pocket, when, in turning, his hat was suddenly knocked off. He rose, and with the boldness often inspired by fear,

looked around him. No one was near. He had, most likely, struck it against something, and so caused it to fall off. In groping around he grasped a human bone, which he threw away with a shudder. Again he felt about, and his hand touched a cold, slimy frog. Its icy, clammy chill reminded him of death, and he determined to finish his labour before he again sought his hat ; so down he knelt, and earnestly commenced his task. With extreme agitation he began to fasten the skull to the tomb. As the nail ground through the bone, he fancied some one or other twitched him from behind ; but, determined that nothing should now deter him, he gave one more stroke, and the dead man's head was firmly affixed to the monument of his friend.

He was about to rise, when he felt himself held down by the back of his neck. Here there could be no mistake. "Who is there?" loudly demanded Thornton. "By heaven ! if you don't let me go, I'll strike you dead with this hammer !" No answer was given, and Thornton began to feel extremely agitated. "Who's there, I say ? I'll not consider this a joke. Scoundrel, let me up !" And he strove to rise, but in vain ; the same firm grasp held him by the nape of the neck. His horror now almost amounted to madness ; for, by stretching out his leg, he had clearly ascertained that no one was behind him. "Living or dead, you shall not conquer me !" added he, in a paroxysm of fear and desperation ; "you shall not hold me!"—and he attempted suddenly to spring up. In the next instant he was dashed down upon his face, perfectly insensible.

In the mean time the two hours demanded by the adventurous bettor had expired, and some of the party at the Writers' Buildings proposed to go and look after Thornton, and claim the bet, which was now clearly won. Supposing that his courage had failed him, and that he had quietly sneaked home, to avoid the sneers of the company, it was proposed they should one and all go to the young man's house, and have their laugh out at his expense.

The proposal was warmly approved of, and they sallied forth ; but, alas ! the bird was flown. From the servant's account, he had evidently gone forth to accomplish the task he had undertaken ; so to the burying-place they joyously trudged. The gate was open ; Thornton was evidently there. They shouted to him ; no reply was given ; so in they marched. Presently they came to Martin's grave, beside which lay their friend, perfectly motionless. In an instant the drunken party became sobered, and they felt too late that they had engaged in an affair likely to terminate in a disagreeable manner, and reproached themselves with having seriously frightened a good comrade and a valued friend. Those who were nearest immediately stepped forward to raise poor Thornton up. He was cold and insensible. A doctor, who was of the party, advanced ; he looked alarmed, felt the pulse, put his hand upon the breast, then turning round, exclaimed, in a voice which struck terror to every heart around him, "*He is dead—quite dead !*"

The friends who supported him hoped he was deceived, and attempted to remove the body. It was attached to the tomb. In an instant the whole cause of his terror and death was apparent. His cloak had slipped in between the skull and the tablet—he had firmly nailed it to the monument, so that when he had endeavoured, poor fellow ! to rise, he had been held down by the back of the collar,

and, striving with a jerk to free himself, had been naturally thrown down by it. The matter was hushed up. To this day the friends of the unhappy youth know not the cause of his death. From that moment none of the company have ever indulged in a practical joke. A brave, a good, and virtuous youth was thus immolated in attempting to prove his courage, where no such test was required.

May his example serve as a beacon to the foolhardy!

FREEMASONRY IN INDIA.

THE glories of Calcutta are well ushered in by the charms of Garden-Reach, a spot so perfectly beautiful, that the newly-arrived Englishman, on passing this part of the river on his voyage from Diamond Harbour to the metropolis, at once begins to believe himself in Fairy-land. The magnificent stream up which he is sailing is here wide and, comparatively speaking, clear. The banks on either side, sloping gently down to the water's edge, are covered with the only real verdure I ever saw in Bengal. Flowers and shrubs of every hue peep forth from amongst the foliage ; while bungalows of the most refined taste stud the sides, and invite the traveller to land, and try a foretaste of Indian hospitality. There was a time, indeed, when every rural habitation of this kind was open to the new-comer, and bed, board, and hearty welcome were proffered to every Briton who here arrived. Even though the master of the cottage was away, the servants had, then, orders to receive and wait upon whoever might seek the shelter of these picturesque roofs. Those times have passed away ; munificence and reckless expenditure have given place to economy and prudence. The style of persons who now seek the shores of Asia has also altered. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur ab illis.*" But Garden-Reach is still the same as regards its picturesque beauties ; and, though every bungalow is not now open to the stranger and the wayfarer, the person who travels up by water from the place of anchorage to Calcutta will do well to stop here, and partake of the good fare which a very nice hotel proffers. It is to this house that many families go to meet their relatives arriving from England, and hence conduct them to the capital.

Never was I more delighted with the sight of any spot than I was with Garden-Reach. I eagerly gave orders to be set on shore, anxious at once to land on the lovely spot, and meet some friends who had written to Madras, telling me to expect them here. As I approached the neat little hotel, so different from our suburban smoking inns at Blackwall and Greenwich, I met a large party escorting an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who seemed to be his daughter, down to a budgerow, which was to convey them to a vessel lower down the river, only awaiting their arrival to sail for Europe. At the water's edge the parting took place, and a more affectionate one I never beheld. The departing friend had been long, apparently, endeared to them ; he was evidently highly esteemed by them all. On some of their parchment cheeks I even saw a tear trickle down as they wrung his hand with earnest friendship, and a light drop glistened in many of their eyes, as they fervently pronounced "God bless you!" Bowed down more by ill health than years, their friend hid his face in his handkerchief, and, hurrying his daughter on board the boat, hastened

into the cabin to conceal the emotion he felt at thus parting,—parting, most likely for ever, from the companions of his youth, the friends of his middle age, to whom he felt endeared by every tie of affection and long acquaintance, about to return to a land which, though once his home, had become desolate to him from the loss of those he loved,—about to exchange the warm welcomes of friendship and regard for the cold and suspicious salutation of strangers,—about to visit the spot where he had left parents and kindred, now numbered with the dead, to recommence life, as it were, and recognise once familiar and dear objects, now the property of strangers, perhaps of enemies ;—in a word, to rend every tie he had so happily woven, to burst asunder every link of friendship, and begin life again at an age when sanguine youth no longer lends its energies to overcome difficulties, or bear up against unkindness. Such was the fate of him who now left the shore. Though a stranger, I could not help joining in every wish for his future happiness. There was a look of mild resignation, of philanthropic feeling, beaming in his countenance, which at once engaged my best regards.

During tiffin I asked who he was, and found that his name was Robinson. He had been a resident in India during twenty years ; but, unfortunately, having been more generous than prudent, he had managed to amass but little wealth. He was worth, perhaps, ten thousand pounds, certainly not more. With this he was now returning to Europe, the doctors having declared that a longer sojourn in Asia would endanger his life. Poor, but respected, he therefore left his friends, having taken home with him his fortune, invested in indigo, the exchange of the rupee being so low as to compel the Anglo-Indian, returning to his native country, to remit it in anything rather than in specie. Robinson had not insured his investment, as he was to sail in the same ship with it. I do not remember the name of the vessel, but we will style it “The Dover Castle.”

On arriving at the hotel, which was one of the sweetest bungalows I ever entered, commanding a splendid view of the river, we found tiffin ready, and the acquaintances of Mr. Robinson waiting to join us in our meal. I soon learnt that these gentlemen were all Freemasons, who had come down thus far to do honour to their friend, who for many years had presided over the lodge in Calcutta ; that he had been greatly instrumental in its foundation, and ever attended and benefited it during the twenty years he had spent in India. They not only deplored his departure as a friend, but as a bright and shining luminary in the order of Masonry.

They spoke so highly of their lodge, and were so pressing in their invitation to me, that I consented to dine with them on the following day, and assist in celebrating one of their greatest festivals. Being discovered to be a Mason, a thousand kind offers were made, and many a warm palm proffered to me.

The next evening I was just stepping into my hired palanquin, about to start for Chowringhee, where the lodge was held, when a *pune* (a messenger) suddenly arrived, and announced the dreadful intelligence that “The Dover Castle” had been totally wrecked on the dangerous sands near Diamond Harbour, and that, though all the crew and passengers were saved, everything in the shape of freight was utterly and irretrievably lost. “Alas ! poor Robinson !” involuntarily ejaculated I ; “he is, then, completely ruined !” and, though personally

unknown to him, I jogged away to my destination with a heavy heart.

To describe the mysteries, to touch upon the interior of a Mason's *sanctum*, of course, is not my intention ; suffice it to say, our labours were followed by the most splendid banquet I ever beheld, and every one seemed happy and elate. As a stranger, I had not supposed it necessary to tell the news I had heard. I naturally imagined they had also learnt the afflicting tidings. In this, however, I was wrong ; for in the evening a *chit* (a note) was brought to the president, who, with unaffected emotion, read it out loud. It told in a few words the event I had already learnt, and confirmed the suspicion I had that poor Robinson was now pennyless, compelled to remain in India at the risk of his life, again to toil for the uncertain chance of living to amass a sufficient competency to return to Europe. A general gloom was evident on every countenance, and many a sigh spontaneously burst forth on hearing the dreadful tale. Presently the countenance of one, whom I dare not name, suddenly brightened up. A proposition was made, which instantly diffused general pleasure, and called forth long and unanimous applause.

In Europe the fact will seem almost incredible, yet it is strictly true, that within one month from the circumstance I have just mentioned, Robinson sailed with his daughter for England, bearing with him a fortune of *twelve thousand pounds*, the amount of a voluntary subscription created by his warmly-attached brother-Masons in Bengal.

INDIAN JEALOUSY.

" YOUR European news seems at once to surprise and please you," said a young native girl to her patron, an English gentleman, who had laid down his hookah after breakfast, and was reading with avidity a parcel of letters he had just received from his mother-country. " Tell me, Charles, what are they about ?"

After a moment's pause, the Briton folded up the communication he had just been reading, and, with a sad expression, fixed his eyes on the female who addressed him.

" Alas ! my love, they contain bad news for you."

The poor girl started up, and burst into tears, at the same time throwing her well-made arms round the neck of him to whom she was attached. To explain their relative positions would be unnecessary. It will be sufficient to say that she was one of the loveliest beings, if loveliness can lurk beneath a dingy skin, that ever was seen. Charles Temple was a married man, whose wife had left him some ten years before for Europe, in order to bring up her children. Blame him, if you will. To have formed such a connexion as that alluded to was palpably wrong ; but, alas ! the examples around, the absence of his wife during a series of years, the certainty that the *liaison* could, at most, be but temporary, pleaded with those about him as an excuse. Without, however, seeking to palliate an evidently criminal practice, I shall confine myself to the mere circumstances to which this unhappy connexion gave rise.

" Do tell me, what is the matter ?" again and again intreated Mary, for, amongst other fancies, Charles had so christened the young Indian, " what do those letters say ?"

"My wife is about to return to me."

A thunderbolt would not more suddenly, more fearfully, have stricken the inquirer. For a moment or two she seemed to endeavour to call up tears to her aid, but in vain. Anger and annoyance next swayed her beautiful form, as she swang backwards and forwards in mental agony.

"Yes," calmly resumed Temple, "yes, my wife will be here next week. She is already at Madras, and comes round by the first ship. I must instantly go and meet her at Calcutta."

"And what is to become of me?" passionately demanded the wretched woman, throwing herself at his feet, and convulsively seizing his hand.

"Mary, you shall be cared for. Every comfort and happiness which money can secure shall be yours. You shall have everything you want; but we must part."

"Part! — part! — to please a white face who loves you not? — to make way for one who has deserted you during ten long years! — Never!"

"My wife has only absented herself for the sake of our children. She now returns, and must be received into my house as the legitimate mistress of it."

"And you tell this coolly to me, who have only lived for you? No! send her away. I will be your slave; I will die for you. See! I am not in joke;" and the frantic girl snatched up a knife, which as instantly Temple wrenched from her.

To portray further this scene is unnecessary. It is only needed to add, that a more heart-rending one never was beheld. Charles, however, was firm, and the only boon he granted to Mary was, that she should live in a bungalow on the grounds; and that his wife should never know who she was. This seemed to pacify her, and Temple started off for Calcutta.

Some weeks after the foregoing scene, Mrs. Temple was strolling one evening through her grounds, once more domesticated, and perfectly happy in Bengal, when she chanced to pass a bungalow presenting a far neater appearance than the generality of such habitations usually exhibit. Having, without success, endeavoured to learn the name of its proprietor, she determined on entering it. She was welcomed by a beautiful young woman, whose agitation on beholding her Mrs. Temple naturally ascribed to Indian timidity. The girl was evidently taken by surprise, and felt the high honour done her; yet there was no servility in her manner, no awkwardness in the way in which she solicited her mistress (of course it was palpable to Mrs. Temple that she was of the household, connected, probably, with some of the male attendants) to sit down and refresh herself. Pleased with the spot and its beautiful owner, she determined on revisiting the bungalow, and expressed herself to that effect, stating that she would send down some fruit and other eatables, of which she would partake the following evening with Mr. Temple in this lovely cottage. The girl for a moment seemed startled; then, suddenly appealing to her, besought her not to tell her husband that she had been there, and declined most respectfully receiving him, as she had made a vow no male should ever enter beneath her roof.

"Well, then," rejoined Mrs. Temple, "as such is your determina-

tion, I will not bring him, nor even tell him of my discovery ; but I suppose I may come myself?"

The girl eagerly acceded to the lady's wish, and they parted excellent friends.

Late on the following evening Mrs. Temple returned to her mansion, far from well, and hastened to seek her couch. Her husband was called from a party of friends to see her, since she hourly grew worse. The most racking pains began to assail her ; she felt that she was dangerously ill. A surgeon was sent for, who declared the sufferer to be in imminent danger. She had, probably, swallowed some poisonous berry or root, for the symptoms were those of deadly poison. The lady heard this, and desired the chamber to be cleared. When alone with her husband, she was about to explain to him her visit of the evening. She had already begun her narrative, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and in rushed the lovely girl, in whom our readers will have already recognized Mary.

"I have come, Charles," cried the unfortunate female, "to see you suffer. Think you I could outlive your love, and see another possess that affection I once so fondly imagined my own? No! Such moderation was not in my power. I avoided the temptation to do ill, and shut myself up from the sight of every one. Fate, however, led your wife to my cottage. I would there have avoided her ; but she forced herself upon me. Yes! impelled by her *nusseed*, she again sought me, and tempted me by an opportunity too palpably placed before me by the gods of my fathers to resist. I poisoned her. Nothing can now save her. In half-an-hour she will be a corpse. You may start, and seem to doubt me ; but, by the Heaven of the Christians, it is true. And now you would menace me, I see ; but your anger comes too late. I cannot survive your wife many moments. I do not cry, as the pale-faced one does. I do not groan ; yet the same pains now tear my frame. The poisoned fruit she left I swallowed. Ah! ah! ah! You thought, because my complexion was dark, I could not feel. You cast me off to die in misery. Who triumphs now?"

I will not further dwell on the dreadful scene. Within one hour Temple sat between the corpses of his wife and his mistress. The matter was hushed up. Suspicion, it is true, directed her glance that way, yet the whole truth was never known. The wretched man, whose grey hairs, and precocious old age speak a youth of sorrow, point out to the passer-by the once gay and handsome Charles Temple.

TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT.

THE ~~Bundle~~ounds may justly be styled the wilderness of India. No human hand has ever endeavoured to recover the jungle-covered land from its primitive wildness, overgrown with closely-tangled brushwood. Its swampy soil is reckoned so unhealthy, that few wretches, however poor, have as yet been found hardy enough to settle here. Through this district, however, the military officer is sometimes compelled to pass to arrive at the head-quarters of his regiment. Such was the fate of Arthur Mactavish, who related to me the following adventure, which there befel him.

Mac, having grown dreadfully weary of his long confinement on

board the little boat in which he was slowly voyaging through the Bundlecunds, determined on landing near the first spot which should present to his eye the agreeable view of a human habitation. Aware that the whole country around him was swarming with ferocious wild animals, he wisely refrained from going on shore on many of the beautiful but solitary spots by which he passed. At length he came to a little knot of Indian hovels, which stood some half a mile from the banks. Arthur here desired his head *dandy* (boatman) to *lugow* (the act of fastening the boat to the shore), and instantly shouldering his Manton, started for the native village. On his approach being perceived, a couple of Indians, divested of every strip of clothes except their small *langoutes* (the very smallest rag which decency requires), hastened to meet him, and warn him of the many pitfalls around him. From these men he learnt that their only occupation was that of digging holes, resembling human graves, about eight feet deep, which they covered with small branches of trees and brushwood. By these means they ensnared the wild animals, who, unconscious of the trap thus artfully set, would often tread on the seeming firm ground, and in the next instant find themselves prisoners at the mercy of their captors, who instantly despatched them, selling the skins of some, and claiming from the authorities the price set upon every tiger's head. Of these animals they had captured above twenty during the preceding twelvemonths. Two of their party, it is true, had been destroyed by these ferocious beasts; but as the natives considered that it must have been their *nussced* (pre-ordained fate), they appeared little affected by the circumstance. It was now late in the day; so, desiring them to go and fetch his sleeping mats, he determined on remaining in one of these huts for the night, as they promised him, in this case, that at break of day they would point out some splendid sport to him. To obtain what they described, he would willingly have gone half round the world, so he unhesitatingly accepted their offer, and determined on passing the night there.

After partaking of some rice and ghee, having cleaned his gun, (one barrel of which he always charged with ball, the other with shot,) and arranged his ammunition and shooting apparatus for the following morning, (in places where we have few companions to divert us, this is half the sport,) he laid himself down to rest, taking care, however, to bar the door as well as he could, for he rather disliked the manner of one of the villagers, and already began to repent that he had thus left himself so completely in their power. His servants, whom he now regretted not having brought with him, were full half a mile off. The few natives around him were strong, athletic men, accustomed to struggle with wild beasts, and almost as ferocious in their natures as the animals they were in the habit of hunting. At liberty to change from spot to spot, enabled in the fastnesses of the Bundlecunds to elude the most diligent search, proverbially avaricious, thinking little of the sacrifice of life, why should not these men fall on him, and murder him? He had foolishly displayed his purse to them, filled with rupees, and had vaunted the goodness of his gun, an object to them more precious than gold itself. What, then, was to prevent their making themselves masters of all these? Nothing. He felt this, and revolving it in his mind, fell into a light, uneasy slumber.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by hearing several voices conversing in suppressed tones close to the little window of the hut, which was ill-blocked up by a *cuskos tattic* (a blind or shutter made of dried grass). Mactavish stealthily crept towards it, and, to his utter consternation, heard them thus explain their bloodthirsty intentions.

"How long," demanded a strange voice, "is it since you got him in?"

"Just before nightfall."

"Have you since listened, to ascertain if he is stirring?"

"I have, and suspect he is fast asleep."

"Then this is the best time to fall on him. But as you say he is powerful, we had better go prudently to work. How do you propose to attack him?"

"I think," replied one of his entertainers, "the best way will be to fire at him through the crevices with poisoned arrows."

"But, suppose he bursts forth?"

"Oh! then we'll despatch him with our knives."

"Have you got them with you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, then, be quick," said the apparent leader; "be off and fetch them, and we'll get the job over as soon as possible. I'll return in five minutes;" and Mactavish heard them suddenly go off in different directions.

With a panting heart Mac. listened as their footsteps died away; then, seizing his gun, he determined to endeavour to escape, or, at all events, to sell his life as dearly as possible in the open air, whence the report of his fowling-piece might be heard by those on board his budgerow. In another instant he was out of the door, and with the speed of lightning he started off in the direction (at least so he supposed) of the place of anchorage, where his boat was lying.

The moon was brightly shining as poor Arthur rushed along, heedless of any danger but that of being followed by the inhospitable murderers amongst whom he had thus unluckily fallen.

The cries of the jackal and the fayo, the roar of the larger animals, and the screams of wild birds, suddenly disturbed from their roosting-places, lent additional horrors to the scene as Arthur flew madly along. Presently a sudden bound was perceptible amongst the jungle. The crackling underwood was heard to yield beneath the pressure of some weighty beast of prey. A savage growl, accompanied with a peculiar cat-like, hissing noise, a pair of flashing eyes, gleaming brightly even through the darkness, at once told the unfortunate fugitive that a tiger was springing after him. Poor Mactavish gave himself up as lost. For about twenty yards he kept ahead of his fearful pursuer. Another bound, however, would place him in his power; he had no time even to offer up a prayer. He gave one spring in despairing energy, and, as he did so, he felt a violent shock; bright sparks of fire appeared to flash from his eyes; every joint seemed dislocated. Arthur had fallen into one of the pit-falls, over which, as he fell, the tiger leaped safely.

Relieved for the moment from his fears, Mactavish now ventured to look up. By the light of the moon, which shone brightly, he perceived the tiger crouching down at the edge of the pit, watching with savage wakefulness the wretched being, he evidently seemed

to think now within his power. His glaring eyes were steadily fixed on his victim, who crouched down as low as possible, to be out of the reach of the monster's destructive paw.

As Mactavish's eyesight began to get accustomed to the place, he perceived, to his horror, a long black snake attempting to crawl up the sides. Foiled in this, the serpent seemed to hesitate whether he would renew his endeavours to escape, or turn upon the intruder, who now sat trembling before him. At last it seemed to determine on the latter; for it suddenly began to rear itself, and fixing its eyes, which seemed to be of fire, upon poor Mac, prepared to spring. Arthur started up. As he did so, he suddenly felt the flesh torn from his shoulder, which he had unthinkingly exposed to the claws of the tiger by raising himself within reach of his outstretched limb. The animal, in making the movement, had disturbed the branches at the edge of the trap. The gun had dropped through, and now fell into the pit at the feet of Mactavish, who, bleeding and in agony, had yet sufficient presence of mind to catch it up, and instantly discharging it, destroyed the serpent as it kept moving about, preparatory to its final dart. The report seemed to render the tiger more ferocious, who now even attempted to creep down into the trap. Poor Arthur began seriously to consider whether it were not better to yield himself at once to the jaws of the animal, than remain to die a lingering death by starvation in this living grave. His head reeled; desperation seemed almost about to drive him to madness. Well he knew that the snake's mate would probably ere long return to its consort. Already the earth began to crumble down under the scraping paws of the impatient tiger. Human nature could last out little longer, when suddenly a dying roar is heard! the savage animal turns over in the agonies of death, transfixed by several poisoned arrows! In another moment poor Mactavish's late host and his friends appear, and lift him out of the pit. They shout with joy at again seeing him safe. They welcome him, and express their delight at saving him. What, then, could their previous conduct mean? The mystery was soon cleared up; as they conducted Arthur back to his budgerow, they explained to him that they had been engaged in destroying a leopard which had fallen into one of their pit-falls, and about which they were conversing when he overheard them. They were returning from this expedition when they heard the report of his gun, and, rushing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, had happily succeeded, as I have related, in saving him, and restoring him to the service, in which he has since risen to high rank and honours.

THE CENTIPEDE.

PERHAPS the roughest sea that can be conceived is that which dances about the Bay of Bengal during eight months in every twelve. I more particularly allude to that portion called the Sandheads, a portion so dangerous that every ship is forced to take on board a commissioned pilot, in order to avoid the numerous shoals which surround the entrance to the river, up which the vessel must ascend to reach Calcutta.

The first land which greets the sight of the wearied voyager, is the island of Sangor, a green, fresh-looking spot, a sort of oasis in the desert of waters, serving to enchant the sight of him who has been boxed

up during several successive months on board a slow-sailing East Indiaman. Off this island ships frequently cast anchor. The "Dundee Castle" did so some years ago.

Amongst other cadets on board the vessel I have named, none was better-liked than Jemmy Seabright. He was always ready to join in a "lark," or an act of charity, continually doing his best to chalk out amusement for his fellow-passengers, and ever ready to pay the expenses incurred on these occasions. No wonder, then, that he was generally liked.

When the "Dundee Castle" had let down her ponderous anchor, and furled her clumsy sails, Master Jemmy began to look about, in order to see how he should amuse himself till she again got under weigh, a period probably of twenty-four hours, at least. Jemmy had read in his youth the history of the unfortunate Munroe, whose head was taken off by a tiger on the very island close to which they were now lying; so he at once proposed to make up a party to visit the spot, taking care, however, to select as his companions young men of activity and courage. These, well armed at all points, jumped into the boat, and soon reached their destination.

The island, which had appeared such a lovely spot at a distance, proved on nearer inspection to be a low, swampy place, overgrown with brushwood. The very few natives who inhabited it described the woods to be full of tigers, the bushes alive with snakes and centipedes, and the air replete with noxious pestilence. Such a description was anything but prepossessing, yet the party were all young men; and, as they came for pleasure, pleasure they were determined to have, in spite of reptiles or disease. Taking care to keep as far from the edge of the jungle as possible, the happy group went on, occasionally bringing down a squirrel or a bird, till they reached the spot where poor Monroe met his death. Here they sat down, and actually partook of their morning meal, imitating in the closest manner the very positions which the hunter's party had taken up on that unfortunate day, shouting at the same time defiance to the wild beasts, calling on the most ferocious animals of the woods to come forth, and meet their fate.

During this foolish gasconade a sudden roar was heard. Every one started up. The echoes died away, but no tiger made his appearance; and perhaps it was very fortunate for the youths that he did not, for, to confess the honest truth, they were all so startled that many in their haste had forgotten to take up the guns which lay beside them. In the scramble poor Jemmy had severely sprained his ankle. This was indeed a misfortune. Two of his companions, however, good-naturedly raised him in their arms, and carried him down to the place where the boat lay waiting for them. There were two men in it; so under their care poor Seabright was left, lying upon a green bank close to the sea, while his associates continued their ramble through the island. Unchequered by a single event that might be construed into an adventure, the tired youngsters, after a stroll of a couple of hours, returned to the spot where they had left Jemmy Seabright. The sailors had quitted the boat, probably gone in search of refreshment; their companion, however, lay stretched at full length, fast asleep under the shade of a thick bush.

"Halt! on your lives stir not!" cried young Sinclair, who was a few paces in advance of the others; "see! look at his throat!"

The party stood aghast: a long black snake had coiled itself round the neck of the youth,—that is to say, had thrown its tail round his

throat, while its raised head kept playing about within an inch of the unfortunate boy's face.

Jemmy was either fast asleep or dead. For a moment the party hesitated in indecision between two opinions. If the snake had bitten the young man, it was more than probable he had expired on the instant, and now lay a corpse before them; if not, he was in a deep slumber, from which, if they suddenly awoke him, he would naturally move, and insure the fatal bite, which possibly might not yet have been inflicted. How to act was indeed a matter most difficult to decide. Presently Seabright stirred his hand. He only moved it in the slightest manner, yet it was enough to assure his friends that he was alive, and consequently brought on the question how they were to extricate him from his perilous situation.

A young guinea-pig (a midshipman of the first class on board an East Indiaman is so styled) proposed the only plan likely to succeed. It appeared, indeed, a wild scheme, and little likely to prove availng; but, as every instant of time seemed precious, as the danger of his awaking increased with each moment, the party consented to the proposition. In less time than the last five lines have occupied me in writing them down, the jolly reefer had stripped off his shoes, formed a running noose of some very fine whip-cord, and mounted the tree which overhung the sleeper. Here he perched himself immediately above the snake, and cautiously and gradually let down the string close to the head of the reptile. A serpent, like a kitten, is always ready to play with any strange object. The creature, on seeing the cord, began to rear its head higher, darting its forked tongue at the flaxen bait. Presently it threw itself forward: its neck was in the noose, which the reefer instantly jerked up. The quick pull alarmed the animal; the knot was not subtle enough to hold the slippery monster; but the sudden shock so terrified it, that in less than the twinkling of an eye the snake had disappeared. The shout the party simultaneously set up awoke poor Seabright, who, unable to rise from the pain in his ankle, sat upright, calling on us for an explanation. This we had begun to afford him, when he suddenly cried out, "No, no, you are deceived; the snake is still here. I feel it in my breast. Here, here it is;" and he thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt! In the next instant we were around him, imagining that his fear was the effect of fancy. He was not far wrong. A centipede, some fourteen inches long, had crept inside his waistcoat during his sleep. The cold feet, the crawling movement of the creature, had made him believe it was a snake. He had grasped at it; the alarmed reptile had buried its hundred feet into Seabright's flesh. To disengage it, we had to tear it from its venomous limbs, which remained inserted in the chest of our friend. Two days afterwards we reached Calcutta, where Jemmy obtained the best medical advice. It was, however, nearly three years before he thoroughly recovered from the effects. To this hour Jemmy Seabright almost swoons when he sees even a harmless European col-sopendra, or English centipede.

THE SCOFFER'S FATE.

I WAS staying with my friend Mackinnon, the ex-resident at Delhi. He had an extensive bungalow in the vicinity of that city. Here he was wont to resort for the sake of the shooting in the neighbourhood. Myself, Martin, of the native infantry, and a Scotch

indigo planter, were his guests at the time I speak of. Determined to have some rare sport, we were here assembled, doing tremendous execution amongst the game at the period this sketch opens. Near the cottage of my friend was a very large piece of water. It did not exceed three feet in depth in any part of it, yet, from the vast extent of its surface, it was almost always covered with wild fowl. The rich treat of an early morning's sport led us to embark in the evening on board a small budgerow my friend kept upon it, determined to sit up all night, in order to have a shot at the birds at the first glimmering of daylight. Plenty of loll shrob, and other dainties, had been sent on board ; so, after a few rubbers at whist, we sat down to supper. It may be as well, however, before I relate the incident which occurred, to give a slight portraiture of ~~say~~ three friends.

Mackinnon was one of those characters ~~especially~~ oriental. I more particularly dwell on his qualities, as they are of an order unknown in Great Britain. On his arrival in Bengal as a writer, European and native bankers had alike flocked round him, offering him any sum or sums he might require. Prudence was never a virtue of poor Mac's ; the temptation of unlimited credit to a youngster of eighteen would be too much for almost any one ; it was certainly too much for Mackinnon.

He recklessly borrowed sums of money, which he determined on paying when he became rich. A few thousand pounds, he naturally considered, could easily be spared from the splendid salaries then paid to officers in the civil service, after they had served a few years in India. What, indeed, was six or seven thousand pounds a-year ?—a mere bagatelle ; at least so our friend argued, with apparent reason. Mac. was a good fellow, the bankers most liberal.

It is a fact worth recording, as a beacon to the unwary, that no individual who has thus commenced has been able subsequently to leave India. For the gratification of his early extravagances, he is bound as a prisoner to Asia ; there he must live, there he must die. The *schroff's* (the native money-lenders) and the bankers commence charging interest, and compound interest, against the debtor, whom, fearful of awaking from his dream of bliss, they omit to call upon for the said interest, till the sum is so considerable that he is unable to repay it at once. They then tempt him with fresh loans, or rather get friends to do so, in order to pay the arrears of the original lenders, begin to insure his life, and so entangle him in the mazes of debt, that they are sure of him as their victim all the days of his life. The poor fellow soon obtains a better appointment. With it come fresh offers, of money. Finding all hope of escape gone, he wilfully shuts his eyes, and lets matters take their course, striving by a round of pleasures to drown thought and reflection.

Such was the situation of poor Mackinnon, living like a prince, ever ready to lend to the needy, and to assist the struggling man. He had been the means of enabling many of his friends to accumulate fortunes. He had placed it in the power of several to return to Europe ; yet for himself he could do nothing. He was far too deeply involved to hope for escape ; so his only solace was to make those around him as happy as he could, himself a willing sacrifice at the altar of hospitality.

Sandy Frazer, the indigo planter, was the very reverse of the picture I have just drawn. Brought up by prudent parents, whom he had lost in early life, Sandy came to India with a strict deter-

mination "to make money." Far from attempting, by a sudden or great speculation, to enrich himself, he had toiled on, guilty of no extravagance, indulging in no excess. Year after year his moderate profits had accumulated till he had become a very rich man. There is an old line in Latin, which tells us that the love of money grows with the possession of it. Far from being contented with the thousands he had amassed, Frazer, used to the fatigues of business, so accustomed to them as almost to like them, still remained in India, remitting occasional sums to Europe, to purchase estates he was never likely to behold. In a word, Sandy was a prudent Scotchman—a term which in India signifies a rich one.

Tom Martin, of the native infantry, whom I have mentioned as making up our party, was one of those beings whom we occasionally meet with in every society. Interrupted in his studies by the receipt of a military commission, and consequently but superficially grounded in any one branch of education, he yet possessed a smattering of all. Anxious to be looked upon as a good fellow, he was ever ready to fight, to bet, to ride a race, or join a shooting-party. At cards he played higher than he could afford; at table he drank deeper than his senses warranted. Fond of excitement, careless as to results, without any fixed principles, he had left his home, and having heard a great deal about philosophy, and similar *stuff*, affected to be a philosopher, and, in order to prove the fact, at once plunged into open atheism, and, like most persons of this stamp, continually annoyed his friends, when a little elated by liquor, by pouring forth his horrible and blasphemous doctrines to the annoyance of those around him.

Such was the case on the evening I allude to. Cards and supper over, an animated conversation on sporting topics induced Martin to drink deep. He lost his better senses; and as we sat out on the open deck, smoking our hookahs, and sipping our loll shrob, he burst forth into one of his anti-Christian tirades. We endeavoured to check him. It was impossible. We tried to reason with him. He actually silenced us with his daring impieties. Our ideas of right and wrong, our beliefs in rewards and punishments, he laughed to scorn. At length, with an air of braggadocio, he thus concluded one of his speeches!—

"I'll tell you what it is, my friends. Your bigotry shall soon be upset. I will show you how I mock your foolish fears, and defy the powers you believe in. It is only a first and slight proof of my bitter scorn for the precepts which doating monks have instilled into us. Here goes, for Heaven or for Hell, if such places exist!" and he sprang at once into the water.

This disgusting boast, though it annoyed us, filled us with little alarm, since we knew there was not sufficient water to drown even a child, and the bottom was composed of a hard gravel. Besides which, Martin was a tip-top swimmer; so we only considered the act as an insensate proof of ineptitude. Presently, however, we looked out for him. He had plunged beneath the surface, to which he did not rise again. We waited a minute or two; he still remained immersed. We called for torches, thinking he might have dived, and risen at some distance. We shouted to him; but all in vain. Some of our boatmen jumped into the lake at the same spot where Martin had just sprang in. The water was scarcely up to their middles. They waded about; but without success. We were

dreadfully alarmed; yet we still hoped he was playing us some trick. Morning broke, and we returned to our bungalow; but, alas! no tidings of Martin. The pond was well dragged, but the body could not be found, and we consequently set it down in our own minds that our companion had made for shore, in order to alarm us. Three days afterwards we again entered the boat, and were sitting on our open deck. The moon was shining brightly. Suddenly Mackinnon started up. He had seen dimly an object in the water. He called our attention. It was the body of Tom Martin floating on the surface. His face was deadly pale, and seemed to wear an expression of pain. His every feature, clearly defined by the bright lunar rays, seemed ghastly and terrifying beyond anything that can be imagined. We dragged the body on board. In silent grief we buried it next day. Some of our party were then wild, and perhaps too wild, in their beliefs. The morning, however, was not lost upon them.

POESY.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

SPIRIT! who rules o'er the realm of thought,
 Whose home is the kindling brain,
 Who comes with the sweetest of music fraught,
 In the hour of joy and pain!
 Whose sway is like the limitless wind,
 Freed from the earth's control,
 In the deepest cell of the human mind,
 Or the boundless range of soul!
 Spirit! who comes in the sunbeam's light,
 Robed in its fiery gleam,
 With the wings and brow of an angel bright,
 Like those of whom we dream!
 Whose flight across the fathomless sea
 No ocean bird can track,
 For in lands unknown thou wanderest free,
 Till a spell invokes thee back!
 Spirit! who walks in the tranquil even,
 Beneath the moon's wan ray;
 When hearts commune with the stars of heav'n,
 And the knees are bent to pray:
 Or by the side of the couch of death
 Thou singest a hymn of love,
 Wafting the soul on its holy breath
 To the better land above!
 Spirit! who stirreth the child's bright hair,
 And the silvery locks of age,
 Who is seen alike when nature is fair,
 Or the storm doth fiercely rage!
 From the craggy brow of the mountain height,
 Gazing in lofty power,
 Or amidst the sheaves of a corn-field bright,
 Or the petal of a flower!
 Spirit! who holdest the world in thrall,
 Phoenix of hallowing flame!
 Conqueror, binding the hearts of all,
 And leader to proudest fame!
 Idol of genius! mighty and strong!
 Who worshippeth not thy shrine?
 Oh! thou who bestowest such gifts of song
 On man, that he seems divine!

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN,
COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

JUNE 21, 1808, Munden played for his benefit, "Laugh when you can," "The Portrait of Cervantes" (first time), and "The Turnpike Gate." The new farce was a translation from the French, by Mr. Grefulhe, the banker, who sent it to Munden, but desired his name not to be mentioned. On these occasions, and they were not a few, the bantling was laid to the charge of Mrs. Munden, who was known to amuse herself by dramatic composition. If the piece failed, she had all the demerit; if it succeeded, the vanity of the author let out the secret; in no case did she derive any of the profits. "The Portrait of Cervantes" was very successful, and Mr. Grefulhe politely begged Mrs. Munden's acceptance of a case of Constantia wine. He also liberally presented our actor with the sum of one hundred pounds, which the managers, in continuing the representation according to privilege, had paid to the author.

On the 20th of September Covent-Garden theatre was destroyed by fire. The loss of life that occurred in attempting to stop the progress of the flames was most deplorable. Amongst the property destroyed were the scenery and wardrobe, all the musicians' instruments (their own property), several dramatic pieces, and musical manuscripts, of which no copies remained, including the original scores of Handel, Arne, &c.; and Handel's famous organ, bequeathed by him to the theatre. The insurance did not amount to one-third of the loss. Munden again lost his wardrobe, which he valued at three hundred pounds; but the wags made merry at his expense, asserting, that when his trunk, recovered from the wreck off Ireland, to which he had assigned a similar value, was brought to him, and five guineas reward claimed, he flew into a passion, and swore it was not worth five shillings. The company found a temporary asylum at the King's Theatre, where they commenced performing so early as the 26th, with "Douglas," and "Rosina." Mr. Kemble addressed the audience on the rising of the curtain, in considerable agitation, alluding to the recent calamity, and assured them that the managers were already preparing to construct a new theatre. Mrs. Siddons played Lady Randolph; Mr. C. Kemble, Norval; and Mr. Barrymore, Glenalvon, in the absence of Mr. Cooke, who was gone to be married, and *could not come*. That gentleman, however, played Sir Pertinax on the 14th, and met with his usual flattering reception. Nov. 10th, Morton's opera of "The Exile," founded on the novel of Elizabeth, by Madame Cottin, was brought forward at this theatre: Daran, Mr. Young, who had at length engaged at a winter theatre, with a large salary; Count Ulric, Pope; Count Calmar, Incledon; Baron Altradoff, Liston; Servitz, Fawcett; the Governor, Munden; Catherine, Mrs. Dickons; Alexina, Mrs. H. Johnston. Munden had little to do; but Fawcett had a good part, and was encored in his comic song, "Young Lobski," written by Mr. Colman. Mr. Young played Daran in the most impressive manner. The vocalists

also were highly applauded. This piece had a very successful run. The Covent-Garden company now removed to the little theatre in the Haymarket, which was liberally offered to them by Mr. Colman, commencing with "The Mountaineers," and a new farce, entitled "A School for Authors," the production of the late Mr. Tobin, author of "The Honeymoon," whose singular fate it was to have all his pieces rejected during his lifetime, and eagerly sought for after his death. As in "The Honeymoon," he had imitated Shakspeare, so in the "School for Authors" he borrowed from Foote. Munden played the principal character, Diaper, the author, a kind of Sir Fretful Plagiary.

December 30th, 1808, the first stone of the new theatre in Covent Garden was laid by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. A covered platform was filled with spectators, who rose to welcome his Royal Highness, the band playing "God save the King!" The front seats were filled by ladies, amongst whom sat "*the observed of all observers*," -- Mrs. Siddons! His Royal Highness, sprinkling corn, wine, and oil on the stone, concluded the ceremony by returning the plan of the building to Mr. Smirke, the architect, and bowing to Messrs. Harris and Kemble, with the expression of a wish for the prosperity of the theatre — a wish that has not yet reached its accomplishment.

Two months after this event Drury Lane theatre was in flames. It was supposed by many at the time that these conflagrations were the work of incendiaries; but there seems no reason to doubt that both were the result of accident. Mr. Sheridan was in the House of Commons when the blaze of light illuminated St. Stephen's Chapel. It was proposed, from sympathy in that gentleman's loss, to adjourn the debate, and he gained great credit for magnanimity for refusing to allow his private concerns to interfere with the business of the nation. All this was a solemn farce; the *real* sufferers were the actors, many of whose salaries had not been paid for a long time previously; and the renters, whose money lay buried in the ruins. The late Drury Lane theatre was said to have cost one hundred and twenty-nine thousand pounds, and was insured for thirty-five thousand pounds. The debts were estimated at three hundred thousand.

The Drury Lane company left with the "*good wishes*" of Mr. Sheridan, who, after parting with them, changed his mind, and desired, unavailingly, to encumber them again with his assistance, — obtained, with some difficulty, a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Taylor's permission to perform at the King's theatre for three nights gratuitously; and three more on paying a sum for rent; by which arrangement the families of the humbler adherents to the theatre were saved from starvation. They opened their performances at the King's theatre on the 16th March, 1809, and on the 11th April occupied the Lyceum.

In Easter term, the Haymarket theatre opened on a new site — the Court of Chancery. Sir Samuel Romilly moved the court, on behalf of Messrs. Morris, Winston, and others, to remove Mr. Colman from the chief management of the theatre, on the ground that he was unable to discharge the duties of his situation, being a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench. The answer to this objection on the part of the defendant's counsel (Mr. Hart) was, that, *being in*

the Bench, he was sure to be found at home. The Lord Chancellor intimated that the parties had better settle their differences by arbitration. The plaintiff chose Mr. Crawford, a barrister, and the defendant, Mr. Harris, the rival manager; and each party objected to the arbitrator on the other side. The Lord Chancellor considered Mr. Harris "*a very unfit person for an arbitrator*" in such a case, and postponed his judgment. "I will not now," said his lordship emphatically, "attempt to insinuate what the decision will be, but I feel confident it will be *disagreeable to all the parties*." This hint was taken, and the matter withdrawn for the time.

In announcing at this season the rumour that Drury Lane theatre was about to be rebuilt, a periodical* adds this stringent inquiry, "*Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando?*" Happy for the parties, *quibus auxiliis*, the theatre was ultimately rebuilt, if this rumour had only been a surmise!

June 10th. The Drury Lane company closed their season at the Lyceum, and Mr. Wroughton addressed the audience on the part of the performers, the chief of whom had been great losers by contributing to the distresses of their poorer brethren. The Covent Garden company finished at the Haymarket on the 31st May, and Mr. Young returned thanks on behalf of the proprietors, with the announcement that "their new theatre was covered in." Two days previously Mr. Lewis performed, for the last time, taking for his benefit "Rule a wife, and have a wife," in which he played the Copper Captain, and concluding with an address to a crowded audience, which he delivered with great feeling.

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

The stage lost also another of its treasures, Mrs. Mattocks. We are sorry to relate that after many years passed in this arduous profession,—for Mrs. Mattocks was nearly the oldest actress on the stage,—she was deprived of the fruits of her industrious exertion. When she retired she had amassed a sufficient fortune, which she placed in the hands of a near relative, whom she had great confidence, and whom she supposed to be in good circumstances. This gentleman died suddenly some years after, and it was then discovered that he had been for a long time insolvent. Unfortunately, Mrs. Mattocks on her retirement had ceased to subscribe to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, to which she had been an early contributor, and thereby forfeited all claim to relief from that quarter. So universally, however, was she esteemed, that several of the performers subscribed among themselves, and purchased a small annuity for her support.

The new theatre in Covent Garden, which had been erected, as it were, by magic, within the short space of ten months, opened its portals to the public on the 18th September, 1809, with the prices of the boxes raised from six to seven shillings, and the pit from three shillings to four shillings, and an entire tier of boxes reserved for private accommodation. The excuse was, the expenditure of *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds*, "in order to render the theatre worthy of British spectators, and of the genius of their native poets." "Macbeth" was the opening piece. "All in the wrong" would

* The Monthly Mirror.

have been a more appropriate prelude: for difficult it is, even at this time of calm reflection, to assign to each party its adequate share of absurdity or ill-conduct. The aggregate merit must be divided between the proprietors of the theatre, the magistrates, the Lord Chamberlain, and the public.

When the old theatre was in ruins, Mr. Kemble was reported to have said, "Now we will have the finest theatre in Europe!" and in his speeches from the stage he termed his new edifice "the most beautiful theatre in the universe, for the reception of the inhabitants of the capital of the world:" a foolish boast, which was accomplished at the expense of public decency, and the loss of a fortune on the part of those who embarked in this futile speculation. No sounder truth can be expounded than that one and one do not in all cases make two, and the supposition that because a theatre, supported by good actors, is constantly filled, the same result would follow the construction of a building of double the size, is contradicted by all experience. The Haymarket theatre, under proper management, has always been productive, and never did the really good actors appear to such advantage as on its boards, because the audience could see and hear them. The huge mausoleum, beneath which was buried the greater part of Mr. Kemble's industrious and well-merited earnings, was wholly uncalled for; and the public resented, but not in a proper manner, the attempt to extract from their pockets a sacrifice to Mr. Kemble's hobby. The generality of stage-reqenters knew nothing, and cared still less, about the beautiful groups in low relief, and statues by Rossi and Flaxman, which decorate the exterior; but they desired, and not unreasonably, that as all theatrical performances of a high order were controlled by two patents, one of which was in abeyance, they should not be exorbitantly taxed, nor their families debarred from their usual recreation to gratify the whims, or fill the pockets of two gentlemen, who, when they planned their lofty scheme, had held no consultation with those who were to pay for it. Of all parties, Mr. Harris, the chief proprietor, was, perhaps, the most to be pitied. Mr. Harris, who had originally been a soap-boiler, purchased the patent and property for an amount not largely exceeding the sum at which, in its improved state, with the gradual accumulation of scenery and stage-properties, he sold to Mr. Kemble a one-sixth share. The increase of the value was, however, mainly owing to Mr. Harris's ~~judicious~~ management; watchful selection of eminent provincial actors, as their rising reputation brought them to his notice; liberality towards the performers; and the large prices which he cheerfully paid for the productions of such dramatists as Cumberland, Colman, Morton, Reynolds, O'Keefe, Dibdin, &c., who preferred the ready money of Covent Garden to the promissory notes of the rival house.

Mr. Harris had at the time of the destruction of the late Covent Garden theatre accumulated a large fortune; he died in moderate circumstances. Being aged and infirm, he seldom, latterly, quitted his residence at Uxbridge, intrusting the management of the concern to his son, Mr. Henry Harris, and Mr. John Kemble. That these gentlemen believed they were furthering his interests, as well as their own, when they entered into this extensive outlay, nobody who has ever heard of them can for a moment doubt; but they were mistaken. They began with a war on the public—that hydra-headed

monster,— and they conducted the war badly. The public did not care where they were lodged, and would have been contented with any secure building having four walls, and sufficient accommodation, provided the entertainments were such as they had been used to witness. But the proprietors were “cursed with a taste.” They must needs take architecture and sculpture under their protection, and expected John Bull to pay for the arts, as well as the art of acting. Even the expedients they devised to fill their treasury were injudicious. They engaged Madame Catalani at an enormous salary, when the cry was for “native talent;” and they apportioned a whole tier to private boxes, when the most irritating subject was their monopoly. They expected the cooped-up spectator to pay an advanced price for his seat in the “pigeon-holes,” whence he looked down on the favoured aristocracy, sitting at their ease, concealed by gilt lattices, and retiring at the termination of the acts to drawing-rooms behind the boxes, which gave rise to much unmerited scandal.

Having once engaged in the contest, the proprietors should have taken such steps as would have commanded success; but they hesitated, vacillated, and, like all persons who adopt middle measures, fell between two stools. They began by apologizing, and appealing; then hired pugilists, lamplighters, watermen, and Bow Street officers, to beat the spectators into submission; when it was discovered that this would not do, (for the *men of war* found that a pitched battle on the pit-benches, hemmed in by an enraged multitude, was a very different thing from one in the ring, with plenty of room for shifting and dropping,) Mr. Kemble had again recourse to apology and appeal. Messrs. Read and Nares, two of the Bow Street magistrates, came on the stage to address the audience, and were hissed off. If they had not power to read the riot-act, what business had they there?* The Lord Chamberlain sent a message to Mr. Harris, that the peace of the town must not be disturbed by these riotous proceedings, and that if the difference with the public could not be settled amicably, the theatre must be shut. Verily, the Lord Chamberlain held “a barren sceptre in his hand” if he could do no more than this; besides, it was unfair to both parties. The public did not want the theatre shut, but open at the old prices; and the proprietors ought not to have been held responsible for riots which were committed by others in their house, and which they could not control.

The details of these strange proceedings do not properly belong to the “Life of Munden,” although he played every night, of course, in dumb show, as did his brother performers, during the O.P. war, so termed from being a war for the old prices. Munden attempted to address the assemblage on the first night of the disturbance, but was relieved by Mr. Kemble. The polite spectators (they scorned to be auditors) were very civil to the actors, with the exception of the Kemble family, male and female, whom they hooted without mercy.

One ruffian threw a bottle at Mrs. Charles Kemble, with a brutal exclamation, referring to her then delicate condition. Will it

* Mr. Kemble averred that they came of their own authority, and that he knew nothing of their coming, until he read of it next morning in the newspapers. The conduct of these guardians of the peace, on the very first night of the disturbance, was an indication of weakness, and encouraged the rioters to proceed.

be believed that English *ladies* could be induced to crowd the boxes night after night, surrounded by men in the garb of gentlemen, (striking each other down on the benches near them, for a difference of opinion,) and listening to the coarse harangues of barbers, bankers' clerks, and briefless barristers; witnessing without a shudder the frightful leaps from the boxes into the pit, as the Bow Street myrmidons rushed forward to make their captures, and hearing without a blush the most indelicate allusions to the presumed object of the private boxes? Alas! what will not fashion do when excitement is to be afforded!

The O.P. warriors, after baiting Mr. Kemble every time he made his appearance, calling upon him for explanations, and then interrupting him, marvelled that he lost his temper, and his brief question, "Ladies and gentlemen, *what is it that you want?*" when what they wanted was sufficiently apparent, was said to savour of that casuistry which is taught at the Roman Catholic College (Douay), where that gentleman had been educated. The only redeeming feature in this spectacle was an occasional bit of fun in some of the numerous placards which were exhibited in the boxes and pit, torn down by the boxers and officers, rescued and remounted with equal ardour to that which animates the ensign who adheres to his colours in the strife of mortal combat. The chief of them consisted of libels on Mr. Kemble; but the following *jeu d'esprit* is not a bad *resumen* of the general question:—

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"This is the house that Jack built.

*

"These are the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"These are the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is John Bull, with a *bugle-horn*, that hissed the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the *thieflaker* shaven and shorn, that took up John Bull, with his *bugle-horn*, who hissed the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the *manager* full of scorn, who raised the price to the people forlorn, and directed the *thieflaker*, shaven and shorn, to take up John Bull with his *bugle-horn*, who hissed the Cat engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that Jack built.

Bow wow!"

It is needless to add, that Catalani relinquished her engagement. She despaired of introducing notes of harmony into such a place of discord. Madame Catalani was to have had five thousand pounds for the season, and two benefits, and to have played and sung in English operas. It would have been a complete failure. She was taught with great difficulty to repeat the words of "God save the King!" and "Rule Britannia."

Having mentioned thus much of the first O. P. war, we may at once state the mode in which it was brought to a conclusion. Bills of indictment having been preferred against forty-one of the rioters at the Westminster Sessions, the grand jury, after a strong charge from the chairman, (Mr. Mainwaring,) in favour of the managers, found true bills against twelve, "those for hissing, hooting, barking, whistling, and speechifying, including one bill against Mary Austen, a female O. P., for springing a penny rattle, being all thrown out." Again were the rattles, bells, horns, and trumpets in motion. Mr. Clifford, a barrister, became the O. P. king, and being taken before the magistrates, was released, after observing, that "had he been a poor tailor, they would have held him to bail," as they had done others. Mr. Clifford thereupon brought an action for false imprisonment against Brandon, the box-keeper. Chief Justice Mansfield gave his opinion that "the public had no right to express their dissatisfaction at the new prices in the way they had done;" but the jury, after hearing the declaration of Mr. Serjeant Best, (Mr. Clifford's counsel,) that "he never saw a more harmless set of people in his life than these rioters," found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages —*five pounds!* Sir James Mansfield "expressed much regret at the verdict, from which he feared very ill consequences were likely to result!"

The Covent-Garden proprietors, who had declared that nothing should induce them to submit, now saw the necessity of bending before the storm. At a dinner given by the O. P.'s to commemorate their triumph, Mr. Clifford presiding, that gentleman announced Mr. Kemble's presence in the ante-room, and stating, that the managers had offered such concessions as in his (Mr. C.'s) opinion were reasonable, moved that he should be admitted, bespeaking for him an attentive hearing and polite reception. Mr. Kemble, accordingly, appeared in this novel and embarrassing situation, and, after some oratory, the following resolutions were agreed to:—

"1st. That the private boxes shall be reduced to the same state as they were in the year 1802.

"2nd. That the pit shall be 3s. 6d., the boxes 7s.

"3rd. That an apology shall be made on the part of the proprietors to the public, and Mr. Brandon shall be dismissed.

"4th. That all prosecutions and actions on both sides shall be quashed."

A complimentary toast was then proposed, and Mr. Kemble withdrew to the theatre, where, from the stage, he read the resolutions to the audience. Some hesitation, however, being apparent with regard to the third, he was not allowed to proceed; but a placard was thrown on the stage with the words, "Discharge Brandon," which was taken up by Munden, dressed in his full-bottomed wig as King Arthur, in "Tom Thumb." It was remarked that in that costume he was a very fit messenger, meaning, we presume, that the two parties (the public and the proprietors) were Noodle and Doodle. Brandon came on the stage; but the audience refused to listen to him, unless *he went upon his knees*, and he fearlessly declined complying with so humiliating a command. Mr. Henry Harris came forward to intercede, but with no success.

The next night Mr. Kemble announced that Mr. Brandon had withdrawn from the theatre. The fact was, the circumstances

having been reported to old Mr. Harris, he recommended Brandon to retire for a while, promising that his salary should be paid to him for the remainder of his life ; but adding that, if he had submitted to degrade himself as he had been required to do, he should have been dismissed without a farthing. No doubt Brandon's zeal for his employers had outstepped the bounds of discretion ; but he was an old servant of the proprietors, and much of what he had done must have been done by their orders. Mr. Harris's determination was honourable to his feelings as a gentleman, and his unshaken courage as a man. Mr. Harris was then bed-ridden. *

Among the sufferers by the late fire at Covent Garden who expected redress on the rebuilding, were the members of the Beef-steak Club, whose room in the Piazza Coffeehouse, partly on the premises of the theatre, had been burnt, and Mr. Solomon, the celebrated cook of that agreeable establishment, from whose domain, the kitchen, four feet were abstracted, to secure a private entrance to the theatre for no less a personage than his Majesty. Mr. Solomon was with difficulty persuaded to accord this boon ; but his loyalty prevailed over the minor consideration of personal privation. Had he been unrelenting, royalty must have entered the theatre with the mob ; for at the Piazza Coffeehouse Mr. Solomon had a voice "potential as the Duke's,"—ay, as the Duke of Norfolk, one of his chief patrons. This eminent *artiste* (as it is now the fashion to call his successors) was accustomed to stand, habited in the cap and white jacket, the badges of his honourable profession, at a door opening on the splendid coffee-room, and surveying his well-known admirers, who saluted him with many a nod, pondering what he should provide for their several tastes, for which he well knew how to cater. Nay, he would not always allow them to indulge in their *own* tastes ; for he who pens these paragraphs well remembers that his dinner was once deprived of its chief *agrémens*, marrow-bones, which, for some *raison de cuisine*, the great cook would not introduce. After the conclusion of *his* performance, Mr. Solomon was in the habit of witnessing the performances at the theatre, dressed in his best attire, with ponderous gold watch and chain, and traversing the staircase from the piazzas with the stride of a person who knew his own value. Far be it from us to deprecate the sacrifice which we have recorded of Mr. Solomon ; but certain it is that the proprietors complimented him with a free admission to the new theatre.

The Beef-steak Club, held at the Piazza Coffeehouse, had for its patron his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ; for its president, the Duke of Norfolk, and its honorary secretary, Joseph Munden. The steaks were dressed in the room, and served up hot from the gridiron. The members presented to their secretary a silver goblet, with a suitable inscription, and the following lines from the pen of their poet-laureat, Tom Dibdin :—

"This token accept, and when from it you sip,
Give a thought to those friends, who implore most sincerely
• You may ne'er find deceit 'twixt the cup and the lip,
But prove Fortune, like Munden, kind, honest, and cheerly."

The motto of the club was "*Esto perpetua ad libitum!*" and they eyed its direction. Among the members were Mr. Maberly and
Const. Some were late sitters. A gentleman, who is no more,

but who was a partner in a banking firm in Lombard Street, was wont to say, that "no man required more sleep than could be obtained in a hackney coach between Hyde Park and Lombard Street," and he exemplified his precept by his practice. He seldom departed until necessity forced him. It was his duty, as junior partner, to open the iron safe in the morning, and he calculated the time of his journey into the city exactly. On arriving at the banking-house, he took a glass of vinegar and water, gave the key to the confidential clerk, and repaired to bed for an hour or two.

The Duke of Norfolk, the chairman of The Beef-steak Club, sate as long as he could see; but when the fatal moment of oblivion arrived, his confidential servant wheeled his master's arm-chair into the next room, and put him to bed. The duke frequently dined alone in the coffee-room. He ate and drank enormously; and though the landlords (Messrs. Hodson and Gann) charged as much as they reasonably could, it is said they lost money by him. His mean apparel and vulgar appearance gave rise to various ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion he desired a new waiter, to whom his person was not familiar, to bring him a cucumber. The order not being immediately attended to, he called to the waiter, who respectfully intimated that, perhaps, he was not aware cucumbers were then very expensive.

"What are they?" said the Duke.

"A guinea a-piece, sir."

"Bring me two," was the reply.

The waiter went in dismay to the bar: "That shabby old man in the corner wants two cucumbers."

"Take him a hundred, if he asks for them," said Mr. Hodgson.

The Duke of Norfolk, being a great lover of the drama, was in the habit, after thus privately dining, of walking into Covent Garden theatre. He took his seat in the dress-boxes, and immediately fell asleep. At the close of the performance he rose much edified and amused, was assisted by the box-keeper in putting on his great-coat, and to his carriage by his servants, waiting in the lobby.

We have not attempted to describe the acting at Covent Garden theatre during a period when nobody was allowed to be heard. The Lyceum, in the mean while, was growing into notice, under the successful management of Colonel Greville and Mr. Arnold, who made an arrangement with Mr. Sheridan, that active gentleman having contrived, as he expressed it, to "keep part of the Drury-Lane company together."

In the autumn (1809), three new provincial performers made their appearance at this theatre:—Mr. Wrench, who still continues on the stage; Mrs. Edwin, who has quitted it; and Mr. E. P. Knight, who is now deceased, but whose memory is held in kind remembrance by all who knew him, —by none more than the individual who makes this mention of his worth. It is unnecessary to say more of Mr. Wrench, than that he is one of the best light comedians extant; or of Mrs. Edwin, who played at Drury Lane until a late period, with great effect, in the line of Mrs. Jordan. By that kind-hearted woman she was highly complimented, with most disinterested feeling, on her first performance of Beatrice. The new actress was the widow of the son of the famous Edwin. The younger Edwin had been a great favourite at Bath, &c., but did not possess the ex-

diary talents of his father. Mrs. Edwin was a very pretty woman, and displayed peculiar archness and vivacity. We trust she still lives in the enjoyment of health and happiness.

In mentioning his deceased friend, Mr. Knight, the writer cannot refrain from relating one of the many anecdotes which that very clever actor communicated so readily, regarding his earlier career, and which he told inimitably. Mr. Knight was apprenticed to an heraldic painter, either at Sheffield or Birmingham, which occupation he quitted for the stage. On his first appearance, he said, carrying a stick and bundle, he was seized with such alarm that he threw down both bundle and stick, and ran off the stage, to which he could not be persuaded to return. The manager addressed him gravely: "Mr. Knight, you will never be an actor; it is useless to persist; but, if you will be obstinate, find out the lowest stone in the country, and put your foot on it." This lowest stone was a strolling company somewhere in Wales, which performed in a room, a bedstead serving for the stage, and the two spaces on each side for the 'tiring-rooms of the respective ladies and gentlemen performers. These spaces were concealed from the audience by curtains. The actors ascended the stage by steps. Mr. Knight commenced with *Acres*, in "The Rivals," and was greeted with torrents of applause. He began to think he had reached the *acme* of the art; but the applause so far exceeded the bounds of moderation, that he looked round to discover if any other cause existed to occasion it, and beheld the bare posterior of one of his fellow comedians, who had unconsciously protruded it through the curtain, whilst in the act of putting on his stockings. Stung with disappointed ambition, he struck the offender with his shoe on the intrusive part of his person, and quitted the scene. He afterwards joined other companies of higher rank, and finally engaged with Mr. Wilkinson, at York, to succeed Mr. Matthews. His humorous correspondence with Wilkinson is well known. The following letter from Tate, concluding the engagement, has not before been published:—

"Wakefield, Sept. 20th.

"SIR,

"Let me know when you wish to come, but let it be as soon as convenience and propriety will permit, as much success in a theatre is dependent upon lucky circumstances. Mr. Matthews was subject to fits; but the last year not to so very great a degree. The week before last he had a very dreadful one, but it was kept a profound secret from me; but on Friday night was so alarmingly ill, he was never expected to be in his senses again—could not finish *Quotem*, nor *act last night*; indeed, all day yesterday he was much deranged. Got better last night, and has been foolish enough to go on horseback twenty-two miles, to meet a party of friends to dinner. I fear to-morrow. It is observable that people who are so unfortunate to have fits won't have it supposed any dangerous accident has occurred, and rush into absurdity. He is a great favourite. I know your cast perfectly well. You shall play any two parts you like; but it is impossible to ascertain a cast. If Mr. Bennett goes, there will be plenty. If Mr. Matthews relapses, I shall want two comedians. Necessity will oblige me to keep you. As I wish you fame, and not to lose it, I will get up any two plays or any two farces not in

the *catalogue*. Your opening shall be appointed as you wish. I must drop the idea of journey ; but Mansfield, one of your towns, would have been easy. Close here the 27th ; open Doncaster the 28th. D. Salaries—York Summer Assizes, York races, Pontefract races, and Doncaster races,—*half* at Wakefield. York to Leeds, twenty-three miles ! Wakefield nine miles from Leeds ; nine from Wakefield to Pontefract ; twenty from here to Doncaster. By water to Hull ; thirty-eight from Hull to York. Hull and York,—and Hull ; seasons from the beginning of November until the end of May.

I am, sir, yours, &c. TATE WILKINSON.

“ From York is certainly in favour at London,— so many have done greatly.

“ Mr. Matthews did not go many miles ; only a pleasant ride yesterday.”

“ Mr. Knight, Theatre, Oswestry,
Warwickshire.”

Tate Wilkinson had acted under Garrick and Foote, and, if we are to believe his memoirs, acted tragedy and comedy with equal effect. The truth is, he was an indifferent actor, but a good mimic ; and Foote encouraged him to annoy Garrick. Although a great master of the art of mimicry himself, Foote is said to have been outdone by Wilkinson ; and was greatly piqued when Tate, after *showing up* other actors, began a fresh imitation, telling the audience that now “ he was going to imitate Master Foote.” But, in such a school, it is not extraordinary that Wilkinson should have been a perfect judge of acting.

OUNCE SHOOTING IN BRAZIL

BY BEN BUNTING.

THE neighbourhood of one of the English establishments in Brazil had for some time been annoyed by the depredations committed by an old female ounce, and her two half-grown cubs. Cattle had been destroyed by them in considerable numbers, and although they had not been known to attack any person, the sudden disappearance of a negro, who had gone to a forest to collect wild honey, led to the surmise that he had fallen a prey to these ravenous brutes. The natives had frequently gone in large parties to kill them, but whether from cowardice, or from bad-shooting, they always returned empty-handed ; I therefore proposed to a friend to try our luck at them during the moonlight nights, to which he readily assented ; and having fixed the day, we prepared ourselves for a task which had daunted two dozen Brazilians. Our guns were soon cleaned, powder and liquor-flasks filled, bullets cast, besides all the little *et ceteras* provided which are requisite for a short but dangerous campaign.

Having dined early, I laid down for a nap, in order that I should not feel sleepy during the night, and was awoke about seven o'clock in the evening with, "What! Ben, are you snoozing?" which words proceeded from the mouth of old Ned Walter (Long Tom Coffin we used to call him), who coolly rode into my room on horseback.

"Are ye snoozing? Why, man alive! your horse has been standing saddled at your door for the last half hour, and the boys have started with our guns and prog nearly an hour back. By Jove! if we don't hurry after them, the deuce a drop of fluid shall we get, except in the shape of rain or dew, for Edoardo will never carry a bottle of liquor for an hour without taking a smell at it; and should that not happen to displease him, you may be certain that he will declare that he tumbled down, broke the bottle, and spilled the liquor; so come along, my son, and leave your dogs at home, for they will only do harm."

Walter's speech soon put me on my feet, particularly as I knew that we ought to be at the place of appointment soon after seven, and we had four miles to ride. In a short time I was ready, and having stuck a brace of pistols and my long knife into my belt, and a case of cigars in my pocket, we started at a hand-gallop after the servants, on the good qualities of one of whom Walter had expatiated so well. On arriving at the spot which we intended to make the field of battle, we prepared a resting-place in a neighbouring tree *à la* Robinson Crusoe, and then examined our fire-arms. I always make a point of loading my own guns; Walter, on the contrary, frequently allowed his Edoardo to perform that task; and on his thrusting the ramrod down the barrel of a small duck gun he had brought in case of a long shot being required, he found his faithful servant had loaded it on the true negro principle of "more fillee, more killee," for he had put in about two ounces of powder, half a pound of buck-shots, sundry bullets, the heads of some old nails, and three black beans, the last being for luck, as Edoardo said. Having loaded the guns, we climbed up to our resting-place, and despatched the servants back with the horses, having first taken the precaution to chalk certain hieroglyphics on the saddle, to prevent the negroes from mounting them.

Knowing that our game would not make its appearance before midnight, we bit our weeds, and having fastened a jug of water in the tree, we took a glass of "cold without," and then waited patiently for the moon's rising. After killing a couple of hours, which to us appeared an eternity, we began to look out for a visit from our foes, when Walter, who could see and hear as well as any North American Indian, declared that the long grass in the distance was moved by something stirring in it. Presently I caught sight of it also, and, to say the truth, my heart began to beat rather faster than usual, for I had never seen a live ounce, except in Wombwell's menagerie, or in the Zoological Gardens. We were tolerably safe from any attack of the beast, by having made a species of platform of branches in the tree in which we were sitting; still I knew that one false step or rotten bough might send me head-foremost into the brute's mouth. But this time my fears were vain; for, instead of an ounce issuing from the bushes, a small deer trotted up, and suddenly dashed off. We would not fire at it, as the report might have warned our anxiously-expected foes of our presence. Another tedious

hour passed, when suddenly we were startled by the yell of an enormous brute leaping from behind a bush on to the carcass of a colt which it had killed the night before, and which we had removed to the foot of our tree.

My first impulse was to fire immediately ; but Walter, who understood these matters well, whispered to me to remain quiet, as the animal now below us was the mother, and that her cubs would follow her quickly. These soon made their appearance ; and beautiful creatures they were, perfectly resembling cats in shape and action, but standing as high as large bull-dogs. Instead of commencing to eat directly, they played with a leg of the poor colt for a little while, then frisked round their mother, and at last tumbled each other over, like a pair of kittens. Their worthy parent sat within twenty yards of us, purring in true Brobdignagian style, and advancing at last cautiously to the carcass, began gnawing a hind-leg, and cracking the bones with as much ease as a cat does those of a mouse. The cubs soon followed their mamma's example, and now was the time for us to commence hostilities. If we fired at the mother, the young ones would run away, whereas, if we could kill, or disable them first, the dam, instead of deserting them, would stand by them as long as life remained in her ; Walter therefore told me to take a steady aim at the cub on the left hand, and, as soon as I should be ready, to give the word, and we would fire together, he being prepared for the other cub.

“ Ready ! ” I whispered, and bang went a ball from each of the guns at our victims, both of which fell, one to rise no more, Walter's shot having gone through his skull. The other attempted to regain his legs, but tumbled over with a cry, which was answered by a roar from his mother which made the ground tremble, and in an instant she flew like a demon at our tree, when a shot from Walter's duck-gun smashed one of her paws, and she very unwillingly dropped, and, limping to her cubs, commenced licking their wounds, casting at the same time most atrocious looks at us. We now discharged our remaining two barrels at her, apparently with little effect. As one cub was dead, and the other badly wounded, we were not afraid of their leaving us ; and as we knew the old one would not desert them, we began to load again. I kept the bullets for our guns in a bag in one of my pockets, and, just as I was handing them over to Walter, who was in a hurry, by some mishap I dropped the bag, and there we were with plenty of powder, but no shot. What was to be done ? I felt through all my pockets, in the hopes of finding a stray bullet ; but, unfortunately, my clothes were all linen, and had arrived from the washerwoman's but a few hours before, and the old woman had a strange propensity to empty all pockets before she consigned the clothes to the wash-tub ; my search, therefore, was fruitless. I next thought of my pistols, — we might unscrew the barrels, and take the balls out. But here again I was at fault ; in the hurry of starting from home I had forgotten the key, and the things were so tight, that we could not stir them ; and to fire them at a distance of twenty yards would have been very foolish, particularly as it was possible the ounce might feel inclined to pay us a visit on our perch ; and, as for descending to pick up the fallen bullets, it would have been perfect madness ; for the tree was too thick for us to climb, without the help of some-

body below. Besides, there sat the ounce, licking her chops and her cubs alternately.

I now made up my mind to pass the remainder of the night in the tree; and having refreshed ourselves with a draught from the flask, we determined to take it as comfortably as we could, but feared much that the old devil might carry off one of her dead cubs.

By this time the remaining cub expired; and, as soon as the last struggle was over, the mother made another spring at us. She could climb but badly, on account of her wound; still she neared us, and, when within about fifteen feet from the branch on which we sat, I fired a pistol at her, which elicited a yell, but no more. She was now upon the lowest branch, and with a spring would have been upon us, when Walter, who had fastened his long knife to his gun with a handkerchief, stabbed her as she was crouching for a leap. This upset her, and she fell to the ground, much to our joy, as she was coming too near to be pleasant; but, although badly wounded, she did not appear to mind it much, her attention being chiefly directed to her dead cubs, which she endeavoured to drag into the bushes.

"This will never do, Ben," said Walter. "We must have them all three, or we shall be laughed at when we get home for our shot."

In this I perfectly concurred; but wherewithal could we load our guns?

"I have it," said Walter. "Lend me your knife, and I'll soon pepper the old lady's hide." With this, he coolly cut all the metal buttons off his trousers, and rammed about a dozen of them into his duck-gun.

"These will never be enough, Ben; we must have some more."

I was sorry to find that my buttons were all of bone, for which Walter d—d them, the tailor for putting them on, and me for wearing them. Notwithstanding this reproach, I discovered something that would answer very well. My powder-flask being of what is called queen's metal, I emptied the contents into my hat, and with my large knife I cut the flask into several pieces, which we hammered into tolerable shape, and with them loaded our double-barrels. I took first shot, but did no great damage. Now came Walter, with his charge of buttons, which certainly verified his prophecy, of "pepper-ing the old lady's hide;" for she jumped and roared most desperately. We had now only three charges left, and these we poured in together, and down fell the ounce; but, whether mortally wounded or not we could not say, for she endeavoured to rise several times. At length all was quiet, and, a thick cloud having obscured the moon, we could not distinguish her plainly enough; and, in order to be safe, before descending Walter proposed making an experiment to see if she were dead. He filled his small metal spirit-flask half full of powder, and making some touch-paper with some wet powder, and a strip of calico off his shirt, he lit the fuze, and threw it close to the old ounce. In less than a minute it exploded with an awful noise, a piece of flask striking the branch on which we were perched, which I considered rather sharp work for the eyes; but, as it had no effect on the "old lady," we slid down the tree, and went to examine our game, knife in hand. The two cubs were perfectly dead, and the mother very soon gave her last gasp. One of our last shots

had cut a large artery or vein, and another had broken her backbone. We now made a fire, and re-loaded our guns, for fear of an attack from others, or the chance of a passing deer ; but nothing came near us except a few bats.

In a couple of hours day dawned, and our servants arrived soon afterwards with our horses and some prog. Our nags were so frightened at the sight of their once so formidable foes, that we could not urge them to within twenty yards of the dead bodies ; so we were soon on their backs, homeward bound.

We sent a bullock-cart to fetch our game, the three head together weighing above seven hundred pounds. The old one measured nearly eight feet from the snout to the tip of her tail, and was one of a tribe acknowledged to be the fiercest and most powerful of the ounce species. Walter and I tossed up for the skins, and I got the large one, which, after being tanned with the hair on, has served me for a bedside carpet. Walter converted his pair into the lining of a boating-cloak.

THE NOCTURNAL SUMMONS ; OR, THE GOSSIP GHOST.

A FACT.

“ *Tua quod nihil refert ne cures.* ”

How vast the number of mankind
who fail
T’obey the wholesome rule which
I’ve selected,
And, as a sign or frontispiece,
erected,
To indicate the tenor of my tale.

Whate’er your sex ; whate’er your
state of life ;
Bachelor, husband, widow, maid, or
wife :
Whate’er your rank — peer, knight,
esquire, or yeoman ;
Duchess, your ladyship, or plain
good woman :
Whether you move ‘midst equipages
garish,
Flattery and smiles,
Or barrows, slang, and grins : whe-
ther the name,
Ta’en from the Calendar to grace
your parish,
Be James or Giles ;
In one particular ‘tis still the same :
Namely that, when ye congregate,
Whate’er the nature of your
cheer ;
Choice viands, serv’d on costly plate,
Tea and turn-out, or gin and beer ;

No sooner have ye got together,
Saluted and abus’d the weather,
Than some curst babbler of the
throng
Lets fly that venom’d shaft, her
tongue,
And food for conversation lends
By spleen-fraught strictures on her
friends.

If, in the first, ‘tis “Countess, I sus-
pect
That Lady Bridget is a bride elect.”
Or, “ Marquis, did you hear the
strange report,
So widely whisper’d yesterday at
Court ?
It may be groundless, but (‘tween
you and me)
‘Tis confidently said that Lady B.
Has, with her Lord’s French valet
been caught tripping ;
And that the Earl, by way of *lex
talionis*,
Has left her in the arms of her
Adonis,
And ta’en her waiting-woman into
keeping.”
Or, “ Bless my heart, that’s surely
Lady Mary,

Who in the summer went
To prosecute her annual vagary
Upon the Continent!
Well, 'pon my honour, 'tis a curious
whim;
For, judging from appearances,
the air
Cannot, to her, be salutiferous
there,
She goes so lusty, and returns so
slim!"
While each succeeding slice of scan-
dal bitter
Is welcom'd by an universal titter.
If, in the second, they take aim,
With the same bolt, at minor game :
As, "Did you see our neighbour,
Mrs Dray,
On board the Margate steam-yacht
t'other day?
How she was dress'd! her head
deck'd out with curls
As long and jetty as her gawky
girl's;
When everybody knows her locks
Are red, by nature, as a fox;
And, now the progress of old Time
has spread
Some parsnips 'mongst the carrots of
her head,
'Tis speckled like an old cock-phe-
asant's feather,
Or salt and cayenne-pepper mix'd
together!"
Or, "He! he! he!—I hear they've
had
A pretty fuss
Next door to us,
And, 'pon my soul, 'tis quite too bad.
There's neighbour Dobson's servant
wench
Has sworn a child
To Mr. Wild:
You know my husband 's on the
bench,
And yesterday, as luck would have
it,
Sat to receive her affidavit.
I thought 'twould be so; for if folks,
you know,
Will hire such trulls, they must ex-
pect such things;
I told her mistress near a month
ago,
The slut could scarcely tie her
apron-strings."

If in the third, a sordid set
To pass a jolly night, are met;
To bolt their hot cow-heel and tripe,

And smoke, *en tour*, the smutty
pipe;
Some beldams, still for censure ripe,
Enjoy no greater solace from their
labours
Than dealing condemnation on their
neighbours;
And every moment of cessation
From ribald singing and potation,
Is fill'd with boisterous oaths and
jeering,
Upon their cronies out of hearing :
As, who fought booty in the milling
ring;
And who was hang'd when who de-
serv'd to swing;
With many a volley of pestiferous
stuff
And spite,
Which ink poetic is not black enough
To write.
Yet, to my cockney readers, be it
known,
That not in the metropolis alone
Exists the inquisitorial emulation
For scrutinizing other folks' affairs;
No—every town and village in the
nation
Boasts its arch gossip, whose domes-
tic cares
Are half forgotten in the task
Of daily running forth to ask,
Of every human snake within her
reach,
The morning's news, and to extort
from each
Some rumour'd hint, or vague suspi-
cion,
Already in its third edition,
Whose honey'd poison may regale
The gaping ears
Of such compeers
As may be strangers to the tale.
All this I own is mere assertion,
And dogmatism is my aversion;
Therefore, (as holders-forth extem-
poraneous
Say, when, from wandering to dis-
course extraneous,
They feel themselves perplexed,
And cannot justly on their subject
pop,
But hem and ha, and make an awk-
ward stop,)
"Returning to my text!"

The theatre whereon the farce was
play'd,
Which now demands the efforts of
my muse,

Was a small village, in a fertile glade,
 Near the romantic stream of northern Ouse.
 At a crude guess,
 There might be fifty houses in the cluster,
 Few more or less ;
 Whose population, at its greatest muster,
 Did but half fill the ivy-mantled church,
 Shaded by stately trees of yew and birch,
 Whither they every Sunday went ;
 Happily some pious few to vent
 The fervent prayer ; a greater number
 To pass an hour in tranquil slumber ;
 Many to meet their sweethearts there,
 And greet them with a loving stare,
 Hungry cats surveying lumps of butter,
 To wink and smile
 Across the aisle,
 And look the passion which they
 dar'd not utter :
 While others sat the service out
 As culprits bear a flogging-bout,
 So anxious were they for its end,
 That they might meet, shake hands,
 and spend
 An hour in chatter.
 Amongst the latter,
 Was Miss Griselda Wilhelmina Gaunt ;
 A wanling fair, who could, with justice, vaunt
 Of gentle breeding : all her youth
 had been
 Wasted within a city's bustling scene.
 But, as butchers, sometimes, with
 their delicate meat,
 Resolv'd on a price far beyond its
 just merit,
 Maintain their demand until, no
 longer sweet,
 They're compell'd to seek out
 some sly spot to inter it,
 So, she'd set such high price,
 In the hey-day of life, on her precious virginity,
 That no honorificabilitudinity
 Or wealth could suffice
 To content her, though many a suitor had tried
 All the engines of courtship to make
 her his bride.

Till, finding her charms were no longer available,
 Her cherish'd commodity grown quite unsaleable,
 She sought, in our hamlet, a rural retreat,
 And, in a small cottage, sequester'd and neat,
 Adjoining the wall of the little churchyard,
 O'er all the concerns of her neighbours kept guard :
 For, in the village, not a pig could squeak,
 Or cock could crow
 But she would know
 The cause, e'en though she sought it for a week :
 No rustic urchin could play truant, But in an hour or two she knew on't :
 No fuddled churl could beat his wife,
 But she would meddle in the strife :
 No poor old mumbling dame could lose
 An aching tooth,
 But she would ferret out the news ;
 And, once appriz'd, the scent she'd follow,
 To know the truth,
 And ask around,
 Until she found
 Who took it out, and if 't was sound
 or hollow :
 No fight, or game of quarter-staff
 Was hid from her ; no foal, or calf,
 Or brood of puppies could be born,
 But she would know it ere next morn ;
 When she would, ceaselessly, inquire
 Till she could reach
 A perfect knowledge of the sire
 And dam of each.
 No villager, female or male,
 Could drink an extra pint of ale,
 Or pass an hour in rustic frolic :
 No washer-wench could have the colic :
 No lad could break a school-mate's head :
 No woman could be brought to bed :
 No load to market could be carried :
 No clown be sent to gaol, or married :
 No fishing-punt could be capsiz'd,
 Treating its inmates with a ducking ;
 No peasant's brat could be baptiz'd,
 Cut its first tooth, or leave off sucking ;

Fall sick, or die ;
But she would pry,
Until her craving sense auricular
Had been full-fed with each particu-
lar.

This penchant, and her tongue cen-
sorius,
Had made our heroine so notorious
Amongst the country rabble,
That, to prevent of breath the use-
less waste,
And make her epithet imply her
taste,
They call'd her Grizzy Gabble,
Which neat appellative, so aptly
suited
For brevity
And levity,
Had long time for her name been
substituted.
E'en now I ventured to express,
That every hamlet doth possess
Some glib-mouth'd wench who rules
the roast
In mag ;
I also may make bold to state,
That every village, small or great,
Mongst its inhabitants, can boast
Its wag !
Some witty bumpkin who delights in
joke ;
For feats of fun and mischief ever
ripe ;
Who, o'er his evening goblet, loves
to smoke,
Alternately, his neighbour and his
pipe :
And so could this—perhaps as queer
a wight
As ever wrought by day, or drank by
night.

He long had known that, when, per-
chance,
Miss Grizzy
Was busy,
And could not 'mongst her neigh-
bours, prance
To chat, she most intently listen'd,
Hour after hour, to the church-
steeple ;
And, every time she heard a bell,
Whether for chime, or peal, or knell,
For some one married, dead, or
christen'd ;
That she might learn the news ere
other people,
She made no pause,
However cold the day, for cloak or
hat ;

But darted off, as nimble as a cat,
To know the cause :
So that the sexton ne'er could ope
The belfry door, and pull a rope,
But, in an instant, Grizzy's clatter
Saluted him with " What 's the mat-
ter ? "

One autumn night, damp, chill, and
dark,
Our mellow, laughter-loving spark
Brought him to the sexton's cot,
Just when the simple man had got
His solid supper spread upon the
table,
And, looking as demure as he was
able,
Turn'd up his eyes, and shook his
head,
Saying, " Lord bless us, Master
Sexton !
Heaven only knows who 'll be the
next un !
Would you believe it ? Grizzy Gab-
ble 's dead !
And I was sent to you to tell
That you must go and toll the bell,
Late as it is, without delay !"
This said, th' informant walk'd away.

The knave of spades, astounded, left
his fork
Stuck in a mound of fat, cold pickled
pork ;
Threw down his knife,
Gazed at his wife,
Utter'd a pious exclamation,
And hasten'd to his avocation ;
Namely, to run ('twas but across the
road)
To church, to toll
The fleeting soul
Of the dead gossip to its long abode.

Grizzy, although the sexton thought
her dead
As Hecuba or Priam,
Was just that moment getting into
bed,
In as good health as I am :
Her night-gown on—one foot just
placed betwixt
The sheets, when straight, the
bell's first sound
Striking her ear, she, doubtingly,
look'd round,
And, for a moment, stood like one
transfixt.
She listen'd, and another dong
Convinced her she had not been
wrong ;

When, such her speed and eagerness,
She huddled on scarce half her dress,
Lest, if delay'd, some neighbour
should obtain
The news before her ;
But, slipshod, seized upon the coun-
terpane,
And threw it o'er her,
Then sallied forth, resolved to ask
The reason of the sexton's task.

Meantime, old "Dust to dust" pur-
sued
His dreary work,
In pensive, melancholy mood ;
Between each jerk,
In these sage terms soliloquizing :
" Well, Grizzly's sudden death's sur-
prising !
She wur a queer un ! 'cod, if she wur
living,
'Tis just the time
That she would climb
The belfry stairs ! Her loss won't
cause much grieving !
I'm devilish glad her earthly prat-
ing's o'er,
And I shall ne'er be pester'd by her
more ! "

While he the last, half utter'd word
Was speaking,
He dropt the rope, and thought he
heard
A creaking ;
When, turning promptly round,
He at his elbow found
His constant catechist, enrobed in
white :
His blood ran cold, his hair stood bolt
upright :
He bounded from the spot, and roar'd
aloud,
" Oh, heavens ! I 'm lost !
'Tis Grizzly's ghost,
Risen from the dead, and walking in
her shroud ! "
No answer to her loud demands he
utter'd,
But ran and tumbled down the
steeple stairs,
While, ever and anon, he faltering
mutter'd
A mingled exorcism—half oaths, half
prayers.

Grizzly, as nish'd at his flight,
Unconscious of his cause of fright,
Hotly pursued, her questi'on bawling ;
He, sometimes running, sometimes
sprawling,

Had just arrived without the church,
When she appear'd beneath the
porch :
Again her piercing voice, assailing
His tingling ears
Enhanced his fears :
Onward he ran the tomb-stone
scaling,
Deaf to Miss Gabble's loud appeals,
Who closely follow'd at his heels.

An open grave lay in his way,
Dug by himself that very day,
But, in his fear, no longer recollect-
ed :
Thither, by chance, his footsteps
were directed,
Just when the dreaded Grizzly's out-
stretch'd hand
Had seized his coat,
And her wide throat
Sent forth its shrillest tones to make
him stand.

'Twas now too late her harpy hold to
quit,
For down they fell,
Headlong, pell mell,
He hallooing,
She following,
O'er the loose earth, into the yawn-
ing pit.
Nor did their hap end thus : The
spiteful Fates
So managed that their prone descend-
ing pates
Met, with such stunning contact, at
the bottom,
That, if a score of grenadiers had
shot 'em,
They scarcely could more motionless
have laid them,
Than the rude shock (*pro tempore*)
had made them.

Meantime, a straggling villager, by
chance
Passing, half drunk,
The churchyard's bound,
Of Grizzly and the sexton caught a
glance,
Just as they sunk
Into the ground.
Away he scamper'd, like a bedlamite,
Making a most outrageous knocking
At many a door,
On which, his friends around him
flocking,
He roundly swore
He'd seen two ghosts, one black and
t'other white.

During this space, the wag who had
convey'd
Of Grizzly's death the counterfeit
narration,
Behind the churchyard wall had
snugly laid,
To watch his wily project's con-
summation ;
Now, creeping from his lurking-
place,
He smooth'd his laughter-wrinkled
face,
And, rushing in among
The terror-stricken throng,
Vow'd that the clown who gave th'
alarm was wrong ;
Declared that he had also been
Ocular witness of the scene,
And that, in lieu of apparitions,
Sent to confirm their superstitions,
The forms which met their neigh-
bour's view,
(He'd stake his life upon't) were two
Infernal *habeas corpus* knaves
Come down from town to rob the
graves.
"So, if," said he, "you have the least
regard
For all your dear relations' bones,
Prepare yourselves with sticks and
stones,
And follow instantly to our church-
yard ! "

Away the crew,
Like lightning, flew,
Seizing such rustic arms as chance
provided ;
Sickles and flails,
And broken pales ;
Then softly t'wards the cemetery
glided.
Their chuckling leader pointed out
The well-mark'd grave, and made
a stand,
Then whistled, and his little band
Press'd on, and compass'd it about,
Just as the vital spark, so long sup-
prest,
Became rekindled in the gossip's
breast,
And, starting from her hideous
dream,
She utter'd a terrific scream,

Which half aroused the sexton's
slumb'ring senses,
Who, still supposing that he lay
Beneath some spell, began to pray
Forgiveness for his manifold offences,
In such repentant, piteous terms,
That all the crowd, sans mercy qr
reflection,
Proclaim'd them ministers of resur-
rection,
Come to defraud the village-worms,
And swore, by all their fathers'
graves around,
That, back to back, the culprits
should be bound,
And lodged within the village cage
Without delay.—Just in this stage
The matter pended, when the pea-
sants' wives,
Alarm'd by Grizzly's shriek,
And anxious for their darling hub-
bies' lives,
Resolved the truth to seek ;
So, snatching each a lantern or a
torch,
They moved, a flaring phalanx,
t'wards the church ;
Mix'd with the gaping group, and
threw a light
Upon this strange adventure of the
night.

Reader, imagine, if you can,
(For, if I should attempt to paint
The scene, the likeness would be
faint,) What wonder through the circle ran,
When, to their sober senses, 'twas
made clear
That, 'stead of thieves, the pair they
strove to seize
Were their old sexton, still half dead
with fear,
And Grizzly Gabble in her night-
chemise !

After some score of minutes spent
In explanation
And gratulation,
All parties to their pillows went ;
But, from that moment Grizzly
Gabble's face
Has ne'er been seen within the coun-
ty's space !

JERRY JARVISS WIG.

A LEGEND OF THE WEALD OF KENT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"The wig 's the thing ! the wig ! the wig."—*Old Song.*

"JOE," said old Jarvis, looking out of his window,—it was his ground-floor back,—"Joe, you seem to be very hot, Joe,—and you have got no wig!"

"Yes, sir," quoth Joseph, pausing, and resting upon his spade, "it 's as hot a day as ever I *see* ; but the celery must be got in, or there 'll be no autumn crop, and—"

"Well, but Joe, the sun 's so hot, and it shines so on your bald head, it makes one wink to look at it. You 'll have a *coup de soleil*, Joe."

"A *what*, sir ?"

"No matter ; it 's very hot working ; and if you 'll step in doors, I 'll give you—"

"Thank ye, your honour, a drop of beer will be very acceptable."

Joe's countenance brightened amazingly.

"Joe, I 'll give you—my old wig !"

The countenance of Joseph fell, his grey eye had glistened as a blest vision of double X flitted athwart his fancy ; its glance faded again into the old, filmy, gooseberry-coloured hue, as he growled in a minor key, "A wig, sir !"

"Yes, Joe, a wig ! The man who does not study the comfort of his dependants is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old, worn-out wig."

"I hope, sir, you 'll give me a drop o' beer to drink your honour's health in,—it is very hot, and—"

"Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall give it you."

"Heaven bless your honour I" said honest Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and walking with more than usual alacrity towards the close-cut quickset hedge which separated Mr. Jarvis's garden from the high-road.

From the quickset hedge aforesaid he now raised, with all due delicacy, a well-worn and somewhat dilapidated jacket, of a stuff by drapers most pseudonymously termed "everlasting." Alack ! alack ! what is there to which *tempus edax rerum* will accord that epithet ?—In its high and palmy days it had been all of a piece ; but as its master's eye now fell upon it, the expression of his countenance seemed to say with Octavian,

"Those days are gone, Floranthe !"

It was ~~now~~ from frequent patching, a coat not unlike that of the patriarch, one of many colours.

Joseph Washford inserted his wrists into the corresponding ~~orifices~~ of the tattered garment, and with a steadiness of circumgyration, to be acquired only by long and sufficient practice, swung it horizontally over his ears, and settled himself into it.

"Confound your old jacket!" cried a voice from the other side the hedge, "keep it down, you rascal! don't you see my horse is frightened at it?"

"Sensible beast!" apostrophized Joseph, "I've been frighten'd at it myself every day for the last two years!"

The gardener cast a rueful glance at its sleeve, and pursued his way to the door of the back-kitchen.

"Joe," said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty, "Joe, your master is but too good to you; he is always kind and considerate. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig."

"And the beer, Ma'am Witherspoon?" said Washford, taking the proffered caxon, and looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture;—"and the beer, ma'am?"

"The beer, you guzzling wretch!—what beer? Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has not he given you a wig?"

"Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon; but then, you see, his honour said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and—"

"Go to the pump, sot!" said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back-door in the face of the petitioner.

Mrs. Witherspoon was "of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion," and Honorary Assistant Secretary to the Appledore branch of the "Ladies' Grand Junction Water-working Temperance Society."

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental abstraction; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-stye, — his corruption rose, but he resisted the impulse; he got the better of Satan; the half-formed imprecation died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig; it had once been a comely jasey enough, of the colour of over-baked gingerbread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century by the name of a "brown George." The species, it is to be feared, is now extinct, but a few, a very few of the same description might, till very lately, be occasionally seen,—*rari nunties in gurgite vasto*, — the glorious relics of a bygone day, crowning the *cerebellum* of some venerated and venerable provost, or judge of assize; but Mr. Jarvis's wig had one peculiarity; unlike most of its fellows, it had a tail! — "cribbed and confined," indeed, by a shabby piece of faded shalloon.

Washford looked at it again; he shook his bald head; the wig had certainly seen its best days; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility,—it was "like ancient Rome, majestic in decay"—and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why—after all, an old wig was better than nothing!

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by act of parliament; one of that class of gentlemen who, disdaining the *bourgeois*-sounding name of "attorney-at-law," are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors. I say by a legal fiction, for surely the general tenor of the intimation received by such as enjoy the advantage of their correspondence, has little in common with the idea usually attached to the term "solicitation." "If you don't pay my bill, and costs, I'll send you to jail," is a very energetic *entreaty*. There are, it is true, etymologists who derive their style and title from

the Latin infinitive "*solicitare*," to "make anxious,"— in all probability they are right.

If this be the true etymology of his title, as it was the main end of his calling, then was Jeremiah Jervis, a worthy exemplar of the *genus* to which he belonged. Few persons in his time had created greater solicitude among his Majesty's lieges within the "Weald." He was rich, of course. The best house in a country-town is always the lawyer's, and it generally boasts a green door, stone steps, and a brass knocker. In neither of these appendages to opulence was Jeremiah deficient; but then, he was so *very* rich; his reputed wealth, indeed, passed all the common modes of accounting for its increase. True, he was so universal a favourite that every man whose will he made was sure to leave him a legacy; that he was a sort of general assignee to all the bankruptcies within twenty miles of Appledore; was clerk to half the "trusts;" and treasurer to most of the "rates," "funds," and "subscriptions," in that part of the country; that he was land-agent to Lord Mountrhino, and steward to the rich Miss Tabbytale of Smerrididdle Hall; that he had been guardian (?) to three young profligates, who all ran through their property, which, somehow or another, came at last into his hands, "at an equitable valuation." Still his possessions were so considerable as not to be altogether accounted for, in vulgar esteem, even by these and other honourable modes of accumulation; nor were there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain dark-coloured Gentleman, of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counsellor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That "old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil" was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in Appledore; — on this head, at least, there were few schismatics in the parish.

When the worthy "Solicitor" next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work—in his wig—the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman, whose leading-principle seems to have been self-appropriation, to make so magnificent a present, the answer is, that Mr. Jarvis might, perhaps, have thought an occasional act of benevolence necessary or politic; he is not the only person, who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, *pour l'amour de Dieu*,—perhaps he had other motives.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed; but truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of vigour or perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eye would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the contemplation of a natural philosopher. This was an apple-tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve, or any of her daughters; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and drooping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sun-streaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the

descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered at the pippins.

On the precise graft of the espalier of Eden "Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus," are undecided; the best-informed Talmudists, however, have, if we are to believe Dr. Pinner's German Version, pronounced it a Ribstone pippin, and a Ribstone pippin-tree it was that now attracted the optics, and discomposed the inner man of the thirsty, patient, but perspiring gardener. The heat was still oppressive; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced "a slight and tickling sensation," such as we are assured is occasionally produced by an infinitesimal dose in homœopathy; a still, small *voice*—it was as though a daddy long-legs were whispering in his *tympanum*—a small *voice* seemed to say, "Joe!—take an apple, Joe!!"

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion; the rich crimson of his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun; his very forehead was incarnadined. He raised his hand to scratch his ear,—the little tortuous tail had worked its way into it,—he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then cast his eye wistfully towards the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursed up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the celery bed.

Alack! alack! what a piece of work is man!—how short his triumphs!—how frail his resolutions!

From this fine and very original moral reflection we turn reluctantly to record the sequel. The celery-bed, alluded to as the main scene of Mr. Washford's operations, was drawn in a rectilinear direction, nearly across the whole breadth of the parallelogram that comprised the "kitchen garden." Its northern extremity abutted to the hedge before mentioned, its southern one—woe is me that it should have been so!—was in fearful vicinity to the Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burthen into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles.—"He's taking snuff, Joe," whispered the same small *voice*;—the tail had twisted itself into its old position. "He is sneezing!—now, Joe!—now!" And, ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his hand!

"He! he! he!" shrilly laughed, or seemed to laugh, that accursed little pigtail.—Washford started at once to the perpendicular;—with an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and, with that in one hand, and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden!

All that night was the humble couch of the once happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was stealing apples,—he was robbing hen-roosts,—he was altering the chalks upon the milk-score,—he had purloined three *chemises* from a hedge,—and he awoke

in the very act of cutting the throat of one of Squire Hodges's sheep ! A clammy dew stood upon his temples,—the cold perspiration burst from every pore,—he sprang in terror from the bed.

“ Why, Joe, what ails thee, man ? ” cried the usually incurious Mrs. Washford ; “ what be the matter with thee ? Thee hast done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What bees it, Joe ? ”

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer ; his eye fell upon the bed. “ How the devil came *that* here ? ” quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil ; “ who put that thing on my pillow ? ”

“ Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould night-cap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cowld, so I clapt t'wig atop o' thee head.”

And there it lay,—the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an infernal gnomon on a Satanic dial-plate—Larceny and Ovicide shone in every hair of it !

“ The dawn was overcast, the morning lower'd,
And heavily in clouds brought on the day,”

when Joseph Washford once more repaired to the scene of his daily labours ; a sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance, and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden-gate ; for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows ;—his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. “ Pooh, pooh ! 'twas but an apple, after all ! ” said Joseph. He pushed open the wicket, and found himself beneath the tempting tree.

But vain now were all its fascinations ; like fairy gold seen by the morning light, its charms had faded into very nothingness. Worlds, to say nothing of apples, which in shape resemble them, would not have bought him to stretch forth an unhallowed hand again. He went steadily to his work.

The day continued cloudy, huge drops of rain fell at intervals, stamping his bald pate with spots as big as halfpence ; but Joseph worked on. As the day advanced, showers fell thick and frequent ; the fresh-turned earth was in itself fragrant as a *bouquet*.—Joseph worked on—and when at last *Jupiter Pluvius* descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of a dingy pudding, he put on his parti-coloured jacket, and strode towards his humble home, rejoicing in his renewed integrity. “ 'Twas but an apple, after all ! Had it been an apple-pie, indeed ! ”—

“ An apple-pie ! ”—the thought was a dangerous one—too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph's better Genius was at this time lord of the ascendant ;—he dismissed it, and passed on.

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dudgeon ; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drum-head ; her voice, generally small and low, —“ an excellent thing in woman,”—was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level ; she was talking fast and furious. Something had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The “ *cussed ould twadd* of a cat ” had got into the dairy, and licked

off the cream from the only pan their single cow had filled that morning ! And there she now lay,—purring as in scorn,—Tib, heretofore the meekest of mousers, the honestest, the least "*scaddle*" of the feline race,—a cat that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish,—yes,—there was no denying it,—proofs were too strong against her,—yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers, and reposing quietly upon—what?—Jerry Jarvis's old wig !

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded ;—it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz—Joseph Washford lifted his hand—that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby, save to fondle and caress—it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous "*dowse*." Never was cat so astonished,—so enraged—all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back, and tail erected, as any ordinary Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under similar circumstances, she paused a moment,—drew back on her haunches,—all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring ; a demoniac fire gleamed in her green and yellow eyeballs as, bounding upwards, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant's cheeks !—many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws—then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and —was seen no more.

“ The Devil's in the cat ! ” was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump. ✓

Day after day, night after night, 'twas all the same—Joe Washford's life became a burthen to him ; his naturally upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy ; his frank, open, manly look, that blenched not from the gaze of the spectator, was no more ; a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis had little of what the world calls “ Taste,” still less of Science—Ackerman would have called him a “ Snob,” and Buckland a “ Nincompoop.” Of the Horticultural Society, its *fétes*, its fruits, and its fiddlings, he knew nothing. Little recked he of flowers—save cauliflowers—in these, indeed, he was a *connoisseur*—to their cultivation and cookery the respective talents of Joe and Madame Witherspoon had long been dedicated ; but as for a *bouquet* !—Hardham's 37 was “ the only one fit for a gentleman's nose.” And yet, after all, Jerry Jarvis had a good-looking tulip-bed. A female friend of his had married a Dutch merchant ; Jerry drew the settlements ; the lady paid him by a cheque on “ Child's,” the gentleman by a present of a “ box of roots.” Jerry put the latter in his garden—he had rather they had been schalots.

Not so his neighbour, Jenkinson ; he was a man of “ Taste,” and of “ Science ;” he was an F.R.C.E.B.S., which, as he told the vicar, implied “ Fellow of the Royal Cathartico-Emeticico-Botanical Society,” and his autograph in Sir John Frostyface's album stood next to that of the Emperor of all the Russias. Neighbour Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of “ neighbour Jarvis's” tulips. There were one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beauty,—the

"cups" so well formed,—the colours so defined.—To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then "Enough," says the philosopher, "always means a little more than a man has got."—Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never known to *bestow*,—his neighbour dared not offer to *purchase* from so wealthy a man; and, worse than all, Joe, the gardener was incorruptible—ay, but the Wig?

Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the mid-day sun; his head looked like a copper saucepan fresh from the brazier's.

"Why, where's your *wig*, Joseph?" said the voice of his master from the well-known *wib*; "what have you done with your *wig*?" The question was embarrassing,—its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore; Joseph had put the *wig* in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient.—"Hark ye, Joseph Washford," said he, "either wear my *wig*, or let me have it again!"

There was no mistaking the meaning of his tones; they were resonant of indignation and disgust, of mingled grief and anger, the amalgamation of sentiment naturally produced by

"Friendship unreturn'd,
And unrequited Love."

Washford's heart smote him; he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. "It's here, your Honour," said he; "I had only taken it off because we have had a smartish shower; but the sky is brightening now." The *wig* was replaced, and the little tortuous pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed position.

At this moment neighbour Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

"Joe Washford!" said neighbour Jenkinson.

"Sir, to you," was the reply.

"How beautifully your tulips look after the rain!"

"Ah! sir, master sets no great store by them flowers!" returned the gardener.

"Indeed!—Then perhaps he would have no objection to part with a few?"

"Why, no!—I don't think master would like to *give* them,—or anything else,—away, sir;"—and Washford scratched his ear.

"Joe!!"—said Mr. Jenkinson—"Joe!!"

The Sublime, observes Longinus, is often embodied in a monosyllable—"Joe!!"—Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shone from between his upraised fingers, and its "poor, poor dumb mouth" spoke for him.

How Joseph Washford's left ear *did* itch!—He looked to the ground-floor back—Mr. Jarvis had left the window!

Mr. Jenkinson's 'ground-plot boasted, at daybreak next morning, a splendid *Semper Augustus*,—"which was not so before,"—and Joseph Washford was led home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state of "civilation," from "The ~~Three~~ Jolly Potboys."

From that hour he was the Fiend's!!

"*Facilis descensus Averni!*" says Virgil.—"It is only the first step

that is attended with any difficulty," says — somebody else,— when speaking of the decollated martyr, St. Dennis's walk with his head under his arm. "The First Step!"—Joseph Washford had taken that step!—he had taken two—three—four steps;—and now, from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread—an amble—a positive trot!—He took the family linen "to the wash":—one of Madam Witherspoon's best Holland *chemises* was never seen after.

"Lost?—impossible! How *could* it be lost?—where *could* it be gone to?—who *could* have got it? It was her best—her *very* best!—she should know it among a hundred—among a thousand!—it was marked with a great W in the corner!—Lost?—impossible!—She "would *see*!"—Alas! she never *did* see—the *chemise*—*abiit, erupit, evasit!*—it was

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more!"

—but Joseph Washford's Sunday shirt *was* seen, finer and fairer than ever, the pride and *dulce decus* of the Meeting.

The Meeting?—ay, the Meeting.—Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent Meeting House, whether the service were in the morning or afternoon,—whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted, or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain.—Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed;—but other people missed—one missed an umbrella,—one a pair of clogs. Farmer Johnson missed his tobacco-box,—Farmer Jackson his greatcoat;—Miss Jackson missed her hymn-book,—a diamond edition, bound in maroon-coloured velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed—but Joe Washford; there *he* sat, grave, sedate, and motionless—all save that restless, troublesome, fidgetty little Pig-tail attached to his wig, which nothing *could* keep quiet, or prevent from tickling and interfering with Miss Thompson's curls, as she sat, back to back with Joe, in the adjoining pew.—After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall Recruiting sergeant of the Connaught Rangers.

The summer passed away,—autumn came and went,—and Christmas, jolly Christmas, that period of which we are accustomed to utter the mournful truism, it "comes but *once* a-year," was at hand.—It was a fine bracing morning; the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-coloured ravine of Orlestone-hill, when a medical gentleman, returning to the quiet little village of Ham Street, that lies at its foot, from a farm-house at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity.

After several hours of patient attention, Mr. Moneypenny had succeeded in introducing to the notice of seven little expectant brothers and sisters a "remarkably fine child," and was now hurrying home, in the sweet hope of a comfortable "snooze" for a couple of hours before the announcement of tea and muffins should arouse him to fresh exertion. The road at this particular spot had, even then, been cut deep below the surface of the soil, for the purpose of diminishing the abruptness of the descent, and, as either side of the superincumbent banks was clothed with a thick mantle of tangled copsewood, the passage, even by day, was sufficiently obscure, the level beams of

the rising or setting sun, as they happened to enfilade the gorge, alone illuminating its recesses. A long stream of rosy light was just beginning to make its way through the vista, and Mr. Moneypenny's nose had scarcely caught and reflected its kindred ray, when the sturdiest and most active cob that ever rejoiced in the appellation of a "Suffolk punch," brought herself up in mid career upon her haunches, and that with a suddenness which had almost induced her rider to describe that beautiful mathematical figure, the *parabola*, between her ears. Peggy—her name was Peggy—stood stock-still, snorting like a stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle hints afforded her by hand and heel.

"Tch!—tch!—get along, Peggy!" half exclaimed, half whistled the equestrian.—If ever steed said in its heart, "I'll be shot if I do!" it was Peggy at that moment. She planted her forelegs deep in the sandy soil, raised her stump of a tail to an elevation approaching the horizontal, protruded her nose like a pointer at a covey, and with expanded nostril continued to snuffle most egregiously.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, the illustrious "Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice," tells us, in his far-famed treatise on the Art Equestrian, that the most embarrassing position in which a rider can be placed is, when *he* wishes to go one way, and his horse is determined to go another.—There is, to be sure, a *tertium quid*, which, though it "splits the difference," scarcely obviates the inconvenience; this is when the parties compromise the matter by not going any way at all—to this compromise Peggy, and her (*soi-disant*) master were now reduced; they had fairly joined issue. "Budge!" quoth the doctor.—"Budge not!" quoth the fiend,—for nothing short of a fiend could, of a surety, inspire Peggy at such a time with such unwonted obstinacy.—Moneypenny whipped and spurred—Peggy plunged, and reared, and kicked, and for several minutes to a superficial observer the termination of the contest might have appeared uncertain; but your profound thinker sees at a glance that, however the scales may appear to vibrate, when the question between the sexes is one of perseverance, it is quite a lost case for the masculine gender. Peggy beat the doctor "all to sticks," and when he was fairly tired of goading and thumping, maintained her position as firmly as ever.

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forwards nor backwards—so Mr. Moneypenny got off, and muttering curses *both* "loud" and "deep" between his chattering teeth, "progressed," as near as the utmost extremity of the extended bridle would allow him, to peep among the weeds and brushwood that flanked the road, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so exclusively attracted the instinctive attention of his Bucephalus.

His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced partially upon some object ruddier even than itself—it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas compotation, seemed to have selected for his "thrice driven bed of down" the thickest clump of the tallest and most-imposing nettles, thereon to doze away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneypenny's belief, or he would scarcely

have uttered, at the highest pitch of his *contralto*, "What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse!"—We have already hinted, if not absolutely asserted, that Peggy was a mare; but this was no time for verbal criticism.—"Get up, I say,—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!"—But the "scoundrel" and "drunken rascal" answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by significant explosions from a double-thonged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and a breathing man!

The clear, shrill tones of a ploughboy's whistle sounded at this moment from the bottom of the hill, where the broad and green expanse of Romney Marsh stretches away from its foot for many a mile, and now gleamed through the mists of morning, dotted and enamelled with its thousand flocks. In a few minutes his tiny figure was seen "slouching" up the ascent, casting a most disproportionate and ogre-like shadow before him.

"Come here, Jack," quoth the doctor,—"come here, boy, lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does not run away."

Peggy threw up her head, and snorted disdain of the insinuation,—she had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing.

Mr. Moneypenny meanwhile, disengaged of his restive nag, proceeded by manual application to arouse the sleeper. Alas! the Seven of Ephesus might sooner have been awakened from their century of somnolency. His was that "dreamless sleep that knows no waking;" his cares in this world were over. Vainly did Moneypenny practice his own constant precept, "To be well shaken!"—there lay before him the lifeless body of a MURDERED MAN!

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprang up among the stumps of the half-grubbed underwood; the throat was fearfully lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood shewed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle; but as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface, and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased were turned out, and empty; a hat and heavy-loaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

"But what have we here?" quoth Doctor Moneypenny; "what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?"

That hand had manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp—IT WAS AN OLD WIG!"

Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a Cinque Port courthouse may possibly divine what that useful and most necessary edifice was some eighty years ago. Many of them seem to have undergone little alteration, and are in general of a composite order of architecture, a fanciful arrangement of brick and timber, with what Johnson would have styled "interstices, reticulated, and decussated between

intersections" of lath and plaster. Its less euphonous designation in the "Weald" is a "Noggin." One half the basement story is usually of the more solid material, the other, open to the street,—from which it is separated only by a row of dingy columns, supporting a portion of the superstructure,—is paved with tiles, and sometimes does duty as a market-place, while, in its centre, flanking the broad staircase that leads to the sessions-house above, stands an ominous-looking machine, of heavy perforated wood, clasped within whose stern embrace "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" off occasionally the drowsiness produced by convivial excess in a most undignified position, an inconvenience much increased at times by some mischievous urchin, who, after abstracting the shoes of the helpless *detenu*, amuses himself by tickling the soles of his feet.

It was in such a place, or rather in the Court-room above, that in the year 1761 a hale, robust man, somewhat past the middle age,—with a very bald pate,—save where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear, swelled out into a greyish-looking bush upon the occiput,—held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of Dymchurch jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offence most heinous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butchery of an unoffending, unprepared fellow-creature,—*homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo auscultante, clam perpetratur*.

The victim was one Humphry Bourne, a reputable grazier of Ivychurch, worthy and well to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market-day, when "a score of ewes" had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him longer than usual at an Ashford cattle-show; he had left the town late, and alone; early on the following morning his horse was found standing at his own stable-door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly, and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off, by our friend the pharmacopolist.

That poor Bourne had been robbed and murdered there could be no question.

Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed?—The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of—Joseph Washford.

Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent known by the name of "The Lath of Scraye." He had not sat two minutes on the body before he recognised his *quondam* property, and started at beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the death-struggle from the murderer's head, his own OLD WIG,—his own perky little pigtail, tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford's shoes,—broad pieces were found in Joe Washford's pockets,—Joe Washford had himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up, hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruning-knife red with the evidence of his crime—"the grey hairs yet stuck to the heft!"

For their humane administration of the laws, the lieges of this portion of the realm have long been celebrated. Here it was that merciful verdict was recorded in the case of the old lady accused of

larceny, "We find her Not Guilty, and hope she will never do so any more!" Here it was that the more experienced culprit, when called upon to plead with the customary, though somewhat superfluous, inquiry, as to "how he would be tried?" substituted for the usual reply "By God and my country," that of "By your worship and a Dymchurch Jury." Here it was—but enough!—not even a Dymchurch Jury could resist such evidence, even though the gallows (*i. e.* the expense of erecting one) stared them, as well as the criminal, in the face. The very pigtail alone!—ever at his ear!—a clearer case of *saudente Diabolo* never was made out. Had there been a doubt, its very conduct in the Court-house would have settled the question. The Rev. Joel Ingoldsby, umquhile chaplain to the Rounny Bench, has left upon record that, when exhibited in evidence, together with the blood-stained knife, its twistings, its caperings, its gleeful evolutions quite "flabbergasted" the Jury, and threw all beholders into a consternation. It was remarked, too, by many in the Court, that the Forensic Wig of the Recorder himself was, on that trying occasion, palpably agitated, and that its three depending, learned-looking tails lost curl at once, and slunk beneath the obscurity of the powdered collar, just as the boldest dog recoils from a rabid animal of its own species, however small and insignificant.

Why prolong the painful scene?—Joe Washford was tried ~~E~~ Joe Washford was convicted—Joe Washford was hanged !!

The fearful black gibbet, on which his body clanked in its chains to the midnight winds, frowns no more upon Orlestone Hill; it has sunk beneath the encroaching hand of civilization; but there it might be seen late in the last century, an awful warning to all bald-pated gentlemen how they wear, or accept, the old wig of a Special Attorney,

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!"

Such gifts, as we have seen, may lead to a "Morbid Delusion, the climax of which is Murder!"

The fate of the Wig itself is somewhat doubtful; nobody seems to have recollected, with any degree of precision, what became of it. Mr. Ingoldsby "had heard" that, when thrown into the fire by the Court-keeper, after whizzing, and fizzling, and performing all sorts of supernatural antics and contortions, it at length whirled up the chimney with a bang that was taken for the explosion of one of the Faversham powder-mills, twenty miles off; while others insinuate that in the "Great Storm" which took place on the night when Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis went to his "long home,"—wherever that may happen to be,—and the whole of "The Marsh" appeared as one broad sheet of flame, something that looked very like a Fiery Wig—perhaps a miniature Comet—it had unquestionably a tail—was seen careering in the blaze, and seeming to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm!"

T. I.

Tappington,
April 24th, 1843.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELECTION.

“The time will come when a few words spoken with meekness, and humility, and love, shall be more acceptable than volumes of controversy, which commonly destroy CHARITY, *the very best part of TRUE RELIGION.*”

RICHARD HOOKER.

READY were the retorts, and frequent the interruptions, and loud the tones of a debate which was carried on for five mortal hours by one and twenty well-dressed gentlemen, in a large, comfortless-looking room of a most substantial building.

They formed “a deliberative assembly!”

The fact was obvious. It could not have escaped the notice of the most cursory observer. The quietude of their manner—the gravity of their mien,—and the self-possession displayed by the assembly generally, bespoke the triumph of mind over matter, and the sense which each speaker entertained of the importance of the question before him. They were all in morning costume; and the majority, from the appearance of their travel-stained habiliments, had ridden some distance. It was indubitably a moving question which had brought them together. One gentleman, a Mr. Wapshot, of bulky dimensions, and with a fierce frown, looked savage; another sulky; a third struck his boots repeatedly and pettishly with his riding-whip; a fourth, with flushed cheeks, and a shrill voice, protested against the entire proceeding as extravagant and uncalled for; while a fifth contented himself with consulting every ten minutes his repeater, and after each inspection exclaiming with redoubled earnestness, “Divide! divide!”

The sedatives to this party of effervescent gentlemen were the chairman, and a Sir Peter Pettinger. The former looked calmly on, perfectly unmoved by the hubbub around him; yet was every now and then betrayed into an involuntary smile by the gesticulations of some vivacious spokesman. The latter was a stalwart, florid-looking man, who, arrayed in a bright-green sporting-frock, and leaning on a polished thorn stick, seemed too complacent, easy, and good-humoured for any thing in this weary world to ruffle him. Close to Sir Peter,—who stood in a kind of recess, and evidently listening to him with painful attention,—were three middle-aged members of the squirearchy; and every now and then, as the debate lulled in the corner of the hall, from Sir Peter’s corner were heard, “Lord Al—thorpe”—“linseed cake”—“pig”—“oatmeal and boiled potatoes”—“live and let live”—“short horns”—“Coke of Norfolk.”

The oddity with which these colloquial fragments fell upon the ear was heightened by the deferential and assenting bows with which

Sir Peter's listeners evinced their perfect accordance in all his positions.

"The day wanes, gentlemen," said the chairman, addressing his brother magistrates; "we have discussed the matter at great length: the main question still remains undecided, the selection of a chaplain. That must be decided by vote."

"It is, wholly unnecessary," said Mr. Wapshot sturdily. "I do contend, and will through life maintain it, that no chaplain is needed in *our* county gaol."

"We have no alternative," returned the chairman; "the Act is peremptory. An appointment *must* be made."

"How *can* such parties need a chaplain?" cried Mr. Watson Cumberstone, a wealthy slave-owner; "a chaplain can't reform them. Solitary confinement, and the treadmill may."

"They are your fellow-creatures," said the chairman pointedly.

"I hope, sir," said Mr. Cumberstone, with a flushed face and a quivering lip, "you don't mean to assert that the offscum of society contained within the walls of a county gaol — the burglar, the highwayman, the thief, the incendiary, are *MY*—*MY* fellow creatures?" and Mr. Watson Cumberstone looked furious as he finished his oration.

"I believe that is the relationship in which they stand to you," returned the chairman, in a still firmer and fuller tone, "as members of the same great family; subject to the same passions; and accountable to the same God."

"Mrs. Fry again!" said Mr. C. hysterically, to his next neighbour. "Now, mark me. The principles of that woman will eventually undermine the framework of society. I have said so for these last ten years; and it's astonishing the few people I get to believe me!"

"But what has Mrs. Fry to do with the appointment of a gaol chaplain?" And the querist looked fairly puzzled.

"Everything!" cried Cumberstone passionately: "had she been content to let the question of prison discipline rest, we should never have heard of the necessity of gaol chaplains. But now the prevailing cry is 'Humanity! humanity!' I repeat it: the foundations of society are giving way. The whole nation is getting imbued with the Fry poison!"

"You don't say so!" said his listener, with an earnest and alarmed expression.

Cries of "Order! order! chair! chair!" were now heard; and amid the silence which followed, the presiding magistrate observed,

"The pretensions of the candidates are now before you. Three gentlemen have been selected whose testimonials appear of the highest order. These gentlemen are now present, if any magistrate wishes to put to them any question."

"Pigs, to have red necks, must be fed upon corn. Remember that. I have it from the best authority. A red-necked pig—"

A roar of laughter drowned the remaining portion of Sir Peter's agricultural lecture, which he had been quietly pursuing in his distant corner, much to the edification of his faithful listeners.

When gravity was once more restored, the chairman observed, "The reverend gentlemen will be pleased to withdraw;" and on their

retiring, continued : " I must again call for a vote on the question now before you."

There seemed at length a probability of the business of the day being concluded, Dr. Wilderspin was proposed and seconded. The chairman simply observing with reference to him, that Dr. W. was head-master of a free grammar school ; minor canon in a cathedral church ; rector of St. Martin's, Minisbury ; and therefore *must have ample leisure* for the discharge of the duties of gaol chaplain !"

Mr. Hilton's pretensions were those next adverted to.

" I have the highest respect for Mr. Hilton," said the gentleman who proposed him ; " and I confidently recommend him to your suffrages. He is the very man for the office. Prisoners don't require long sermons ; and I never heard one from Mr. H. that lasted above fifteen minutes. He is a great favourite of mine, for that very reason. Gentlemen, you can't do better. He is my parish-minister, and I will answer for him. Try him on *my* recommendation. I beg to propose Mr. Hilton."

The nomination was briefly seconded.

" And I have the pleasure to propose Mr. Cleaver," said a venerable magistrate, who had taken from the first no common interest in the success of this question ; " because he holds, and purposes to hold, no other appointment save this, should your favour raise him to it ; because he will devote his whole time and attention to the prisoners entrusted to him ; and because I consider such an unreserved appropriation of time and effort to the case of these culprits essential to any chaplain's success.

" For these, and similar reasons, I second Mr. Cleaver's nomination," said the senior clerical magistrate.

" Mr. Cleaver ! oh ! ah ! He 's touched with the *Fry-mania*, I 'm persuaded," groaned Mr. Watson Cumberstone ; " these men would never so speak of him were he *sound*."

The first balloting took place, and at its close, Mr. Hilton's name being lowest on the poll, was withdrawn. A second ballot was called for. The numbers ran very even. It was difficult to say whether Dr. Wilderspin or myself would be the successful candidate. The chairman was called upon for his casting-vote.

" Sir Henry Pettinger's suffrage is still wanting," was his quick reply.

" Sir Henry," cried a dozen voices,—" Sir Henry, whom are you for ?"

" *I* ? Oh ! I 'm for peace and quietness, and protection to the agricultural interest !"

So spake the worthy landowner, who had just got to the subject of " Swedes."

" But the chaplain !—the chaplain !"

" Oh ! oh ! I 'm for the gentleman who spoke last. He has an audible voice. I like a clergyman with an audible voice. It keeps me to the point on a sultry afternoon. I hear well myself ; but some of the prisoners may be old and dullish. Yes—yes ; it 's well to have a chaplain with an audible voice. Mr. Cleaver has my vote."

The baronet's suffrage turned the scale. I was elected by a majority of one.

" Mrs. Fry again ! That everlasting woman once more in the as-

endant!" was the comment of Mr. Cumberstone, as, with a hurried step and frowning brow, he sought his carriage.

CHAPTER II.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

"Our opinions are the angel part of us: our acts the earthly."

BULWER.

I HELD that appointment many long—long years! Many were the sorrowful hours, the bitter disappointments linked with it. Nor was the savage repulse, and the scornful taunt, and the ungrateful farewell wanting. It was a perpetual exercise of faith and patience. To some, and those the most guilty, it was in vain that I addressed myself. Their hearts seemed steeled against all avowal of error, and entreaty for forgiveness. The massy walls which surrounded them were not more callous and impenetrable. With others—of whom I had begun to hope well—did I find that the seed had fallen on rocky ground! Oh! it was a depressing, disappointing, heart-wearying scene! One advantage it possessed—the frequent opportunities it afforded me of witnessing the labours of a body of men to whom England is so deeply indebted—THE BRITISH MAGISTRACY. Individual instances among them there may be of wayward temper, and eccentric views; but as a body, their diligent, devoted, and disinterested discharge of the trust reposed in them must be witnessed day by day to be duly appreciated. These, I fear, I shall offend by the statements I am about to make. But there are moments when even the claims of friendship must be forgotten; and even the favour of that powerful body to which I owe so much, must be sacrificed, if needs be, to a sense of individual duty, and a desire to befriend the fallen.

In the gaol of — two punishments were in vogue, the treadmill and solitary confinement. The former was a specific freely prescribed by the visiting justices, and by no means reluctantly administered by the gaoler. As a *general punishment* I think it INHUMAN. I have watched its operation, and pronounce upon it this verdict. What is the object of punishment? *The moral reformation of those who undergo it.* And what species of punishment is most likely to be attended with such a result? Surely that which has a tendency to incline the prisoner to turn his thoughts inward upon himself, and to give birth to firm resolutions of future amendment.

To these coveted results, in no shape or form, is the treadmill auxiliary. It has the most baneful effect upon the mind of the prisoner. It indisposes him wholly to a thoughtful retrospect of his past life. It steels him against profiting by the warnings afforded by present privations. It renders him irritable, morose, sullen, vindictive. It is the foe of every feeling bordering on moral reformation. It is the fruitful parent of deception and falsehood. To avoid treadwheel labour every species of deceit will be resorted to. Sickness will be feigned; falsehoods without end will be uttered, and persisted in; every *ruse* which ingenuity can suggest will be practised on the doctor; and every pretext resorted to which may release them from the wheel. Moreover, as a punishment it is unjust. It presses unequally

upon different individuals. To the young strong man, it is nothing of the punishment which it proves to the aged, the feeble, or the failing. Prisoners are not slow to observe this. They see and reason upon its inequality ; they complain of its injustice as a penalty on misconduct, and aver that the treadmill punishes the old and infirm far more than the young and robust, and tall men more than short men. Again, it is downright destruction to health. Many a constitution has it prostrated hopelessly and irredeemably. Instance after instance might be quoted where a man, after having worked ten hours at treadwheel labour, has, at the expiration of his sentence, found himself utterly unable, from debility, to maintain his wife and family.

Now, surely the intention of punishment is to reform, not destroy !

And if, in my humble judgment, so many and obvious are the objections to the treadmill as a punishment, still more abhorrent to the feelings is that of solitary confinement. Punish a man by privation—by degradation—by hard labour, if you will ; but do not assail the mind. Do not tamper with that bright emanation of the divinity, which, once disordered, is beyond your power to restore. Pause long and deeply ere you add to any sentence "*SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.*" There is connected with it an amount of torture and agony, which none but the sufferer himself can estimate, and which man should be slow, very slow, to inflict upon his fellow.

Has he under any circumstances the right so to do ?

I leave this query for the consideration of the merciful, the thoughtful, the forgiving.

My own view is, and I state it with all humility, that that prison best answers its proposed end where the inmates are led to labour steadily in some useful branch of industry ; where they are taught to look to labour as the great or only source of their enjoyment, and in which they are prepared for becoming useful members of society, on regaining their freedom. And that would appear to me a *model* prison, which the prisoners having entered without the least knowledge of any trade or business, left capable of earning their livelihood.

Of this I have long been persuaded,—punishment will not reclaim. It will irritate, and it will harden ; but it will not reclaim. It will never suggest one contrite feeling. Kindness may : to its magic even the most sullen are not insensible.

I remember once a young lad upon whom punishment had been tried in vain. Turnkeys, monitors, gaoler, had successively undertaken him, and successively pronounced him irreclaimable.

I said to him one day, "Poor lad!"—he had come from the West Riding, and I tried to recollect, for association's sake, something of its phraseology,—"what is that old grey-haired man, thinkest thou, doing now ?—he, I mean, who accompanied thee to this prison, and wept so long and so loudly at leaving thee ? He has come over Trent, the work of the day is done, and he is sitting sadly by his turf-fire. He is thinking of thee, lad—ay, and praying for thee—ay, and hoping that, should he never see thee again on earth, thou mayest meet him in heaven. But will it be so ?—ah ! will it be so ? And I—I could almost weep over thee, my lad, myself, now and bitterly, if I could but see thee touched and softened, penitent and humbled !"

He listened—the hard muscles began to work—the compressed

lips to quiver—the eyelids to moisten—and ere long a frightful and passionate flood of tears flowed from those large, stern eyes.

His disposition was changed, and for the better, ever after!

Here my moralizings must close, and I must pass from sentiment to action. A feeling of increasing sympathy for the hardships of the poor,—a zeal, daily widening and deepening, for their protection and improvement, is one of the most hopeful signs of the present age. To be sure, the doctrine has been lately broached, “Poverty almost invariably leads to crime;—such is *the law of nature*, although not the law of the land.”*

His must be a strangely-constituted mind which could arrive at such a conclusion, and an intensely selfish spirit which could avow it!

“*Mais n’importe!*” It cannot check the tide of humanity which is rapidly rolling in,—from which the oppressed and the sorrow-stricken have so much to hope,—and to which such earnest heed is given by the good and wise of every class.

An hour will come when Lord Londonderry will regret that such a sentiment should ever have been traced by his pen. For its avowed purpose it is powerless. But the enemies of his order—the Chartist and Revolutionists of the day—point to it with triumph, as the creed held by a noble of England.

In this point of view it is mischievous and lamentable. But to my journal.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOLDIER ASSASSIN.

“Show me the life of which some portion is not shrouded in mystery.”

DR. CHANNING’S *Discourses*.

A FEW weeks after my appointment to the chaplaincy, and before habit had rendered me a calm and suspicious listener to the sad recitals which were continually submitted to me, a committal took place, the particulars attending which riveted my attention then, and have often irritated my curiosity since.

The party was in the prime of life, agile, with a remarkably good address, and a keen, clear, quick eye. The magistrate who convicted him, himself a soldier, expressed his conviction that the prisoner had served in the ranks; and Philip Wingate’s military air and martial step in some degree bore out the assertion. But the accused entered into no explanations. He avowed, indeed, to the bench, in firm but respectful terms, his entire innocence of the deed laid to his charge; but he set up no *alibi*; nor did he attempt any counter statement; nor would he, though invited by the committing magistrate, state where he had been on the night and hour when the alleged outrage took place.

The facts were these. A wealthy farmer, not of peculiarly sober habits, or of extremely retentive memory, was robbed on his return from Bottesbury fair. His assailants were three in number, and one of them, he swore most positively, was Wingate.

“One is grieved to commit such a fine fellow as that to a gaoler’s

* Letter from the Marquis of Londonderry to Lord Ashley, M.P., page 89.

discipline," said the presiding magistrate, at the close of the examination; "but the prosecutor's statement is so decided, that he leaves us no alternative."

His brother magistrates assented, and Philip Wingate was led away.

"I never touched the man; have none of his money; never spoke to him in my life," the prisoner asseverated; and from this declaration he never varied.

The assizes came on; and the trial, from the habits of the prosecutor, and the large sum of money of which he had been robbed, excited considerable interest. Wingate* was firm and self-possessed throughout. He cross-examined the prosecutor, Basham, with considerable skill; he elicited the material fact, that he had been drinking deeply during the morning of the day on which the robbery was effected; he drew from him an acknowledgment that the evening was far advanced when the scuffle took place; and that "it was neither dark nor light" when his pocket-book was snatched from him. Nay, more, he reminded the prosecuting counsel,—a rambling, desultory speaker,—that he was not *obliged* to tell the jury where he was on the day and hour when the robbery took place, and that his silence on this point was no proof of guilt; and further, that his being found, three hours after the occurrence, near the spot where Basham said he had been robbed, did not prove him to be a party to such robbery, supposing it to have taken place. He again asseverated his innocence. The tone, the temper, the tact with which these observations were made had a visible effect upon the judge; while the prisoner's martial bearing, manly voice, and cool, self-sustained deportment carried with him the sympathy of a crowded court. But he gave no explanation, called no witnesses; and the judge, having twice asked him if he had any further statement to make, and having received a respectful negative, proceeded to address the jury. His charge was clear and masterly, and, on the whole, favourable to the prisoner. He dwelt on the admitted intemperate habits of the prosecutor; on the fact that he had been drinking deeply the day he was robbed; on his admission that he had never seen the prisoner prior to the night named in the indictment; and that none of Basham's property had been found in Wingate's possession.

If ever judge was counsel for a prisoner, Baron Garrow was Wingate's counsel on that occasion.

But it availed not!

The jury was composed mainly of farmers, and they, having a wholesome dread of highwaymen, a reverential respect for their greasy pocket-books, and a fellow-feeling for a brother clod "overtaken by a little liquor," returned a verdict of "*guilty*."

The judge was taken by surprise; but, after a pause, he remarked on the absence of all violence, and dwelt on the extenuating features of the case. Again he paused, as if scarcely reconciled in his own mind to the finding of the jury, and then passed a mitigated sentence of transportation for life.

Wingate left the dock as cool and self-possessed as if nothing had happened.

"I never counted on an acquittal," was his remark; "THE PAST told me that. But now to make the best of matters!"

And he moved away with as firm a step, and as bold a carriage, as if he had been going on parade.

There was a point, however, on which his nerve failed him, — the treadmill ; he shook when he approached it !

“ And yet,” said the gaoler, in mentioning the fact, “ it was no new acquaintance ; it was merely the renewal of a former intimacy.”

“ How mean you ?”

“ I mean this, sir, that Wingate has been upon the mill many a time and oft before to-day.”

“ That must be mere conjecture.”

“ By no means. Three minutes make strange discoveries : they will suffice to show the awkwardness of a raw hand, and the ease and skill of an old practitioner. Wingate is the latter ; the treadmill is familiar to him : he knows every manœuvre and trick respecting it.”

“ That surprises me. But he still asserts his innocence ?”

“ He does, sir, and, in my opinion, *truly*. I heard the trial—I watched the man closely before and since ; and I verily believe he was neither principal nor accomplice in that affair. However, he will pay the penalty ; for he starts for the hulks at Portsmouth at seven to-morrow.”

That evening he sent for me ; and, as a last and particular favour, begged that he might see me alone. His wish was acceded to. He began by thanking me for “ the pains I had taken ”— they were his own words—“ to make him a better man and a better Christian ;” and then expressed his “ fears that I had thought him sullen and ungrateful,” because he was not communicative.

“ I could not,” he continued, “ clear myself in Basham’s case without implicating others. I must have delivered up three associates to certain punishment had I said where I was and how employed, when that perjured coward was eased of his pocket-book. I disdained to be a traitor ; and cheerfully submit, in preference, to my punishment. But to you, sir, I will make a clean breast. I never robbed that man : but I know who did. I was not far off, for I was poaching : and it was while searching for some game which I had hid, and, like a fool, could not readily find, that the constables apprehended me as the guilty party. But, I repeat, Basham was not molested by me. I never saw him till we met before the magistrate. Poaching has been my ruin—that, and nothing else ! My poor father’s prophecy is about to be fulfilled, that my gun would banish me from my country and my home for ever.

“ My prospects, sir, were at one time good. My father was a small land-holder in Nottinghamshire under the Duke of _____. The Duke was partial to him : and proved it by many acts of well-timed assistance. His Grace had for years paid particular attention to agriculture ; was himself a practical farmer ; liked to see land *clean* ; was no bad judge of a fallow ; and could tell unerringly from the look of the crop whether labour, or manure, or both, had been stinted on the land. An occupier bent on the improvement of his farm was the Duke’s delight. On all these points John Wingate was a tenant to his Grace’s mind. But he had another, and still more powerful recommendation. The Duke strictly preserved the game. He liked a gun in none of his tenants’ hands. Sporting, and a smock-frock, he held utterly irreconcileable. ‘ He shoots occasion-

ally,' was a sentence which sealed the dismissal of many a careless, but honest son of the soil. Here my father's claim to pre-eminence was indisputable. That being did not live who could say he had ever seen John Wingate carry a gun ! The partridge might nestle among his turnips, and the hare nibble his young wheat, and the pheasant whirr from his thick plantations, fearless of molestation from him.

" Not so his only, and most unfortunate child ! I was born a sportsman. From my very childhood I coveted the fame of a ' crack shot.' Chide me, beat me, deprive me of food or rest—and each and all these punishments have, in turn, been mine—nothing could wean me from field sports. ' It is thy bane, boy,' my poor father used to say ; ' it will deprive thee of light and liberty, and all that thy soul holds dear.'

" Ah, sir ! if the great were but sensible of the odium which the game laws entail on them ; if they could guess the angry feelings, the bitter alienation which they create and keep up between the peasant and the proprietor ; if they were aware with what a chafed and exasperated spirit a *land occupier* impresses on his family, that neither he nor any one of his sons can shoot with impunity a single head of that game which has been bred upon his own farm, and has thriven upon the produce of his own toils, they would exterminate the breed from their domain.

" For a time I was wary ; but success rendered me incautious : and early one morning, when I had just flushed a covey, I was caught. The keepers were inflexible. They reported me to the Duke. I blame him not. He acted kindly and forbearingly. He sent for my father. He reminded him of the condition—implied, but fully understood, on which all his tenants held their farms. He asked me if I ' denied the charge ? ' I at once admitted it. He then said that my youth, and my father's worth, should quash the present accusation—he would forget that he had ever heard it : but he warned me of the consequences of any future transgressions. I left him, baffled, vexed, and mortified ; but by no means convinced that I was the wrong doer. My father's distress was great, and it moved me. I mentally made a firm resolve : and for days—nay, weeks—I kept it. But the trial was severe. To hear in early morning the guns popping merrily around me ; to catch the call of the partridge from the stubble ; to rouse ' puss ' from her form, and ' so-ho ! ' her as she scoured gaily down the hedge-row, and all the while within range ; in this thicket to put up a pheasant ; and in that turnip-field to stumble upon a glorious covey ; and to feel all the time that my hands were tied, and my gun useless, and my dog idle—this, to a spirit like mine, was unendurable. Again I ventured : was detected, fined, surcharged, and—disowned by my timid and terror-stricken parent—committed !

" ' Put him on the treadmill,' was the order of the visiting justice : ' nothing finer than the treadmill ! brings a fellow at once to his senses : works a thorough cure : he rarely pays us a second visit who has been once on the treadmill ! '

" These are remarks glibly uttered, but the conclusion they draw is not borne out by experience. Those who have undergone terms of ' imprisonment with hard labour,' have again and again been housed in their old quarters. Prison returns prove this. As to myself and the wheel, I hardly think I deserved it. One point was clear to me.

Magistrates who preserve game are apt to look at poaching through a magnifying glass. They find in it a combination of the seven deadly sins. Their own personal feelings are, unsuspected by themselves, at work on the question. Their thoughts dwell on it till at length they regard poaching as a much more heinous offence than it really is, or than the law views it.

"I was placed on the mill! Its punishment was to reform me. Reform me! It made me irritable, quarrelsome, sullen, savage! Reform me! It merged my thoughts in bodily fatigue and exhaustion. Instead of encouraging me by cheerful employment in prison to seek labour as the means of honest subsistence when I left it, it confirmed me in my hatred to labour by compelling me to submit to it in its most painful, irksome, and exhausting form. And yet there are those who have greater cause to complain of it than myself. If men, young and strong men, sink under its infliction, how can it be expected that women, weak and wretched women, can bear up against it? There are very few of them who can undergo such labour: there is the greatest difficulty in teaching them to be upon the wheel, and escape accident: and frequently have I known women bleed at the nose when first put to the wheel. How many have been caught in the wheel, and maimed by it for life! and ~~and~~ there are humane and benevolent individuals who contend for it as a proper punishment for women upon prison diet! And the judges wonder, and gaolers complain, that prisoners—their period of confinement completed—leave the prison walls more sullen, callous, hardened, desperate characters than they entered them! The wonder would be if it were otherwise!

"My sentence fulfilled, I sought, for a few hours, my father's roof. He welcomed me with much kindness. No reproof, no taunt, no allusion to the past escaped him: I did not suffer him to remain long in ignorance of my intentions. "I will not remain at home: it would be your ruin. I cannot subdue this propensity, but it shall not be indulged at your expense. To you I will be burdensome no longer. I will earn my own bread: it shall be as a soldier. Entreaties, expostulations, tears, were not wanting to induce me to alter my resolution. I was firm, and enlisted. I was fortunate in my selection. The 4th was well officered, and it was not long before the education I had received told favourably for me. I could write quickly and legibly; had a thorough knowledge of accounts; some smattering of general information; and, above all, was free from that vice which ruins so many privates—drunkenness. *That*, through life, I have loathed. I was noticed by those above me; tried in various capacities, and found faithful. Confidence was placed in me, and a vacancy occurring, I was raised to the rank of corporal. Thus far all was well. But while I was congratulating myself on the prospect of an honest livelihood, and hoping that the future would retrieve the past, shame and ignominy were hanging over me. My character was about to receive a wound from which it never recovered.

I had been corporal three months, when a new ensign joined the corps. His name was Cattams. His father had been in business at Manchester, and was wealthy; and his only son, Curtius, was gazetted "ensign by purchase." I can, sir, but indifferently describe him. He might not be, intentionally, a malevolent or malicious man; but

never human being possessed more odious peculiarities. The good feeling of the regiment was gone from the very moment he joined it. He was a man of the most restless activity ;—ill-directed, and spent on trifles. He had an eye quick at detecting defects, and a tongue singularly apt at exposing them. His temper was immovable : no reply would silence him ; no retort irritate him. His perseverance was remarkable. He would again and again return to the point, refer to the “Articles of War,” quote “General Orders,” and comment on them till the whole mess was roused. As to the men, no irregularity escaped him ; and no excuse appeased him. Dress, accoutrements, attitude—all were severely scanned. Poor man ! with him, an officer’s main duty was to find fault ! The results were unavoidable. Punishments became more frequent. The lash was brought more and more into requisition. The men became dispirited ; and the officers disunited. The lieutenant-colonel, who had grown grey in his country’s service, and had lost an arm in her cause, was heard to say—‘Mr. Cattams, discipline in unskilful hands may become tyranny. ‘Martinet’ is an ugly addition to a man’s name. You understand me.’

“ But Mr. Cattams either did not or could not, understand him ; for, a few days afterwards, a conversation took place at mess, where the commanding-officer is president, and supposed to be a check on all intemperate expressions—this conversation, in its tone somewhat animated and unguarded, Cattams contrived should reach the Horse Guards. An inquiry was made. Some correspondence took place. It issued in an admonition, couched in very gentle and measured terms, but addressed to the lieutenant-colonel. It was sufficient. ‘If,’ said he, ‘a beardless boy can draw down reproof upon a white-headed and wounded veteran, it is a sign the service can do without him. The hint shall not be given twice.’ He sold out immediately, and his retirement completed the discord of the regiment.

“ But I am in advance of my own history. The day prior to our colonel’s departure, I had the misfortune to attract the ensign’s attention. I had some report—I forget its precise nature now—to make to him. It displeased him both in form and substance ; and he settled on me his little, hateful, designing, deceitful-looking eyes. That glance, I knew well, portended mischief. After a pause, he said slowly, ‘I have seen you, before, corporal, and that when you did not wear a red coat—I am sure of it, for I never forget features—where could it be ?’ I made no attempt to assist his memory, for I had a foreboding of evil, and cared not how soon the interview terminated.

“ ‘I have it !’ said he, after a pause, and with a look of malicious satisfaction that made my blood run riot in my veins. ‘I saw you, sirrah, in — county gaol : and watched you as you took your turn on the treadmill ! Yes, yes : my recollection is perfect. I was sure I had seen you under other and disgraceful circumstances. To your duty—sir—to your duty.’

“ I left him, a ruined man. I knew it. I felt it. The future was darkly and hopelessly overcast. And to add to the bitterness of my situation, I was *powerless*. Explanation, entreaty, expostulation, all would have been alike unavailing. Forbearance was a word my tormentor knew not. I was at his mercy ; and I was sure he would degrade me. Ah, sir,” continued Wingate, with visible emotion, “none

but those whose position has been so unfortunate can tell the disastrous influence of recognition in after-life, upon a criminal who, from a sense of guilt, has been led to heartfelt penitence and sincere resolutions of future amendment. If a man really repents, he may by steady perseverance and unflinching firmness succeed in gaining the character of an useful member of society ; but he will live in constant apprehension of having his good name suddenly and irredeemably forfeited by the recognition of some abandoned fellow-prisoner, or some vain and heartless official. If the penitent's inclination to return to honest courses be not quite decided—if his virtuous resolutions be not thoroughly fixed—that recognition proves fatal. Past delinquencies are exposed ; bitter, angry, and revengeful feelings are called up, which would otherwise have slept. The finger of scorn is pointed at him. He is discouraged in his course. References to the past float around him. The progress of reformation slackens : and after a while he ceases to struggle with the calumnies of the slanderous, and becomes vicious, drunken, brutal, reckless."

“ The wretched man paused from the violence of his feelings ; and I could not but mentally acknowledge the truth of the picture he had drawn.

“ That day,” he resumed, “ was a busy and a pleasant day for Ensign Cattams. Before nightfall few in my own division were ignorant of his ‘ happy discovery.’ According to some, I had been tried for sheep-stealing ; according to others, for burglary ; but be my crime what it might, my influence was over. I was a damaged man. I had been seen on the treadmill—in a felon’s dress—and in felons’ company. That was sufficient. Name and fame were gone. My authority with the men was impaired. In vain I strove to regain it. My officers looked upon me coldly and suspiciously ; and, on a slight instance of forgetfulness occurring—forgetfulness attended with no ill consequences, and trifling in its nature—forgetfulness, which in other days would have been visited only by a slight reproof—it was thought fit that ‘ *marked notice* should be taken of it.’ I was dismissed from my post of corporal, and reduced to the ranks. The blow did not surprise me. I expected it. But it crushed me to the earth. Thoughts, bitter, burning, and revengeful, took possession of me. Thoughts which the *EVIL SPIRIT* could alone suggest ; and which, no dread of after-consequences ever subdued. The discord in the 4th was now at its height, and had attracted the displeasure of the Horse Guards. We were ordered on foreign service ; and told pretty plainly that our prospect of returning home was distant. We embarked, and reached our destination on the eve of a general engagement. How I rejoiced at the intelligence ! How my heart leapt and my spirits rose at the thought of taking the field ! How delightedly I hailed the confirmation of the report. I had reason : for I had long resolved that the very first engagement should rid me of my foe for ever ! You start, sir ! What, are you not aware that thus many a regimental tyrant closes his career ? Is it new to you that the severe and cruel officer often perishes by the weapon of his own men ? Think you that when a military superior is execrated by those whom he commands, and who are daily writhing under his rule, that such an opportunity will be lost ? Oh no ! They die—as the public records state—on the ‘ tented field ;’ at the head of their regiment ; leading on their men ; cheering them to victory ; they

are praised in the commander-in-chief's despatch; and lamented in general orders; and their widows obtain pensions; and their memories a monument in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey; *but they fall by the rifles of their own men!*"

"Among red coats this is no secret. All officers are well aware of it. Ours were wide awake on the point. The senior captain was heard to say to his junior, 'There is, I am conscious, a very unpleasant feeling afloat in the regiment, and if we go into action the odds are fifty to one against the Manchester-man!' 'He has been warned,' was the cool reply, 'by myself and others; his tactics are peculiar; let him abide by them.' 'Never was there a man,' ran the rejoinder, 'so thoroughly master of the art of making himself detestable!'

"We went into action. Cattams fell early. I was not his only foe. He was pierced by three balls. The surgeon examined him; looked grave; but made no report. Never man fell less lamented. But from that moment I never knew rest. The curse of blood was on me; and He fought against me whom no subterfuge can deceive, and no deed of darkness escape. I had never a cheerful hour afterwards. I might have been happy, for my worldly circumstances improved. My aged father longed for the companionship of his only child, and to secure it, purchased my discharge. 'Come,' were his words, 'and cheer my solitude. Let me see thee before I die. God has prospered me. Come, I am feeble and failing; come to that homestead which will soon be thine.'

"He left me his all. But no blessing went with it. Loss after loss befel me. I knew the cause. The brand of Cain was upon me. 'Ere long I was again a homeless wanderer. I resumed my old pursuits. I took to poaching; and by it earned a fair and, to me, agreeable livelihood. Thus employed, I witnessed,—from a distance,—the spoiling of that drunkard, Basham; but I would betray no associate. There is a stern fidelity which binds those who own no other tie. Of the offence specially charged against me, I repeat, I am innocent; but I feel that I am a gross offender. Of that I am very sensible. I thank you, sir, heartily and respectfully, for having listened to me. It has been a great relief to me thus to unburden myself of the past. I am not hardened in crime. Oh, no! I constantly pray for pardon; for I feel mine has been no common sin."

What followed needs no mention here. I trust the advice I gave was sound: and I am sure the spirit in which it was received was humble. We parted,—and for ever.

Early the next morning the van started for Portsmouth. On its arrival there it was surrounded by a crowd, among which were several tall, bulky, women. These, as Wingate alighted, pressed around the turnkeys; pinioned one, hustled another, and felled a third; and in the *mélée* Wingate escaped.

From the rapid and off-hand manner in which his rescue was effected, his deliverers must have been men disguised. I have often tried to trace him; and to discover whether his apparently sincere penitence issued in amendment. But in vain. The lapse of years has thrown no light upon his history.

That Ensign Cattams perished in the manner Wingate described, the surviving officers of his regiment seemed to entertain slight doubt.



THE HARD.

“A man severe he was.”

ARCHIBALD MERTON was the only son of an industrious and thriving merchant, who, originally poor, had, at first from necessity, and afterwards from habit, become a penurious man. Prosperous in all his undertakings, he believed that poverty was invariably the result of idleness, and, consequently, felt no sympathy in the wants of others, and was never known to extend his hand in charity to any.

Archibald had imbibed and acted upon the erroneous conclusions of his father.

Inheriting a handsome fortune at his death, sufficient for the independence of five men of his limited wants and views, he still continued plodding on, and increasing his store.

Two years after he had succeeded to the business, he married—not for love, for of that sentiment he possessed as little as he did of charity—no—it was merely a bargain,—and, like most of his bargains, settled upon “Change.”

A rich merchant, who had five daughters, offered him the choice, and a certain sum; and, when he had made his election, the transfer was made and accepted, with all the coldness and formality of a commercial transaction.

A daughter was the issue—the only issue; for the wife died three months afterwards, and was buried with “all the honours” usually paid to the wealthy.

Archibald grieved exceedingly that his better half had not lived to bring up the child,—as he was compelled to put it out to nurse!

Notwithstanding his indifference, however, the little Maria grew up; and, when she had attained the age of five, he began to take notice of his only child, and expressed himself rather pleased with her winning ways and artless prattle.

His business, however, engaged the larger portion of his time at the office, and occupied much of his thoughts at home, he, consequently, had little intercourse with the representative of his house.

Of late years, too, there rose a competition in mercantile affairs, which gradually assumed an air of speculation, that was very distasteful to the old-fashioned merchant; but he still persevered, although

he found he had not only much to contend with, but almost a new game to play, in which he not unfrequently found himself at fault.

Still, the reputation of his "firm" was high in the market, and he commanded, where others were obliged to solicit.

* * * * *

Time progressed, and Maria was eighteen,—a pretty, lively, intelligent girl, with more common sense than accomplishments; her great virtue, in the estimation of Archibald Merton, being, her strict obedience to his will.

He contemplated, however, putting it to the severest test to which a parent can submit his child.

Having no son to continue the business, he had "speculated" upon taking a junior partner, in the shape of a son-in-law; and, having compared "notes" with a brother merchant who had an only son, he proposed the affair,—upon conditions, &c.

After mature deliberation, the match was agreed upon, ~~provided~~ the young couple were ready and willing to ratify the agreement. Archibald, on his part, smiled at the idea of a demur on the part of his daughter; and the introduction took place, the father and son dining with Archibald.

Strange to say, the young couple appeared mutually pleased; for, stranger still, they had previously met "promiscuously" at the house of a mutual friend; on which occasion young Mr. Belton had been rather particular in his attentions to Maria, who had been particularly pleased; for he was a very fine young fellow, and was quite the observed of all observers; and Maria had, it must be confessed, a little vanity in her composition, and felt rather gratified at "carrying him off," on that occasion, although she had never seen him since.

Of course she complied with her parent's request, that she should receive Mr. Belton as her affianced husband, without a murmur, although the little rogue did exhibit an apparent indifference on the occasion, which was naughty, perhaps, but pardonable.

Letters were exchanged by the merchants, setting forth an agreement that, "one month from the date hereof," ten thousand pounds should be advanced by each on the day of the marriage of Frederick Belton, Esq., junior, the son of Josiah Belton, Esq., to Maria, the daughter of Archibald Merton, Esq. &c. &c.

The young couple meanwhile passed a delightful time in the interchange of the tenderest sentiments, sanctioned by their parents; and, unalloyed by any pecuniary considerations, which they left entirely to the discussion of the original contractors, enjoyed a felicity that was truly enviable.

Mantua-makers and milliners were busily employed in preparing for the happy event, and Maria was in the anticipation of every earthly enjoyment, when, one week before the proposed nuptials, Archibald returned from "Change" an hour before his accustomed time.

There was a cloud upon his brow, that checked the exuberant joy of his child, and chilled the blood in her veins.

"Girl!" said he, throwing his hat upon the sofa, "thāt old fool, Belton, has been speculating in hops; they have fallen in the market, and he is a ruined man — all gone! — found hanging in his ware-house!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Maria, dropping in a chair, and looking like a corpse at this sudden communication of ill-tidings, "poor gentleman!"

"Poor indeed!" exclaimed Archibald bitterly. "I hold a thousand pounds of his worthless paper, and his estate will not yield a farthing in the pound."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "let us go and comfort Frederick. What must his feelings be?"

"Frederick! comfort him! You do not think of your father, you ungrateful girl! Can he pay me my thousand pounds? He is a beggar; think no more of him."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "you are wealthy. This loss cannot, will not affect you. Bid me not forget him whom you have commanded me to love and receive as my husband."

"Peace, unfeeling girl!" cried Archibald, "nor dare to mention the son of the man who has robbed and plundered me. He is a beggar, and no match for the daughter of Archibald Merton. Never more shall he cross the threshold of my door. Forget him!"

Maria did not hear this last command, for she fell as if stricken by death upon the floor of the drawing-room. Archibald rang the bell, and summoning the servants, left the forlorn and hapless maid to their ministrations, and retreated to his accustomed coffee-house, to ascertain if there were any hope of a dividend from the estate of Belton.

Recovering from her swoon, and finding that her obdurate father had left the house, Maria, attended by her maid, with the boldness of despair, immediately sought her afflicted lover.

Her absence was unobserved; her obedience, indeed, was undoubted; but, surely, under the peculiar circumstances of her situation, her conduct could not be reprehended by the severest moralist, for the love Archibald had commanded could not be countermanded at will.

A correspondence between the lovers was the natural consequence; and at the end of six weeks Maria eloped, and married the husband of her father's choice.

Archibald's anger was deep and inflexible; he uttered no expression, but he felt and nourished an unnatural feeling of resentment against his daughter and her paramour, as he bitterly denominated the unfortunate, and perhaps what worldly people would call, thoughtless Frederick.

Months elapsed, and Archibald heard nothing of his disobedient child; and poor Maria, although married to the man of her father's and her own heart's election, was by no means perfectly happy; for she had been so accustomed to bow so religiously to his will in all things, that she consequently experienced many qualms of conscience at the step she had taken, which ever and anon passed like dark clouds across the sunshine of her existence. Frederick, too, was unable to obtain any employment, and the little money he possessed was fast dwindling away; and, to add to the misfortunes of the young couple, Maria promised shortly to become a mother.

Too proud and independent in spirit to sue for help where he considered it ought naturally to have been proffered, Frederick tried every means in his power to procure means elsewhere before he re-

sorted to solicit the assistance of his implacable father-in-law. Stern necessity at last compelled him to do that which he deemed a degradation.

"What is your business, sir?" demanded Archibald, with a chilling indifference, when, by a sort of stratagem, Frederick had obtained an interview.

"I have no business, Mr. Merton," replied Frederick; "and, indeed, no pleasure in the application I am about to make to you."

"Then the sooner our conference ends, the better."

"Not so, sir," replied Frederick indignantly, "and by heaven you must and shall hear me!" and, rising abruptly, he locked the door of the apartment.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded Archibald.

"Fear nothing, sir; you are Maria's father, and that is sufficient protection for you."

"I disclaim, and will disinherit the disobedient girl," said Archibald.

"Listen, sir," said Frederick. "You sanctioned my addresses to your daughter; you did all in your power to promote the match; and had it not been for my father's misfortunes, you would have gladly ratified the agreement into which you had entered."

"Well, sir; but he failed in his part, and I had every right to retract."

"You forget, sir, that this was not a mere contract of bargain and sale; the affections of the parties were involved. You are still a rich man, and Maria is your only child. I do not ask you to give her the handsome portion you promised on her wedding-day; but I do claim some assistance, which will enable me to enter into business, and recover at least a part of that connexion which my father had by his industry and integrity obtained. He was unfortunate, sir, but not guilty.

"Your daughter, too, is in a precarious state, and requires every comfort; and, if you possess the feelings of a parent, you will afford it her."

"You have married the girl, and you must be responsible for your own wilfulness. For my own part, I care not if she applies to the parish; for the shame will be upon your head for your rashness. Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frederick, "this charitable prayer, that when you are judged, may you meet with more mercy than you mete out to your own child."

Disgusted with the hard-hearted man, Frederick departed as much in anger as in sorrow at the fruitless issue of his interview.

Some months after this, Archibald Merton was gratified at hearing that Frederick had quitted London. He was comparatively happy, and once more pursued his avocations. Between Change and the coffeehouse he filled up the days of his existence, and increased his fortune.

There came, however, a "lull" in business, and he was miserable, for he required the excitement consequent upon money-making; and, like a gambler, becoming desperate, he made a "spec." and lost a considerable sum.

A change came o'er his golden dream, and he was induced by some

wealthy merchants to become a director in one of the bubble companies of the day. The company failed, and Merton being an opulent man, he became the mark of attack; the rest of the "board" proved men of straw. Action upon action followed, and he was muled in a large amount of damages in every case, until the old merchant found himself under the necessity of becoming a bankrupt, to save himself from a prison, and he did find one who struck a friendly docket. He obtained his certificate; but he was literally a beggar. He had no friends—not a soul on earth who cared for him, for he had in his prosperity cared for none; and he quitted London, and no one knew whither his steps were bent.

* * * * *

Twelve years had elapsed since the unfortunate marriage of María,—and old Merton had had no tidings of her fate, for Frederick was as proud as the old merchant was inflexible.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful day in May,—the hawthorn was in full bloom, and the birds were singing merrily and filling the air with their sweet melody. All nature smiled at the return of summer.

A beautiful fair-haired girl was playing with a pet lamb in a meadow adjoining a handsome farm-house, where the bailiff of the lord's estate resided.

A poor old man, with grey hair, and bent double with age and infirmity, walked slowly up to the stile which divided the meadow from the high road, and resting his arms upon the upper bar, regarded the child.

He was not long unobserved, and with all the elasticity and sprightliness of youth, the little creature bounded towards the mendicant.

"Poor old man," said she, "you look fatigued,—have you walked far? Shall I bring you a bowl of milk? Here, sit on this back and take care of my lamb, will you. I shall be with you presently."

And away ran the joyous little creature to the farm-house, and quickly returned with a wooden bowl of milk and a slice of bread.

"Thank you—thank you," replied the old man, and heartily devoured the welcome meal; while the little girl toyed with her pet, and at last, weary and rosy with her exertion, seated herself at the beggar's feet—a beautiful picture of innocence!

"Who taught your heart charity towards the poor?" said the old man.

"What do you mean?" said the artless child.

"Why do you give me this bread and milk?"

"Because I thought you were tired and hungry, and poor," replied the child; "and father would be so angry if I had let you go on without offering you something. Oh! he is so good, and everybody loves him, and I love him and my mother better than all the world."

"And are they rich?" demanded the old man.

"Oh! no!—rich people ride in a carriage, you know, and are so proud; but we have everything we want, and can always give something away besides. Did you ever see anything like Jessy? look, how she butts at me. She is so naughty; and yet I feed her and wash her every day. Come here, do, you 'thing! and let me cuddle your little woolly neck."

And she entwined her little arm around the lamb's neck, and hugged it to her.

"Bless you, and thank you!" replied the old man, returning the bowl and taking up his staff.

"Don't hurry yourself. I am sure you are tired," replied the child: "and you may stay here as long as you like, and sleep in the barn, too, if you please."

"Sleep!" cried the old man, looking up wildly; and then, as if recollecting himself, he added, "If I may be permitted to rest my weary limbs till morning—"

"Indeed you may; and you have no occasion to be frightened, for we have no dogs, for father says they always bark at poor people; and mother does laugh so when he says they are faithful, but not charitable, for she is very fond of them. Shall I show you the barn? and, depend upon it, I shall be up by five in the morning, and I'll bring you such a nice mess of hot bread and milk; and some bread and meat, too, if you like it."

"Thank ye," murmured the old man as he arose, and the scalding tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks as he followed his pretty little prattling guide.

* * * * *

True to her promise, the little girl brought the weary wanderer his welcome meal at five o'clock in the morning, and seating herself on a truss of straw beside him, talked to him like sweet music.

He had scarcely finished, when a manly voice outside the barn, in a laughing tone, said, "Come, let us see the child's guest: the little rogue wants to engross all the merit to herself."

The door opened, and in walked the bailiff and his buxom wife.

"Well, gaffer," said the hearty young farmer, "I hope you have been well cared for?"

A shriek from his wife startled him, and frightened the child, who burst into tears, and rushed to her mother's side.

"Father! my poor father!" exclaimed Maria, and fell swooning in the arms of Frederick.

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"We are glad to shake hands with the Clockmaker. He is here—himself again. Sharp, quaint, humor' ou, sagacious—natur' all over. He is in all his glory as *attaché*. By his very position wittier than ever; irresistible in illustration; acute, extravagantly humorous; we read him in a roar."—*Examiner.*

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

Contents.

	PAGE
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY, AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON,	BY ALBERT SMITH,
	WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH
	209
HISTORICAL REMAINS OF THE CASTLE OF ANET, .	BY W. LAW GANE
	233
WHERE IS TRUTH?	238
THE POPULAR WAR-SONGS OF SWITZERLAND — LEAVES OF LE- GENDARY LORE,	BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR
	241
THE GAOL CHAPLAIN; OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME	247
A NIGHT WITH AN IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER	260
THE SOUTH WIND,	BY W. LAW GANE
	276
MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN,	BY HIS SON
ORLANDO GRIFFIN,	BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,
	WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK
	287
THE HAUNTED CHAMBER; OR, THE PEDLAR'S PANIC. A TALE OF BLOOD,	BY HILARY HYPBANE
	297
SONG,	BY THE HON. ALEX. M'DOUGALL
	306
IRISH SONGS	307
THE CRAMMED TURKEY	315

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following Contributions are declined, with the Editor's best thanks, and are left at the Publisher's:—

“Lays of a Lover;” “A. H. P.;” “Diedrich Poots;” “V.;” “Medallions of the Memorable;” “L. P.;” “Yankee Notions;” “R.;” “The Authoress and Mother;” “O.;” “Recollections of an Invalid;” “A. A. F.;” “Music;” “A New Commission;” “Fox-hunting Extraordinary;” “Out of Evil cometh Good;” “Jno. B.;” “M. B.;” “Ω. Φ.;” “The Original of the Corsair;” “The Old Lieutenant;” “Songs from Henry Heine;” “W.;” “Value of Words;” “Philosophy of Shakspere;” “A. H. P.;” “A Malmsbury Legend;” “Carmen Natale;” “E.;” “J. H. A.;” “The Brothers;” “N. P.;” “Mythologica Memoranda;” “Songs of the Crusaders;” “Fritz.”



THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

~~WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN EBBOH.~~

CHAPTER XLIV.

The tourists pursue their journey along the Rhine.

THE two days which Ledbury and Jack devoted to the inspection of Brussels and its neighbourhood passed pleasantly enough; and they saw everything that unceasing activity from six in the morning until nine at night enabled them to do. For, the two great ends of travel being apparently, on the one hand, to progress with moderate speed from any one place to another that fashion may dictate; and on the other, to visit everything worthy of genteel notice in foreign localities, the English, with laudable economy, are invariably accustomed to combine these two objects, and scamper through museums and galleries as speedily as they traverse the grand routes, which is a plan highly to be recommended: inasmuch as it does not allow the intellects time to get dull, but enables travellers to draw admirable comparisons between different places, from the vivid impressions left of the last interesting spot they visited. And, finally, the tour being accomplished, it leaves that agreeable jumble of opinions and recollections in the mind, which is so admirably adapted to the general tone of society and conversation at the present day. To be sure, the information thus obtained is objected to, by crabbed essayists, as superficial, and therefore unworthy of attention, and quite beneath the notice of accredited professors of human nature. But most people look upon human nature as a clock, by glancing at the face of which they can tell the exact time of day; which, being the chief object of a clock, provided it accomplishes its task honestly by the dial and hands, they care not one whit by what springs, wheels, or escapements such a result is produced.

Of course, the greater part of one out of the two days was devoted to a visit to Waterloo, from which spot Mr. Ledbury brought many interesting souvenirs of the engagement, thinking himself highly favoured in being able to procure such relics after so great a lapse of time. But he was not aware that in the almanacks of the cottagers round Mont St. Jean might be found the gardening directions, "*Now plant bullets for summer crops; water old swords for rust, and dig up stocks and barrels;*"—or that the ingenious artificers of Liege were in the habit of exporting numberless eagles, which being duly fledged with mould, and coated with verdigris from bruised grape-stalks, exceeded their original value one hundredfold. Mr. Ledbury only thought of the distinguished effect these souvenirs would have when displayed upon the cheffonier at his Islington home; and the interest they would excite when admiring visitors were informed that he himself had brought them from the field of battle, — a state-

ment which, for the time, he felt, must associate him with the Duke of Wellington, and the last charge of the Imperial Guard. And he wrote his name in the book at the foot of the steps leading to the summit of the mound, wherein it is still to be seen, with a throbbing heart and an extra flourish, feeling additional pride because Jack Johnson had just argued down a foreign gentleman, who was endeavouring to prove that the French won the battle beyond all doubt, although the Englishmen, compared to the Emperor's army, were as ten to one,—a belief exceedingly prevalent with our "natural enemies." Jack merely wrote his name down as the "Marquis de Puit-aux-clercs," (or Clerkenwell,) a title which produced a great sensation in the mind of the keeper of the archives. And then, presenting that individual with a franc, they walked back to Brussels, somewhat tired, just as the setting sun was throwing as many of its beams as it could contrive to do through the dense foliage of the forest of Soigny.

They started again the next morning for Liege—the Birmingham of Belgium—by the railway ; and, without any particular adventure beyond the ordinary casualties of travelling, went on from that place by diligence to Aix-la-Chapelle. Not finding anything remarkable to detain them at that dull resort of fashion tumbled into decay, they took advantage of a night-conveyance, which should ultimately deposit them at Cologne, after making a very excellent dinner at the *Hôtel du Grand Monarque*. The vehicle was not a diligence, nor a broad-wheeled waggon, nor a hackney-coach ; neither was it an errand-cart, nor a travelling-show, but it evidently enjoyed an extensive family-connexion with all these varieties of carriages, and was formed of pieces of each, put together in a very ricketty manner, like a composite plate of supper fragments, the day after a party, endeavouring to do duty at dinner for a perfect dish.

There was not a great deal to observe upon the road, principally from the natural reason that the night was pitch-dark ; but, nevertheless, Jack Johnson kept all alive with unceasing energy, to the great delight of their fellow-passengers, not one of whom would he allow to think of going to sleep. Besides themselves, there were three travellers in the interior — two Englishmen, and a German,—the latter of whom indulged in a large pipe continuously, and would have preferred sitting with both the windows up, until the rest could have hung their hats upon the smoke, had he not been overruled by a majority ; when he retired into a corner of the vehicle, and maintained a grave silence during the remainder of the journey ; his position, and the fact that he was awake, being alone indicated by the glowing weed in his *mcerschaum*, which every now and then lighted up the interior of the vehicle, revealing for an instant the faces of the travellers to each other through the lurid vapour that pervaded it. The Englishmen were two young barristers, who had just been "called" at the Middle Temple,—rather verdant, but, withal, exceedingly argumentative, as they shewed by their conversation, which broke into discussions and wrangling upon every single observation started by either of them, in common with most of their class, who, because quibbling is their trade, think they cannot apprentice themselves too early to its elements.

"Have you ever been to Cologne, sir?" inquired Jack, giving

Ledbury a quiet nudge, and addressing the elder of their two compatriots.

"No, sir,—never ; at least—that is, I may say—never. Is it worth seeing?"

"The "*eau*" is the chief natural curiosity," replied Jack. "You will be astonished at the fountains of it in the market-place."

"God bless me!" exclaimed their companion ; "I had no idea that it was a spontaneous production!"

"Oh, yes," returned Jack. "There are supposed to be immense *strata* of fossil-flowers in the secondary formation below Cologne, which produce it. Are you a chemist, sir?"

"I have attended lectures at the Polytechnic, and Adelaide Gallery," answered the other.

"Ah, then, of course you will understand me," said Johnson. "Water is decomposed ; its oxygen and hydrogen unite with the carbon of the anthracite it passes through, the three forming alcohol, which extracts the essence of the fossil flowers, and becoming diluted by springs, bubbles up in the form of *proof* spirit."

And, having supported his assertion thus far, Jack paused to take a little breath.

"Farina is the chief merchant of it, I believe?" observed the other traveller, after a short pause of bewilderment.

"He has a tolerable share," answered Jack ; "but the two great retailers are *Gasthaus* and *Handlung* ; you will see their names and pump-rooms all over Germany."

"How do you propose going up the Rhine, sir?" asked Mr. Ledbury, wishing to turn the conversation, for fear their companions should begin to smoke, as well as the German.

"We intend to walk the greater part of the way—do you?"

"No," interposed Jack, "we shall go in the 'damp shift.'"

"What an odd name for a steamer that is!"

"Very ; but it is the original one. When the boats were first started they were uncommonly leaky and inconvenient, but there were no others, and they were christened by that name. Some of the machinery was so pervious that the vapour came out in a perfect bath, or, in German, *bad*, and these were called 'damn'd bad shifts.' Very like English, is it not?"

"Remarkably," replied the other.

"So is the mail," continued Jack, "which they very properly call a 'snail-post.'"

And as the tourists seemed desirous of receiving all this information, which Jack assured them they would not find in any guide or hand-book ever published, he continued in the same strain, to the great amusement, not unmixed with fear, of Mr. Ledbury ; until, at five in the morning, their conveyance rolled through narrow, unpaved, offensive—(may we add stinking?)—thoroughfares of that "dirty focus of decaying Catholicism," the city of Cologne. Here the passengers quitted the diligence, having previously shaken the German from a narcotic lethargy into which he had fallen ; whereupon he forthwith lighted a fresh pipe, and, puffing like a steamer, cleared outwards with his cargo, which was a *green* pasteboard hat-box, bound with yellow ; then, having taken half a turn astern to see that he had left nothing behind, began to go a-head easy, until he was out of sight.

The two Englishmen made a great deal to do about a portmanteau, which was finally discovered to have been left behind at Aix-la-Chapelle, and somebody else's, who was staying there, brought on by mistake; and Ledbury and Jack Johnson, once more getting their knapsacks, wished them a pleasant journey, as they started down towards the river.

“Well,” said Jack, when they were out of hearing, “I have met many muffs, but—”

And what he would next have said was lost as he turned a corner, and stood with Ledbury upon the quay, alongside of which the steam-boat *Koenigen Victoria* was awaiting her cargo, previously to leaving at six o'clock for Coblenz.

Although we have all been told how sweet it is to wander when day-beams decline, and sunset is gilding the beautiful property of the singer for the time being, yet certainly the appearance of the Rhine, as it was now presented to the view of our friends, was anything but particularly captivating, or productive of the saccharine feeling above mentioned. The river itself was tody and discoloured, the banks were low and uninteresting, and the city appeared to have started into animation from one of the popular semicircular views of spires, cranes, and weathercocks, which we meet with on the sides of eau de Cologne boxes. Jack, who had been part of the journey before, did not expect anything else; but Mr. Ledbury, who had fancied himself a Rhenish jager ever since he left Aix-la-Chapelle, almost regretting he had not got a pair of green tights and a bugle-horn, to appear distinguished, and who had pictured the Rhine as bordered by a never-ending castled crag of Drachenfels, was somewhat disappointed. He was not singular, however, in this feeling; for, thanks to the florid descriptions of enthusiastic travellers, and highly-coloured sketches of picturesque artists, there are few continental show-places which come up to the expectations formed of them by visitors.

The travellers soon began to arrive on board in great numbers, five out of seven being English; and here Ledbury found plenty of subjects for amusement, as he sat upon a tub with Jack at the fore-part of the vessel and watched their advent, in the different British migratory classes of aristocratic, respectable, and *parvenu*, neither of which grades includes the few strange persons who merely voyage for inclination or knowledge,—travelling, in most cases, being a compulsory pilgrimage, by which the tourists hold their *caste* in society. Some went directly into the cabin, and began to eat and drink; others took up their stations upon deck under the awning, with maps and panoramas almost as long as the steam-boat, and amused themselves with pricking out the different places, and wondering when they should come to the ruined castles and vineyards. Two or three very exclusive folks got into their carriages, which were upon deck, and remained there the whole journey, to avoid contamination from the inferior classes; couriers of one party established flirtation with the ladies' maids of another from rumble to rumble; whilst the Germans lighted mighty pipes, and were soon lost in an envelope of smoke and their own reflections. A few Englishmen tried to imitate them, but generally the attempt was a dead failure; for the Germans usually incline to pipes, whilst our countrymen prefer cigars,—the latter occasionally removing the weed

from their lips, as they blow out the smoke into the air, and look at it ; whilst the former puff continuously, never turning to the right or left until the bowl of their *meerschaum* is exhausted.

Ledbury, Jack, and one or two other young men who were roughing it with knapsacks like themselves, took possession of the tubs, and formed a little *coterie* at the head of the boat, where they solaced themselves with various pint-bottles of Moselle during the earlier portion of the journey. For beyond Cologne the banks of the Rhine are not over lively, approaching, in their general character, to that romantic portion of the Thames on the Essex side, between Blackwall and Purfleet, occasionally varied by a melancholy windmill, a few dismal trees evidently in very low spirits, or a drooping village. Indeed, there was nothing in the world to attract their attention until they came to Bonn, except a large bell, of peculiarly annoying powers, which was always rung upon approaching any landing-place, directly in their ears. But at Bonn, where they stopped for passengers, rather a fearful gathering of the great unshaved came down to see the boat arrive, to each of whom Jack Johnson made several polite bows from his perch on the top of the tub ; and subsequently addressed them upon the state of things in general, his favourite theme, in a speech of vast power, which was only cut short by the steamer once more pursuing her journey.

There was a gentleman amongst their party who particularly took Jack's fancy. He was very slim, and very pensive, with lay-down collars, and a countenance expressive of an innate disposition something between indigestion and romance. He had a little memorandum-book, with a little pistol pencil-case, and he took rapid views of the different objects on the banks as they presented themselves, in the style of shy outline, and looked poetical, and now and then said "Beautiful!" when there was nothing to be seen but a ricketty old boat-house, with an intensity of expression that proved him of no ordinary mind. He did not at first appear to know exactly what to make of Jack Johnson ; but when that facetious gentleman began to tell traditions about the Rhine to the other, calling to mind what he had read, and inventing what he had not, he forthwith treated him with the greatest deference.

" You appear well acquainted with the legends of this lovely river," he said to Jack.

" Know them all, sir," replied Johnson ; " that is to say, all those that are true."

" I believe they sometimes vary in different chronicles," observed the pensive traveller.

" Oh, very much," answered Jack. " I divide the legends of the Rhine into three heads : the *Lyrical*, the *Handbook*, and the *Paid-by-the-sheet*."

" And what is the difference?"

" Just this : the *Lyricals* are the short traditions at the head of drawing-room songs. They run thus :—

" 'The celebrated Roland having been reported to have died in Palestine, his betrothed bride took the veil, and retired to the convent of Nonenworth. Upon his return, the brave warrior died of a broken heart. The ruins of Rolandseck, which he built, suggested the following ballad.'

Adapt the legend to some popular operatic air, get the view lithographed for the title-page, and there you have it."

"And what is the *Handbook* style, Jack?" asked Ledbury, quite proud of his friend, although the pensive gentleman looked as if he thought the definition a little too commonplace.

"Oh! that has more of the *Guide* about it," replied Johnson. "The tradition is the same; but it is better suited for persons about to marry,—I mean to travel,—or to do both. It begins—

"After leaving the Drakanfels, the river contracts to an accelerated current, on the right bank of which, above the island of Nonenworth are seen the ruins of Rolandseck. Tradition assigns this stronghold to have been built by Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, who, being engaged to a lady, &c.'

and all the rest of it."

"And the *Paid-by-the-sheet*?" asked the pensive gentleman, who was travelling in search of inspiration, in order that he might one day write for an annual.

"Why," said Jack, "the object, then, is to take up the Vauxhall-ham style of composition, and make the subject go as far as it can, with or without plates. You must cut the story remarkably thin in this case, and turn it into a tale, such as—

"The last rays of the declining sun were gilding the tower-capped heights of Godesberg, as a solitary horseman, in the costume of an eastern warrior, pursued his lonely journey along the right bank of the majestic Rhine."

"Now, you know, all this comes to the same in the end,—that the lady had gone into a convent; but the object is to cover paper, and so the gold of the legend is beaten out into leaf accordingly. Kellner! noch eine halbe Flasche Moselwein."

This particular explanation, coupled with the flourish of German at the end, immediately caused everybody to look upon Jack as a very talented personage, and complimented him thereupon. Whereat Jack drank their respective healths when the wine arrived, and then sang "The Huntsman's Chorus," arranged as a solo, to express his enthusiasm at being on the Rhine, in which Mr. Ledbury was rash enough to join. But, finding he came in at the wrong place with "Hark, follow!" whilst Jack was defining the chase as a pleasure worthy of princes, he was immediately silent, and evinced great confusion at having thus distinguished himself.

CHAPTER XLV.

Mr. Ledbury's inspiration, and *Jack Johnson's* version of the Legend of Drachenfels.

ALL this time the packet had been gallantly working against the stream; and before long they were in the midst of the crags and castles which Mr. Ledbury had so panted to look upon. The pensive gentleman, too, wrote several "impromptus," after much labour and correction; and Titus, who believed it severely compulsory upon

every one to be inspired, under such circumstances, got a pencil, and the back of a letter, and was for some time occupied apparently in composition, whilst Jack was carrying on conversation with some other travellers.

"What are you after, Leddy?" asked Johnson, as his companions left him for a short time, to look at some view they were passing.

"Now you'll laugh," said Titus, "if I tell you."

"No, I won't," replied Jack. "Honour bright! Is it a view?"

"No, it's a little poem," said Titus. "I thought it might do for any album I might be asked to write in when I got home. I don't mind reading it, if you won't laugh."

"Go on, sir, pray," said the pensive gentleman.

"Stop! get up on the tub, and read it properly," said Jack.

Titus, whom Jack could persuade to anything, mounted the tub, and commenced:—

"I call it 'My Hoxton Home.'"

"But you don't live there," interrupted Jack; "you live at Islington."

"Oh! hang it, Jack," returned Titus; "it's near enough,—poetic licence, you know. 'My Hoxton Home,'" he continued, "'Stanzas written on the Rhine.' And he cleared his voice as he began:—

"My Hoxton home, upon the Rhine—"

"Well, but Hoxton is not upon the Rhine," interrupted Johnson.

"No, no, Jack; you don't understand; there's a stop after 'home.' I think 'whilst' is better than 'upon.' Now then:—

"My Hoxton home! whilst on the Rhine,
A thought of thee my bosom fills;
Its steeps recall the mountain line
Of Haverstock and Highgate hills.
I gaze upon thy castled crags,
Baronial hall, or ladye's bower;
But memory's chain before me drags
Our own dear Canonbury Tower!
In fancy still, where'er I roam,
I think of thee, my Hoxton Home!"

"Capital! famous!" cried Jack, applauding with an empty bottle against the side of the tub. "Is that all?"

"No," said Ledbury; "here's another verse."

"Fire away then," said Johnson; "we're all attention."

And Mr. Ledbury, encouraged by their praise, continued:—

"The Brunnens which in Baden spring,
Their gravell'd walks and flowery paths
Warm my bosom—"

"Halloo!" interrupted Jack once more, "there's a foot too short there!"

"So there is," replied Ledbury, counting his fingers. "What can we put instead?"

"Corazza's a good word," said Jack; "'thrill my corazza' reads well; you can take the shirt as symbolical of the heart it covers."

"Now, come, Jack, you are joking," said Ledbury, in continuation. "This will do:—

" — and flowery paths
Call up in visions, whilst I sing,
The City Sawmills' Tepid Baths.
The eagles in their sky-built nests,
Each guarding his sublime abode,
Boast not the grandeur which invests
The Eagle of the City Road.
Nor pump-room's dome, nor fountain's foam,
Can equal thee, my Hoxton Home ! "

"Very good, indeed, Leddy," said Jack patronizingly; "we shall see you publishing now, before long."

"They are simple," said Titus, with becoming modesty.

"Remarkably," answered Johnson; in which opinion the pensive gentleman coincided, although silently.

There was now plenty of fine scenery upon either bank to occupy the attention of the travellers; and it was somewhat laughable to see the eager manner in which those who were taking refreshment below rushed up on deck when any fine view was announced, and, as soon as it was passed, went back quietly to their meal. Mr. Ledbury was principally amused with the manner in which the Rhenish boatmen moved their small craft, which were something between punts and canoes. A man sat at each end with a broad-toothed wooden rake, and as the foremost pulled the water towards him, the hinder one pushed it from him, so that between the two the boat made a little progress. The continuity of ruins, also, particularly called forth his admiration; for now the mountains rose up from the very edge of the river, covered at every available spot with vineyards, and in most instances surmounted by the unvarying round tower.

"Those ruins of former feudal times are very interesting," said the pensive gentleman.

"Yes, but they are all alike," replied Jack. "The two tall chimneys at the base of Primrose Hill, and the round shot-manufactory at Lambeth, cut up into lengths, and perched on the top of mountains, would furnish quite as many traditions. They are nearly all the same."

"Would you favour us with one of the legends?" asked the pensive gentleman.

"Certainly," said Jack; "which will you have?"

The choice was left to himself; and, as they had not long passed the scene of the story, Jack drew a MS. book from the pocket of his blouse, and commenced his own version of

**The Legend of Drachenfels;
A Lay of the Ancient Rhine.**

KING GILIBALDUS sits at lunch beneath the linden trees,
But very nervous does he seem, with spirits ill at ease;
For first of all he rubs this ear, and then he pulls that hair,
His sandwich and a splendid glass of ale* he cannot bear.

* "Crownliches Altertümliches gutes altes bier, mit Butterbrod und Fleisch, zwei silber groschen." (About fourpence, English.)

Nor aught beside they can provide, because a monster dread
 Has sent to say, without delay, he must the princess wed.
 To speak unto his courtiers the monarch does not choose,
 Until that monster has been hung, and they have brought the noose.

The monster is a dragon of more hideous shape and mien
 Than any canvass-cover'd, wicker-basket, huge machine,
 That Mr. Bradwell ever built at merry Christmas time,
 To be put on by Payne or Stilt in some gay pantomime.
 A vast aerial courier he—part fish, part beast, part bird,
 A flying ichthyosaurus, of which Mantel never heard;
 No eye might look upon his form without the deepest awe,
 His maw (or craw) for victuals raw, his jaw, and paw, and claw.

Sir Siegfried the Scaly, one of stalwart form and height,
 (In Germany, all through the year, he was the longest knight),
 The Nibelungen hero, as some call him, Sea-egg-fried,
 Of noble faune, set forth to claim the princess for his bride.
 He rode beneath proud Stromberg's walls, where Gilibald held state,
 And kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate;
 Or rather at no rate at all, for none would he e'er pay,
 But always told the overseer to call another day.
 And if the wretched wight returned, they got him in a line,
 Then tied a millstone round his neck, and sent him "down the Rhine."

Sir Siegfried the Scaly played a solo on his horn,
 That Puzzi might have envied, but the greeting was forlorn;
 For that same morn, at break of dawn, the dragon had been there,
 And carried off the princess, as she walk'd to take the air.
 He wound his tail about her waist, his tail so large and long,
 As restless as repealer Dan's,—in mischief quite as strong.
 Then, like a rocket shooting up, by dint of magic spells,
 He bore her to his mountain-home on craggy Drakenfels.

"Now, welcome, brave Sir Siegfried!" King Gilibald did say;
 "I am so glad to see you,—more especially to-day.
 You may command my daughter's hand, and with it half a crown,
 If you will climb the Drakenfels, and bring her safely down."

The dragon, after dining, was indulging in a nap,
 His tinsel'd head reclining in the poor princess's lap,
 When Siegfried the Scaly, with his good sword Balamung,
 Just ground for the occasion, up the rocky mountain sprung;
 And for the sword's free use, in troth, there also was just ground,
 The dragon long had been the curse of all the country round.
 But now he jump'd upon his feet, awaken'd by the tread,
 His nostrils belching out fierce flames, to fill the knight with dread:
 And, but for the opinion that both coarse and low the phrase is,
 We might have said Sir Siegfried was going fast to blazes!

But chivalry and might prevail'd: the dragon soon was slain,
 And Siegfried the princess bore to Stromberg back again.
 The bells were rung, the mass was sung, and, ere the close of day,
 King Gilibaldus to the knight his daughter gave away.
 On those wild heights Sir Siegfried his future home did fix,
 And there a fortress proud of stone he built, as right as bricks.
 About the ruins which exist, each guide his version tells;
 But this is the correct account of castled Drakenfels.

"Well, but, Jack," observed Mr. Ledbury, as Johnson finished,
 "all that never happened, you know."

"I can't answer for that," replied Jack ; "it might or it might not. I have my own opinions about it."

The pensive gentleman made no comment upon the legend. It was evident that he did not deem it sufficiently romantic to call forth his approbation ; and he gradually sidled off to the after part of the vessel, where the majority of the passengers were dining upon deck under an awning. So that Jack and Ledbury were left alone, with the exception of a facetious traveller, of limited intelligence, who came up to them every five minutes, smiling and rubbing his hands, and, after looking amicably at Jack for a few seconds, generally said,

"Well, how do you find yourself by this time?"

To which kind inquiry Jack, who had not been particularly indisposed in the interim, usually replied that he was as well as could be expected ; which the traveller appeared to consider a high joke, judging from the sportive manner in which he received the intelligence. Titus, who imagined that he had attracted the attention of a fashionable lady on the box of one of the carriages, assumed several elegant positions, in which he thought his figure might be seen to the best advantage, and even went so far as to call out audibly to the waiter, in German, for another *demi-bouteille* of wine. But, in this daring feat, he was somewhat discouraged by Jack Johnson, who recommended him not to try it again, for fear he should tie his tongue in a knot, and experience some difficulty in undoing it again.

The poetical associations of the river had not affected the corporeal appetites of the passengers, who all appeared to be making excellent dinners, as they admired the succession of vineyards and cornfields, orchards and villages, frowning mountains, and fertile plains, that quickly followed each other, now smiling in the afternoon sun. Then some of the restraint which had attended the early part of the voyage wore away, and the various travellers began to compare notes of their intended *routes* with each other, or tell anecdotes of former excursions. Altogether, the time passed as pleasantly as well might be, until a bend of the river brought them within sight of the tremendous bulwark of the Rhine, towering formidably above all around it ; and in another twenty minutes the *Könenigen Victoria* came up alongside the busy landing-quay of double-faced Coblenz, which smiles on the river, and frowns on the land with equal significance.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The gallant manner in which Mr. Ledbury attacked the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

It is a very animated scene when the steamers discharge their passengers upon the landing-place at Coblenz ; and not the least amusing part of it is the struggle of the touts belonging to the various inns to attract the attention of the visitors, in common with those of all foreign show-places, as well as the exertions of different porters to seize upon the respective luggage ; for there is always a perfect stack of gay carpet-bags, worked all over with Berlin wool,

on board the Rhenish boats, which require transportation to the various destinations of their owners.

A powerful band of these licensed brigands took possession of the gangway as the boat came alongside the pier ; and before long Mr. Ledbury was engaged in a terrific single-handed combat with a German *gamin*, who insisted upon forcibly carrying off his knapsack. The contest was very severe whilst it lasted ; but at length Titus gained the victory, and marched up the platform leading to the quay, with the air of a Peruvian Rolla, in a macintosh cape and spectacles, flourishing his luggage in triumph over his head, in the place of the scared infant who usually personates Cora's child. Jack Johnson followed, laughing heartily at his friend's encounter, and keeping off the other bandits with his stick ; whilst the pensive gentleman gave up his effects at once, without a struggle, and accompanied the others to land.

They went directly to the *Hôtel de Géant* ; but, finding it was quite full, proceeded along the street in search of another.

"What a curious name for an inn," said the pensive gentleman.

"It is christened after a legend," replied Jack. "Some centuries ago, a giant lived in that very house. Ehrenbreitstein was built to attack him."

"Indeed !" exclaimed the other, as he peeped through the open window of one of the *salons*, with an air of deep interest. "The rooms are not very large, though."

"The house was not divided into apartments when he lived there," said Jack. "He used to sit with his head out at the skylight, putting his arms and legs through the windows, like the little men outside shows. They say that is the bell he used to ring when he was hungry."

The poetical stranger immediately stopped to make a sketch of the packet-bell, to which Jack had pointed ; and at this occupation the others, finding that he intended to write a sonnet upon Ehrenbreitstein before he dined, left him, and turned into the open portals of the *Gasthaus Zum Rheinberg*. And, having made their dinner-toilet, which consisted in brushing their hair and taking off their blouses, they were soon seated at one of the pleasant windows of that inn, before a well-spread table, and enjoying a beautiful view of the Rhine and its opposite banks.

The iced hock was so delicious, and so much to Mr. Ledbury's taste, that his poetical inspirations soon returned, and he would have perpetrated several "Stanzas upon a dinner on the Rhine," if his companion had not continually broken in upon his romantic meditations with some everyday remark. As it was, he began to ask Jack if there was any chance of the glowworm gilding the elfin flower that evening, since he felt very desirous of wandering on the banks of the blue Moselle, beneath the starry light of a summer's night. And, after the second bottle, he went so far as to contemplate sitting upon the banks of the river above the town all night long, in order that if any relation of Lurline felt inclined to take him to her home beneath the water, he might accompany her ; for which subaqueous trip he felt perfectly qualified, having formerly subscribed to *Peekless Pool*, in his native Islington, as well as been down twice in the diving-bell at the Polytechnic Institution, not so much for the actual pleasure he derived from having the drums of his ears tuned

during the excursion, as to distinguish himself in the eyes of the company assembled in the galleries, when he came up again.

They had been some time at dinner, so long, that the moon was beginning to give the sun a mild notice it was time for him to quit, by just showing her face above the mountains, when they heard the sound of music in the street, and directly afterwards a girl with a guitar made her appearance at the open window. She was very pretty, with a slighter figure, and darker hair and eyes than is common amongst the German women ; and she gazed upon Mr. Ledbury with such a captivating expression of her full, lustrous pupil, rendered more bewitching by its dilation in the twilight, that he was almost in doubt whether one of the naiades he had been thinking about had not risen from the Rhine to meet him. Nor was the enchantment at all dispelled when she began to sing with a clear, melodious voice, some popular German air, accompanying herself on the guitar, and, what was more extraordinary, with English words, in which, however, a foreign accent was perceptible. This was too much for Mr. Ledbury, who was always keenly alive to the power of female loveliness, and his spectacled eyes twinkled through the smoke of his pipe with the deepest sentiment, until, with the combined effects of the hock, the moon, and the music, he put it beyond all question that some baron's daughter upon the Rhine had fallen in love with him as she saw him pass in the steamer from her father's castle, and had taken this method of disclosing her attachment. With this impression, he was somewhat surprised when, upon the conclusion of the song, the girl came close up to the window, and said in a subdued, mysterious tone,

“Does Monsieur wish to buy any fine eau de Cologne or cigars?”

“None, my love,” replied Jack in a very off-hand manner, as he produced a full tobacco-blugue, in size somewhat less than a carpet-

“Any gloves, brooches, *kirschwasser*?” again asked the singer.

“No, no, you gipsy, none!” returned Jack. “There, run along,” he continued, throwing her some small coin ; “go on to the Géant. They have no end of travellers there, and all English — think of that!”

As the girl smiled at Johnson, and withdrew, Mr. Ledbury's face crimsoned with shame and confusion at the very unceremonious manner in which he imagined she had been treated by his friend. For he had imagined that her appeal to his commercial generosity was a delicate *ruse* to obtain an interview ; and when he saw Jack answer her in such an unconcerned manner, and give her such a trifling amount of coin, he felt assured that her feelings were deeply hurt, and that she had left in painful humility. So, without saying a word, he started up from the table ; and hurrying out of the room with a precipitation which at first gave the people of the hotel some slight reason for thinking that his ideas of payment for what he had regaled upon were rather indistinct, he followed the fair *minnesinger*, whom he overtook just as she was entering the adjacent hotel, leaving Jack Johnson completely amazed at his excitement. But the spirit of chivalry held an equal sway over Mr. Ledbury's actions with the spirit of wine ; and the combination of the two acting upon his natural bland and gentle idiosyncrasy, led him to the commis-

sion of most of those daring feats of benevolent gallantry, which it has been our happy lot to chronicle.

He returned in a minute or two, in a very volcanic state, with his head looking as if it only wanted a knock to make it go off with a bang like a detonating ball, and evidently upon the point of communicating some most important fact to his friend, as he exclaimed,

“I say, Jack ; what do you think ?”

“Well, I can’t say,” replied Johnson ; “what is it ?”

“She has promised,” said Mr. Ledbury, impressively, “to sell me —”

“I don’t doubt it,” interrupted Johnson.

“Now, Jack, you always make such fun of things ! She has promised to sell me some real eau de Cologne at half-price, if I will go for it after dark ; and where to, do you suppose ?”

“I don’t know,” said Jack ; “perhaps where glory waits thee, or to Bath.”

“No, no,” replied Titus, half vexed ; “she will meet me — there !”

And with a very melodramatic expression, he pointed to the opposite side of the river, where the mighty batteries were snarling from the mountain, adding heroically,

“There ! in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein !”

“Why, you are cracked, Leddy,” said Johnson ; “what are you talking about ? You are not going anywhere, surely ?”

“Of course I am,” returned Mr. Ledbury, somewhat offended. “Think of the romance of the adventure — an appointment on the Rhine, and at Ehrenbreitstein ! It’s beautiful ! I shall go, and you shall accompany me.”

Johnson replied :

“If I do I’m — — and here he hesitated an instant — “I’m only anxious to see that you get into no scrape. I think you had better not go.”

“Excuse me, Jack,” answered Titus. “I would not lose the adventure for the world, and you shall share it.”

And Jack, in return, seeing that his friend was bent upon doing something foolish, from which nothing would turn him, consented to accompany him ; then, having finished their wine, they strolled towards the Moselle bridge, and, hiring a small boat, amused themselves with rowing about the river, as well as they were able with the rude oars, until the time which Mr. Ledbury had fixed for his appointment.

At length the last glow of sunset, which had long lingered on the horizon, faded away behind the purple hills, and darkness crept over the Rhine. Lights appeared in the windows of the town, as well as in some of the lazy craft that were lying against the quays, the reflection quivering in long vivid lines upon the tranquil river. Everything was hushed and silent, except the occasional roll of drums upon the opposite side, or the cry of warning from the boatman as he guided his apparently endless raft of wood down the stream.

“I think we will go now,” said Mr. Ledbury ; “it is about the time. We can pull across, and that will save us going round by the bridge of boats.”

Resolved to humour him in whatever he wished, Jack followed all

his directions, and in a few minutes their craft touched the foot of the mountain on the other side, immediately under the fortress. Possibly, at this minute, if Johnson had proposed to return, Mr. Ledbury would have offered no opposition: but, as it was, he stepped on shore with an air of great bravery."

"I know where to go," said Titus. "She told me I should see a light in one of the windows of the battlements."

"Now, don't be a fool, Leddy, and spend all your money in trash," courteously observed his friend.

"No, no, Jack. You had better wait here to mind the boat. Goodb'y-e—I shan't be long."

And beginning to ascend the bank, which at this precise spot rose rather abruptly from the water, Mr. Ledbury contrived to whistle some random notes of an impromptu air, indicative of determination and the absence of fear, whilst Jack sat down quietly in the boat, wondering what Titus intended doing, to await his return.

There was very little light, to enable him to see his way clearly, but Mr. Ledbury, sustaining himself by the idea that he was a spirited young traveller carrying out an adventure of gallantry, scrambled up the mountain immediately under the fortified walls, towards where he imagined the beacon was shining for his guidance. Now and then, to be sure, he felt slightly nervous, in spite of all his romance, as he heard the passing tread of the sentinel upon the ramparts over his head, or found himself unexpectedly in the exact line of some mighty piece of ordnance that bristled from the battlements; but he soon got beyond these, going up higher and higher, until he looked down upon the lamps of Coblenz and its opposite suburb, far beneath him, and glistening in the river.

At last he came to the window, or rather, the glazed embrasure, at which, to all appearances, the fair contrabandist was to meet him. As he listened intently he could plainly hear the notes of a guitar in the interior of the building; which was a small fort, connecting two curtains of the works. But he would not trust himself to make any vocal signal, so he scraped together a handful of dust, and threw it against the window, which was a little higher than his head. There was no reply, nor did the music cease, and Mr. Ledbury, thinking his projectile was not forcible enough, collected a few small pebbles, and again cast them at the pane, one of somewhat larger dimensions than the rest being included by mistake in the handful, which immediately cracked the glass. But the attempt had succeeded, for the guitar was suddenly hushed, and a shadow passed quickly across the window.

"She comes!" thought Titus, approaching closer to the window by climbing up the steep slope of turf that led to it. And placing both his hands upon the sill, he raised his head to a level with the glass, when the casement opened, and he found himself face to face, not with the lady-minstrel he had expected, but a gaunt Prussian soldier, of terrific aspect, and cast-iron visage, who savagely demanded in German, "who went there?"

It needed no effort of volition on the part of Mr. Ledbury to loose his hold of the sill, for he dropped down the instant his gaze encountered that of the terrible stranger, as if he had been shot; and coming upon the slanting bank, of course lost his footing as well, and bundled down into the pathway. The sentinel, who ought to

have been upon guard outside the building, but had been attracted by the music of the guitar-girl — for she was there, belonging in reality to the canteen, — in the surprise of the instant, and before anything could be explained, seized his firelock, and discharged it out of the window to give the alarm, not knowing but that Mr. Ledbury might be the chief of some revolutionary party intending to attack the fortress. Titus, who expected nothing of a milder character than the simultaneous explosion of fifty mines immediately beneath him, started up at the report; and, as it was answered from above, set off down the steep track as fast as his long legs would carry him. But, had a chain of wires connected everybody in the fortress with a voltaic battery, the alarm could not have been more sudden and general; for before the echoes of the first gun had well died away, a roll of drums broke out apparently from every direction at once, beating an alarm; and a confusion of hoarse and awful challenges rang from every angle of the fortifications.

On went Mr. Ledbury, like an avalanche, driving the gravel before him with his heels, until the big stones bounded down the hill, bringing fifty others along with them, which increased the general clatter. On he went, taking such strides that those remarkable boots of the fairy chronicles would have dwindled into ordinary highlows by comparison; and onward, to all appearance directly at his heels, came the tumult after him. In what direction he was flying he had not the least shade of an idea: he only knew that he was going down the mountain, and that the descent must eventually lead him to the river.

Which it did most literally. The distance was nearly accomplished, and ten strides more would have brought him to the bottom of the hill, when a tuft of turf upon which he placed his foot gave way beneath him, and he was directly thrown off his legs. But this did not arrest his progress, for the declivity was very rapid; and, after sliding a short distance upon his back, he began to roll head over heels down the slope, with a fearful velocity that no living clown could have contested, in the most bustling physical pantomime ever put upon the stage. Every effort to stop his course was in vain. He went on, turning all ways at once, like a roulette ball, until the last piece of ground was cleared, and, with a final wild clutch at nothing, he threw a concluding somersault, and plunged into the cold, dark waters of the Rhine, which roared in his ears with deafening riot, as he sank directly to the very bottom of the river,—a matter of six or seven feet in depth.

He never knew precisely what followed; but, adapting a favourite passage from various novelists whose works he had read, he was heard to say, "that it was one of those moments when the sensations of years are concentrated into the intensity of a single second." Jack Johnson, upon the very first alarm, had pushed the boat just away from the shore, to be ready for a start; and to one of the rakes used to propel it was Titus principally indebted for his preservation, being fished up thereby almost as soon as he touched the water; for he had luckily fallen in close to the spot he started from.

They immediately crossed the river, and succeeded in landing quietly at the foot of the Moselle Bridge; whilst the alarms were still rapidly following one another at the fortress. As the distance

increased between the scene of tumult and themselves, Mr. Ledbury somewhat regained his intellects, and, considering a good retreat next to a downright victory, almost imagined that he had been performing a glorious feat of courageous enterprise. As soon as they touched the opposite shore, they settled for the craft with the owner, who had been waiting about some little time to receive them ; and then, for fear Mr. Ledbury's saturated appearance should attract the attention of the bystanders, who were now thronging the quays, and discussing the probable cause of the excitement at Ehrenbreitstein, they returned directly to their hotel. Here Titus immediately proceeded to his sleeping apartment, and went to bed, leaving Jack to superintend the drying of his garments,—the knapsack not allowing an entire change of clothes,—which duty his friend divided with paying compliments to the pretty French *soubrette* of a family that was staying in the house, and learning from the cook the best way of dressing *pommes de terre frites*, in which he intended to instruct Emma on his return, and give old Mr. Ledbury reason to imagine that he was of a domestic turn of mind.

To avoid all unpleasantries, and perhaps detention, they determined to leave Coblenz early the next morning. And Titus also made a resolve not to have anything more to say to singing smugglers of the softer sex, although his first adventure with one had terminated by convincing him of a fact upon which he had previously entertained some doubts : and this was, that the bottom of the Rhine is not a world of crystal caves and lovely nymphs, as legends had heretofore taught him to believe, but rather a bed of black mud, relieved by mosaics of old shoes, and dilapidated pipkins.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mr. De Robinson, Junior, has an interview with Mr. Prodgers.

EVERYTHING in London now indicated that the train of gaiety which had characterised the last four months, was rapidly approaching its terminus, and the close of the season was arriving. One by one the shutters closed their gilded panels upon the drawing-rooms of the far-west dwellings, and the blinds were enveloped in aged copies of the morning newspapers. The Opera advertised its last night, and then its stars dispersed to all points of the compass, wherever the engagements chanced to be most magnetic ; whilst the foreign gentlemen forsook the glowing pavements of Regent Street and Leicester Square, for the unknown haunts of northern suburbs, wherein they put off the toilet of display for the costume of obligation, reversing the order of entomological existence, and changing at once from the butterfly to the grub.

The chain of society was now broken, and its limbs scattered far and wide. The inhabitants of Belgrave Square removed to Florence and Naples, whilst those of Finsbury Circus sought the lodgings and *pensions* of Margate or Boulogne. The moors, the lakes, the vineyards, and the glaciers, each found their visitors. Some retired to their own country residences ; others hired cottages on a line of railway. Lower down in the scale of migration, people wishing to be "out of town,"—an indefinite locality, which answers

equally as well to Rome as Ramsgate,—took simple lodgings within the transit of an omnibus ; and even melting clerks, who knew not what a long vacation meant, after being caged from ten to four in some dark office of the city lanes, hopped from their perches as the clock struck the looked-for hour, and rushed to the terminus of the Blackwall Railway, where plenty of rope was allowed them to arrive at Brunswick Wharf in time for a Gravesend steamer, that should at last deposit them upon the welcome piers of Terrace, Town, or Rosherville.

Of course the De Robinsons, of Eaton Place, were amongst the first to leave London ; not so much from want of change, or because they liked the country, as for the reason that other people did so. Mr. De Robinson was a fashionable lawyer ; and, according to the usual custom of lawyers, from the day when that celebrated member of the profession — albeit an anonymous one — swallowed the oyster which his clients were contending for, was now benefiting himself by the disputes of others. •For whilst two of his employers were waiting for his decision respecting a furnished cottage, situated in Chancery and Surrey, he thought the best thing that could be done, was for his family to inhabit it themselves, by which means everything would be nicely taken care of, and kept well-aired. And so, although Mrs. De Robinson and her daughter had talked much of Weisbaden, and more about Interlachen, they found economy finally triumph over inclination, and their continental dreams awaken to the realities of a country villa-residence, on the banks of the Thames within a lunch-and-dinner-*entr'acte* drive of Clumpley. And here, after some little demur, they finally settled ; young De Robinson coming to the conclusion that it was not so bad after all, because, being upon the river, he could invite those of the Leander men, whom he knew, to pull up, and see him.

Their family circle was also increased by Mrs. De Robinson's aunt, Mrs. Waddleston, who was staying for a short period with them. She was a very remarkable personage, and almost tempted one to believe in the existence of cast-iron old ladies, so tough and healthy was her constitution. She had no fixed place of residence, but lived chiefly in steam-boats, first-class carriages, and hotels, occasionally staying with her friends, and sometimes disappearing from their eyes for months together ; after which she would once more become visible, and exhibit curiosities that she had brought from the Pyrenees or Norway, as well as having been half way to the top of Mont Blanc, in Savoy, and very nearly to the bottom of the coal-mines at Whitehaven. She knew the Red Book by heart, and the genealogy of almost every person, who had one, in the Court Guide ; and was upon speaking terms with several great people, which made the De Robinsons pay her every attention. But, besides this, she was very well off, which chiefly accounted for her independence, keeping her carriage independently of her travelling, and never paying taxes for it, although the collectors were constantly dodging her about all over the United Kingdom, to see where she lived, without ever finding out. And, above all, having no relatives so near as the De Robinsons, who expected to receive all her property, they evinced their gratitude in anticipation by the most affectionate devotion, listening to all her long stories, and admiring everything she proposed.

They had been settled some weeks, and everybody had called upon them,—the medical legion of the neighbourhood being, of course, the first to leave their cards,—then the petty gentilities, and lastly the cautious ones, who hung back from making any advances towards familiarity until they saw who and what the new comers were,—when Mrs. De Robinson thought it was time to return the numerous invitations with which they had been favoured. As the cottage was comparatively a small one, a set evening party was out of the question ; and it was therefore arranged that they should give a *fête champêtre* in the grounds, which were tolerably extensive, when many more guests could be accommodated. And there were a great many to be asked, their connexion being already very extensive, since nobodies in town become very great people in the country. We do not mean to say exactly that the De Robinsons were nobodies ; for their connexions were respectable, and people knew their relations ; but they were nothing beyond the common sphere of middling London society, although they tried very hard to soar above it. But this is seldom a profitable task, for, Icarus-like, the nearer the *pseudo-votaries* of fashion approach the sun, the more treacherous does the wax become that constitutes the body of their wings, and when the fall does take place, it is sudden and violent indeed.

Invitations are not often refused in the country, and nearly everybody accepted, including Mrs. Ledbury and Emina, who were both at Clumpley, and were to be driven over by Mr. John Wilmer. And then it became incumbent upon the De Robinsons to lay down some schemes for the amusement of their guests, at which council all the family assisted, including Mrs. Waddleston.

“Of course there must be Chinese lamps and fireworks,” observed the old lady authoritatively. “Lord Fulham always has lamps and fireworks.”

“Oh ! fireworks, of course,” said young De Robinson, “and, I should say, ballet-girls.”

“Eustace !” exclaimed Mrs. Waddlestone, in tones of amazement, “what are you talking about ?”

“I know, aunt,” replied the young gentleman : “‘groups of *ballerine* to promenade the grounds,’ as they used to say in the bills of the Vauxhall masquerades : you never saw them, though, when you got in. I beg your pardon for the interruption.”

“I do not see the policy of having any young dancing females,” said Mrs. De Robinson.

“But you *must* have some strange people dispersed about,” replied her son. “It will be very flat if you do not.”

“Yes, there you are right,” observed Mrs. Waddleston. “When I was at the *fête* given at the Countess Pigeoni’s, several wonderful characters were engaged. I remember there was a wizard, who conjured all the plate from the table in the marquee.”

“The difficulty is to find out where these individuals live,” said Mrs. De Robinson.

“Not at all, mother,” returned Eustace. “John Barnard told me that he knows a friend of young Ledbury’s, named Jolinson, who is up to everything of the kind. Suppose I apply to him.”

As Mrs. Waddleston appeared to think this a good plan, of course her relations were immediately delighted with it ; and it was there-

fore agreed that Eustace should proceed to London the following morning to order fireworks, bring down various things from the town-house, and, having got Mr. Johnson's address, to make arrangements for the ensuing entertainments.

The next day at noon, Mr. De Robinson, junior, was threading the, to him, wild regions of Clerkenwell, and, by dint of much patient investigation and inquiries, at last entered the street which had been whilome graced by the medical establishment of Mr. Rawkins. But the name was gone ; and, after walking several times backwards and forwards in much uncertainty, he thought it best to apply at the only doctor's shop he saw in the thoroughfare, which he accordingly entered for that purpose.

A small, ill-clad urchin, wearing an enormous coat, the tails of which trailed far away upon the ground behind him, like the train of a state-robe, and upon whose face inferences of hunger and evidences of dirt might be found in equal proportions, had been apparently putting up screws of Epsom salts in blue paper, but was now taking a little relaxation by dancing Jim along Josey behind the counter. To judge from the surprise which he exhibited as the visitor entered, and the sudden check that his operatic ballet received, it was not often that the surgery was troubled with patients.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Rawkins lives?" inquired Mr. De Robinson.

"Wishes I could neither," was the reply of Bob ; for it was, indeed, the small assistant. "He run away two months ago."

"Oh!" said Mr. De Robinson, taking a minim rest. "And where's Mr. Johnson?"

"He's gone, too. I thinks it's athurt the Ingies ; leastwise I don't know."

Well, thought the visitor ; there does not appear to be much information to be got here. "Can you tell me where I can see anybody who knows Mr. Johnson?" he continued, once more addressing Bob.

"Mr. Prodgers."

"And where is he?"

"He went to the mill yesterday with Chorkey : he's a-grinding to-day."

Not exactly comprehending under what particular category these occupations would fall, Mr. De Robinson was compelled to elaborate his inquiries, by which process he finally learnt that Mr. Prodgers was "grinding" for his examination, and he also ascertained the place of his abode, towards which he now proceeded.

The residence which Mr. Prodgers shared with several of his fellow-pupils, was situated in a small street lying somewhere between Burton Crescent and Gray's Inn Road, of a modest and unassuming appearance, with a triad of names upon the door-post, surmounted by bell-knobs, and a scutcheonless hole for a latch-key in the door, which bespoke, by its worn and dilated aperture, the late hours kept out of the house by the inmates. It was a little time before Mr. De Robinson's knock was answered ; but at last he contrived to be let in by somebody who chanced to be coming out ; and by their direction mounted to the top story, finding there was nobody to take up his card. But, on entering the room, which bore undeniable traces

of pertaining to a student of the healing art, he was surprised to find it unoccupied, although several hats were lying about, which gave evidence that the lodgers must still be upon the premises, since the general appointments did not harmonise with the idea of a plurality of gossamers. He was about returning, to make additional inquiries, when, upon passing the door of the bedroom, a strain of indistinct melody fell upon his ear, and caused him to stop. The door was open, and upon looking in, he perceived a table in the middle of the room, upon which was placed a deal box, the structure evidently forming the approach to an open trap-door in the ceiling, down which the harmony proceeded. To Mr. De Robinson's West-end ideas, all these arrangements betokened rather a singular style of receiving visitors; but, as there was no other plan left, he climbed up the rather treacherous elevation, and put his head through the aperture, to see what was going on.

Upon the level part of the house-top, between the slopes of the roof, three or four gentlemen were assembled in great conviviality, and costumes of striking ease and negligence, apparently combining, from the evidences that were scattered about, the study of anatomy with the discussion of the commingled. Higher up, and prevented from sliding down the slant of the roof by getting behind a chimney, was Mr. Prodgers, at this precise moment superintending the elevation of something important from the ground below, which was also attracting the attention of the others, so that they did not at first see the new comer. But when the object of their solicitude, which proved to be a large can, was landed upon the coping, Mr. Prodgers turned his head, and observed Mr. De Robinson half way through the trap.

"How d'ye do, sir?" said Mr. Prodgers, with great *bonhomie* and open-heartedness. "Who are you?"

The visitor was somewhat taken aback by this off-hand question, which did not exactly accord with his own notions of etiquette; but he thought it best to be very polite, so he answered,

"I wished to see Mr. Prodgers. I fear I am intruding."

"Not at all, sir,—not at all," returned the other. "Give me your hand. Now then—up—there you are!"

And, thus speaking, he half assisted, half dragged Mr. De Robinson through the aperture, who had some difficulty in keeping his footing upon the bevel of the roof,—but, as soon as he felt safe, observed,

"I took the liberty of calling upon you to know if you could tell me anything of Mr. Johnson: my name is De Robinson."

"Oh!—you are a friend of Ledbury's—very glad to see you. These fellows' names are Tweak—that's Tweak in the gutter—and Simmons, and Simmons's brother, and Whitby. I'm Prodgers; and, now we all know one another, have some beer."

As Mr. Prodgers spoke, he handed the can containing the commingled to Mr. De Robinson. But as that gentleman seldom drank malt liquor, except sometimes mixed with ginger-beer, when he was with some of the Leander men on the river, he politely refused it.

"Perhaps I may offer you some wine," said Mr. Prodgers, "Would you like a glass of cool claret,—sherry,—madeira?"

"Thank you,—no," replied the visitor.

"Well, that is fortunate," resumed Mr. Prodgers, "because we

haven't got any, only it is right to ask. You 'll excuse our free and easy manner: it 's our way."

Mr. De Robinson bowed in token of acquiescence.

"By the way, I remember," continued Mr. Prodgers, speaking with the air of a connoisseur in wines, "I have a glass of fine old Cape down stairs, a dry, fruity wine, that has been three weeks in bottle—may I offer you that?"

"You are very polite," said Mr. De Robinson, faintly smiling. "I never drink Cape."

"We do now and then," said Mr. Prodgers; "fifteen shillings a dozen. Cape of Good Hope we call it, because it may be better some day. I wish you would have some beer."

Thinking it best to accede to his wish, Mr. De Robinson took the proffered pewter, and bowing to the company, put it to his lips.

"This is a remarkably singular spot to meet in," said he, as he finished.

"Ah! you are not used to be on the tiles," said Mr. Prodgers; "we are. We all live on the top floors in this row, and so we get together here by the copings. It 's more convenient than going down into the street, and up again, and saves coats."

Mr. De Robinson looked at the costume of his new acquaintances, and agreed with Mr. Prodgers. For their *tournure* formed a strong contrast to his own, in his low shirt-collar, thin boots, attenuated neckkerchief, and lavender gloves.

"Jack 's gone abroad with Ledbury," said Mr. Prodgers. "But, if you will tell me what you wanted with him, perhaps I can do as well,—unless you have come to hunt up tin," he added, after an instant's pause.

"Oh, no; nothing of that kind," said Mr. De Robinson. "The fact is, my mother is about giving a *fête* at Clearwell, and we heard that Mr. Johnson could put us in the way of hiring some persons to assist at it."

"What, sham servants, green-grocers, milkmen—"

"No, no," interrupted the other; "queer people to exhibit."

"I see," said Prodgers; "what they call *artistes*?"

"I have it," exclaimed Mr. Tweak, with the energy of inspiration. "There 's a man in the accident-ward at the Middlesex, who was once a "whirlwind of the wilderness" in some travelling circus, and afterwards a cab-driver. He 's up to all those dodges."

This appeared such an eligible opportunity of obtaining the desired information, that Mr. De Robinson immediately requested Tweak to be kind enough to interest himself in it. And, at the same time, he begged to offer the present company generally an invitation to the *fête*, should they think it worth coming so far to attend.

Mr. Simmons and his brother, who were going up to "the Hall" next week, tendered a polite refusal, which did not altogether grieve Mr. De Robinson, as they were not exactly *fête* men; but Prodgers and Tweak, who had still two months' grace before they underwent the ordeal, accepted the invitation at once, and promised to do all in their power to rout up some marvellous assistants, at the least possible outlay, as well as to exhibit some mesmeric experiments themselves, if thought desirable. And then, after their visitor had remained a short time with them, for the sake of appearances, so as not to have the look of going away as soon as he had got all that was

wanted, he took his leave ; being once more assisted through the trap, and even escorted down to the street-door by Mr. Tweak, with very great courtesy.

"I tell you what, Tweak," said Mr. Prodgers, as his friend returned, "I can see there is a great deal of fun to be got out of this trip. Let the commingled circulate."

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Caravan of Wonders sets out for Clumpley.

VERY early the next morning Mr. Prodgers and his fellow-student sought the bedside of the "Whirlwind of the Wilderness," in the ward of the hospital, in the hopes of obtaining information relative to the usual haunts and habits of such wonderful people as might be thought eligible to assist at the *frête*. The man, now laid up with a broken arm, had been successively a Bounding Bedouin, a Styrian Stunner, a Chinese Convolutionist, and other surprising foreigners ; and was quite calculated to tell them all they wished, as well as to put them up to what he thought would be the lowest rates of engagement. And so industrious were the *entrepreneurs*, acting upon his suggestions, that, after diving into strange localities, which none but policemen, and medical students accustomed to out-door obstetric practice in low neighbourhoods would ever have invaded, they got together three wonderful men, who could throw fifty consecutive summersets, stand upon each other's heads, and tie themselves in double-knots ; as well as a Wizard of the Nor'-nor'-west, who borrowed sixpences from the crowd, put them in his eyes, made them come out at his ears, and finally lost them altogether, beyond recovery. Mr. Prodgers captured a Fantoccini which he saw exhibiting on Clerkenwell Green ; and Mr. Tweak, in one of his nocturnal meanderings amongst different taverns, engaged a gifted foreigner, who imitated skylarks, sang curious airs, played the tron-bone upon a broomstick, and did various other amazing things, too numerous to be expressed in the limits of any handbill. And then, as these natural curiosities had to be transported, carriage free, to Clumpley, the next question was, how they were to go. To effect this, Mr. Prodgers struck out a bold scheme to be pursued, which none but himself or Jack Johnson would have hit upon.

Unaided, and alone, he sought the distant regions of St. George's Fields, and there, at the end of the Westminster Road, in a colony appropriated to pyrotechnists, spring-vans, and philanthropical institutions, he hired a vehicle ; for in such districts are they to be found. It was not a common van, or waggon, but a regular down-right travelling show, chastely painted externally, red and yellow, picked out with green, and fitted up within in a style of the greatest convenience. There was a brass fireplace in the corner ; lockers all round the sides, to keep snakes in, and for the spectators to sit upon ; a sliding trap in the roof, to let the air in or out, as might seem advisable ; and a grand chintz curtain, to draw across the apartment, and veil the mysteries of the exhibition from curious eyes. He next sought out the man who had taken the "Tourniquets" to Ascot, and stipulated with him for a pair of horses, and his

own services as driver ; and, finally, returned in high feather, to tell Mr. Tweak what he had done, proposing that when they had collected their troop, they should leave London the day before the *fête*, and work their way down, stopping to exhibit wherever it seemed desirable.

"Why, you don't mean to say you are going to keep a show ?" exclaimed Tweak, in the amazement of the first disclosure.

"To be sure I do," replied Prodgers ; "it will be the greatest dodge ever contrived. Nobody knows us on the road, and we may pick up some tin ?"

Mr. Tweak, truth to say, did not see his way very clearly, but his friend appeared in such high spirits about the certain success of the speculation, that he promised to say or do anything he was told, provided he was not expected to tumble on the platform outside.

The intermediate time passed in plans and preparations for the journey, and at last the important day arrived. At an early hour Mr. Prodgers had collected his forces over the water, in the neighbourhood of the place from which he had hired the caravan. They were all punctual, except the two professional gentlemen attached to the fantoccini ; and they had preferred doing a little upon their own account down the road, for which purpose they had started very soon that morning. But this had been done by permission of Mr. Prodgers, who began to assume the air of a theatrical lessee ; and with the express understanding that they were to rejoin the caravan at a particular spot, because the drum and pandæan pipes constituted their sole band, and were essentially necessary to the undertaking.

Last of all, Mr. Prodgers hired, in addition to the caravan, a speaking-trumpet of unearthly proportions, and two enormous pictures of fat girls, and boa-constrictors, to be hoisted up in front, which, he said, resembled a real travelling exhibition, the more from having nothing in the world to do with what was inside. And then, mentally vowing to discard every thought of Apothecaries' Hall, haemoptysis, and the decomposition of the Pharmacopœia, from his brain for three days, he begged Tweak to do the same ; and forth they started in the highest spirits, one thing alone tending to lessen their hilarity, and this was, that Jack Johnson and good-humoured Mr. Ledbury were not of the party.

The three wonderful men who could tie themselves in knots, and who termed themselves the "Children of Caucasus," set off first, preferring to walk and smoke short pipes, having put their bundles in the lockers. On the box of the caravan were seated the driver, who had orders not to go more than five miles an hour, and at his side the foreign Siffleur, who kept him in one continuous trance of admiration by gratuitous specimens of his ability. Inside were Mr. Prodgers and Mr. Tweak, sitting with the door open, that they might see the country as they lumbered on ; and behind the curtain was the Wizard, who had partially shut himself up to arrange some of his wonderful deceptions, which being finished, he came and joined the other two ; whilst on either side was an attendance of little boys, who ran by the show out of London, in the hope of peeping into the interior ; sometimes producing a little temporary excitement by turning over upon their hands and legs like wheels, —it might be in the idea of getting an engagement,—or pitching one another's caps, when they had them, through the open win-

dows, or on to the roof of the caravan. And in this fashion they progressed along the Kennington Road, and finally arrived at Wandsworth, where the horses rested for a short time.

"Well, Mr. Crindle, have you arranged all your traps to your satisfaction?" said Mr. Prodgers to the Wizard as he joined them.

"Quite right, sir, and ready for anything," was the reply of the necromancer, who, out of his magic garments, looked something between an actor and a butler out of place.

"What are you going to do with that barley, Crindle?" asked Mr. Tweak.

"That's for the Well of Diogenes," replied the Wizard, majestically. "It's a fine art, ~~conjuring~~ is, ain't it, sir?"

"Uncommon," answered Prodgers, drawing a congreve along the sole of his shoe; "so's cock-fighting and the cold-water cure."

"But, as I told a gent. the other day, it ain't thought enough of," continued the Wizard Crindle, who was evidently an enthusiast. "It's the patents that burke it. Shakspeare's all very well in his way; but he couldn't do the doll-trick. ~~That's~~ Macbeth to the pancake done in the hat, or the money in the sugar-basin? Answer me that now—what's Macbeth to them?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mr. Tweak: "a great doo."

"Of course," observed the Wizard; "but Shakspeare's going down, sir; he's not the card he used to be; the people begin to cut him, and he'll be at the bottom of the middle pack before long. Then they'll do the real legitimate thing, and no mistake."

"Have you been a conjuror long?" inquired Mr. Tweak.

"A necromancer, sir, all my life," was the answer, "and my father before me; only he came the common hanky-panky line more than the high delusions. I may say that I was born with a pack of cards in my hand."

"What an interesting case to have attended," observed Mr. Prodgers over his pipe. "Are those the identicals?"

"One of those remarkable anomalies of nature, which are ever rising to perplex the physiologist," remarked Mr. Tweak, gravely, and quoting from one of his lectures. "I should say those cards were worth any money for a museum."

"No, sir,—about fifteenpence," answered the Wizard, innocently, whilst he pinched the cards together, and then made them fly from his hand, one after the other to different parts of the interior.

The caravan went leisurely on, now creeping up a steep hill, anon winding round the boundaries of a park, and then turning off from the highway into some fresh green lane, between fields where the yellow sheaves of corn were drying in the sun, or being carted in creaking waggons to the homestead. Mr. Tweak, at every town they arrived at, was nervously anxious to begin their exhibition; but Prodgers said that they were not yet far enough away from the metropolis to unfold their wonders to the public. They stopped at Kingston to lunch, where they also took up the fantoccini men and their company of flexible puppets; and then crossing the Thames, and passing Hampton Court, finally arrived at the first of those pleasant fishing villages which border the Thames beyond this place, at one of which Mr. Prodgers determined to make his first appearance upon any show in the character of its master.

HISTORICAL REMAINS OF THE CASTLE OF ANET.

BY W. LAW GANE.

ABOUT fifteen leagues west of Paris, in the midst of the fertile plains of Beauce, and on the banks of the river Eure, which murmurs gently on through smiling meadows, fringed with willows and poplars, are found among the high grass a few isolated stones, a few fragments of moss-covered marble, which occasionally exhibit the half-effaced sculpture of a royal crown. In some instances, also, can be traced underneath the crown the outline of the double initial H. D. No very profound antiquarian research is required to discover the names indicated by these celebrated initials. Roused by the thousand recollections of love, of history, of poetry, which they awaken in the soul, the traveller cannot refrain from exclaiming, "Henry! — Diana! — this, then, was the scene of their immortal love!"

According to the descriptions of contemporary writers, Anet was once one of those delightful abodes which are almost within the region of romance. Externally, the first object which attracted attention was the magnificent portico, in the architecture of the fifteenth century, composed of columns of the Doric order, surmounted by a temple, and crowned by an elegant and classic tower. Beneath was a set of bronzes, representing Diana as a huntress, surrounded by a pack of hounds in pursuit of a stag. By an ingenious piece of mechanism, at the expiration of every hour these figures were set in motion; the dogs bayed, and the stag struck the hour with his foot. This was designed by Henry the Second, anxious to mark by a prodigy of art the love he bore his fair mistress, Diana of Poitiers. The portrait was modelled by Philabert de l'Orme, and executed by Jean Gougon. The portal, thus graced, was the triumphal arch under which it was necessary to pass to enter the Castle of Anet.

To form an idea of the castle itself, let the reader imagine a vast court-yard in the midst of one of those wonderful palaces of the renaissance, covered with arabesques, initials, emblems, and amorous devices; a palace in which stone, lead, and iron were concealed by a rich artificial veil of lace, pierced only in certain places by the symbolical gold crescent, which sparkled on every tower and turret, and with the royal device written in azure letters: *Donec totam impleat orbem.* On the right of the northern angle let him imagine the lofty tower of a richly ornamented chapel, crowned by an immense iron cross of curious workmanship, which appears to have the palace beneath its holy keeping. It is impossible to convey an idea of the magnificent interior of the chapel in the time of its splendour, or to describe the rich effect of the setting sun on its gorgeous old window, stained by Jean Cousin, after the designs of Raffaelle, or the beautiful tessellated pavement of the nave and choir, the sculptured pilasters, the breathing images, the life-like statues, the walls almost hidden by gold and azure, and in the midst of all these marvels, even in the bosom of the sanctuary, the eternal double initial H. D., surmounted by the royal crown.

At the present day, where all these glories were, the spectator beholds only a solitary waste, the widow of the pompous edifice. The

gardens, once its pride, though now neglected, are still beautiful ; but it is the beauty of nature, which time cannot destroy. The eye wanders tranquilly over verdant groves and meadows, gradually sloping down to the banks of the river, which gives an eternal freshness to the scene. The atmosphere is impregnated with the odours which exhale at night from the bosoms of plants and flowers. All unites in these fairy regions to inspire love, even now that his temple is overthrown.

In the year 1515, when Francis the First, who had just ascended the throne, set out on the conquest of the Milanese, the castle of Anet was still an old feudal manor, sombre and dreary to desolation, and worthy of its tenant, who was no other than Louis de Brézé, Count of Manterrier, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, and, according to Brantôme, one of the most ill-favoured nobles of the French court, although grandson, on his mother's side, to the lovely Agnes Sorrel and Charles the Seventh. Louis de Brézé, in his forty-fifth year, had just married a young lady of seventeen, who had already been spoken of as one of the most accomplished beauties of France. She was one of Queen Claude's maids of honour ; her name was Diana of Poitiers. She was of the blood of one of the noblest families of France ; and her father, Jean de Poitiers, Count de Saint Vallier, whose idol she was, was in high repute for honour and loyalty at the Hôtel des Tournelles.

Count Manterrier departed to accompany the king. The fair seneschale's virtue was preserved, as the phrase then went, for some time intact, although married to an old and ugly husband, and brought up in a gallant court, in which her wit and beauty rendered her the object of universal homage. And if, eight years later, (in 1523,) in an agonizing trial, her virtue yielded, posterity will pardon in Diana of Poitiers a deed which purchased a father's pardon, and redeemed a father's life.

In 1531, after having closed her husband's eyes, the fair seneschale returned to inhabit the Gothic manor of Anet. She fled from a court where she found herself without a protector, and sought an ægis from the attacks of a passion which was already taking possession of her heart. Diana was then scarcely thirty-two, and her beauty was at its highest perfection. When she quitted the Palace des Tournelles, one of the king's sons shed bitter tears : it was the young Duke of Orleans, who reigned subsequently as Henry the Second. He had just completed his fifteenth year.

Shortly after Diana's retirement, the young duke suddenly became very fond of hunting in the forests and plains of Beauce, and frequently, after passing the night at Dreux, wandered whole days in the vicinity of the Castle of Anet. Sometimes he met with the fair lady of the castle *aux chevaux noirs et bouclés*, as Brantôme says, mounted on her light palfrey, and taking her accustomed morning exercise, escorted by her pages and grooms, who could with difficulty follow her in her rapid course. A stately salutation was on such occasions exchanged between the parties, with ill-concealed embarrassment, and they would then pursue their different paths, with blushing faces and troubled hearts. Some time passed thus. At length, one day in May, 1535, the Duke of Orleans made bold to demand hospitality at the Castle of Anet. He was overtaken by a storm, and the town of Dreux was three leagues from the castle.

A few days afterwards, at a *fête* given at court, it was remarked that the Duke of Orleans wore a ring that he had never been observed to wear before. To that ring has since been attributed a magical power, by which Diana of Poitiers obtained complete possession of Henry's heart. The charming widow of Louis de Brézé was herself present at the *fête*, of which she was deemed the fairest ornament. For fifteen years subsequent to this period the Castle of Anet was rarely inhabited. It was the epoch of the rivalry of Diana de Poitiers and the Duchess d'Etampes, the mistress of Francis the First, a contest which divided the whole court; for Henry, by the death of his elder brother Francis, was now become the dauphin of France.

When Diana returned, in 1550, to inhabit the Castle of Anet, a great change had taken place in her fortunes, to judge from the pompous suite by which she was attended. She herself lay carelessly extended in a litter, bearing the royal arms of France, which was escorted by the greatest lords of the kingdom bare-headed. The king himself stood by her side, and the cortege was preceded by a troop of men-at-arms making a passage through the crowd, and crying, "Make way, make way for Madame the Duchess de Valentinois." Francis the First had now reposed two years in the vaults of St. Denis, and Diana no longer feared any humiliation from the proud Duchess d'Etampes. She had herself given the order which banished her rival to her estates.

The old feudal manor of Anet was no longer a suitable residence for the possessor of so noble a fortune. When the cortege reached the end of the drawbridge, and the favourite alighted, three artists respectfully tendered their services. One of them was the architect Philabert de l'Orne, the second the sculptor Jean Gougon, and the third the painter Jean Cousin. Under the hands of this illustrious triumvirate the enchanted palace was destined to rise on the ruins of the old castle, in order that the triumph of art might consecrate in the eyes of posterity the triumph of beauty.

At last the day came when the labours of Philabert de l'Orne, Jean Gougon, and Jean Cousin, were brought to a close. While the court-poets, Dubellay, Ronsard, Lapelletier, were yet celebrating these marvels and the enchantress who presided over them, while every courtier was striving for an invitation to offer incense on her shrine, the Count de Montgomery at once overthrew the pedestal, and destroyed the enchanting illusions.

The 11th July, 1559, which was the second day from the fatal jousts of the Tournelles, the all-powerful Duchess de Valentinois arrived at the Castle of Anet, pale, in tears, and unattended; but still preserving in her sorrow, and the abandonment in which she beheld herself, that proud deportment which characterised her all her life. Henry II. had died the previous day, and in her turn she was exiled, as she had formerly herself exiled the Duchess d'Etampes. Her answer to the messenger of Catherine de Medicis, who delivered her an order to quit the Court immediately, as the king could not live through the day, has been preserved: — "While he lives," she said, "I have no master."

Doubtless, when that lady, who had hitherto been surrounded only by flatterers and admirers, found herself the deserted tenant of her sumptuous halls, it would be supposed that a sorrowful retro-

spection of her past life would creep over her soul. The pious foundation to which she consecrated the latter days of her life, impute to her a wish to reconcile herself to God, and to wipe from the memory of man the scandal created by her former course of life. In the prosecution of this wish death overtook her on the 22nd of April, 1566. Her last wish was, that her body, after being exposed in the church of Les Filles Pénitentes, in Paris, should be removed again to her Castle of Anet. There, previous to the revolution, was to be seen her magnificent mausoleum, which has since been transported to the museum of Les Petits Augustines. Four snow-white marble sphinxes support a sarcophagus, on which the deceased kneels in the attitude of prayer ; her clasped hands reposing on a book, which rests on an altar before her.

Four years subsequent to the death of Diana of Poitiers another beauty was born in a neighbouring castle, that of Cœuvres, near Ivry, destined likewise to become the mistress of a king of France, and to confer on her posterity the sumptuous Castle of Anet. This beauty was Gabrielle d'Estrees. When she gave birth to Cæsar, Duke of Vendôme, she resolved to make his fortune while he was yet in the cradle. With this view, she fixed her eyes on the richest heiress in the kingdom, the Duke of Mercieur's daughter, who, among other estates in her portion, reckoned the castle and domain of Anet. The Duke of Vendôme had scarcely completed his fourth year when the magnificent *fiançailles* were celebrated. In the course of his eventful existence, this son of Henry the Fourth's illegitimate child resided a short time at Anet. It is known that, after being arrested at Blois on the night of the 13th June, 1626, for a share in the conspiracy of Chalais, with his brother, the Grand Prior, he was with him imprisoned in the dungeons of Vincennes ; and that, after three years of cruel captivity, he saw his brother expire before his face. His own fate would no doubt have been similar, had he not consented to bend his knee before Cardinal Richelieu, and implore his clemency. His prayer was granted, and he obtained permission to reside in the Castle of Anet. Thus, the cardinal compelled to bow before his iron sceptre the heads he deemed it useless to strike off.

Soon after this period, Mazarin, who in one of his tours through France had seen and appreciated all the architectural magnificence of the Castle of Anet, was meditating how he might put the broad domain into the possession of his family. The crafty cardinal had nieces enough to engross all the feudal manors in France, without his being obliged to mow off the heads of the castellians. He gave the Duke of Vendôme to understand that the King, then between thirteen and fourteen years of age, would hear with pleasure of the marriage of Mademoiselle Laura Mancini with the grandson of Henry the Fourth and the fair Gabrielle, for the Duke of Vendôme had a son ; the same who subsequently became a priest and a cardinal. The poor duke was bribed not to oppose the commands of a prime-minister ; and the marriage was concluded. From this union was born, in 1654, the celebrated Louis-Joseph Duke of Vendôme, who was destined to add another reminiscence to the Castle of Anet. To this residence retired, to repose from the fatigues of war, that voluptuous descendant of Henry the Fourth, who may justly be reproached for having tarnished by the scandal of his private life, the

glory attached to the name of the conqueror of Barcelona, Leozara, and Villaviciosa. It appeared that, after once quitting the intoxicating atmosphere of battles, a complete metamorphosis was wrought in that great captain ; he passed whole days at Anet in bed, with no other company than a pack of hounds, and a few attendants, with whom he blushed not to get drunk. His equals he treated very differently. Did any nobleman chance to call on him, he was certain to be received in the most haughty and contemptuous manner ; and the duke on such occasions, according to Saint Simon, rarely failed to show his guest how little he thought of his nobility, by seating himself on the *** to receive him.

Once, however, Vendôme opened the gates of his Castle of Anet to the French *noblesse* ; and those walls which had so long re-echoed only the bacchanalian *refrains* of the lacqueys and their master, resounded with the elegant conversation of the *élite* of Versailles, and the divine music of Lulli. This was in 1686. The dauphin came to visit his cousin of Vendôme, and on this occasion was performed the last opera of the *grand maestro* of the seventeenth century, “ *Acis and Galatea*. ” Never since the fall of Diaua of Poitiers had Anet been the scene of such splendid festivities : the palace, the gardens, the statues, were rendered brilliant by thousands of lamps ; the yards and offices were crowded with pages, footmen, and carriages, emblazoned with armorial bearings. When all the brilliant assemblage had dispersed, when the joyous bustle had subsided into silence, the castellan returned to his accustomed life, not without murmuring at the cruel restraint he had been obliged to impose on himself for some hours.

Louis the Fourteenth, who hated in Vendôme a man whose qualities and conduct perpetually insulted the rigorous etiquette that he maintained at his court, knew how to appreciate the Duke’s military talents. At *le Grande Monarque’s* entreaty, Vendôme emerged, in 1702, from his retreat at Anet, to repair the faults of Villeroi in Italy. Eight years later, in 1710, after having refused those of the father, he yielded to the prayers of the son, and accepted the command of the army which restored Philip the Fifth in triumph to the capital which he had quitted as a fugitive. In that glorious campaign of 1710, when the King of both Spains wanted a bed on which to rest his limbs, Vendôme cried, “ *Sire, I undertake to provide your majesty with such a bed as monarch never slept on before !* ” and he brought into the King’s tent the colours taken from the enemy.

Philip the Fifth being restored to his throne, Vendôme’s task was accomplished, and he hoped then to return to France, and rest himself after his fatigues in his Castle of Anet. But this was denied him ; and on the 11th of June, 1712, the great-grandson of Henry the Fourth, the haughty castellan of Anet, the fortunate captain, before whom kings bowed their heads, and asked the assistance of his sword, died on a pallet-bed, abandoned even by his servants, who, seeing him in the last extremity, robbed him, if we may credit Saint Simon, of his very mattress and coverlet, regardless of his supplications not to be left to expire in the straw.

He left no children ; and after the death of his widow, Maria Anne of Bourbon-Condé, to whom he had been married only two years, the Castle of Anet passed by heirship successively through the hands

of the Duke and Duchess of Maine, the Prince of Dourbes, and Count d'Eu ; at length, the children of Louis the Fourteenth having all descended to the tomb, Louis the Fifteenth gave their inheritance to the last of their line, the Duke of Penthievre. How singular was the destiny of the Castle of Anet, which, after having belonged to the grandson of Charles the Seventh and Agnes Sorrel, then to the mistress of Henry the Second, was destined to pass into the possession of the descendants of another favourite, Gabrielle d'Estrees, until, finally, the offspring of the adulterous amours of Louis the Fourteenth and Madame Montespan came to enthron^e themselves in its stately halls previous to descending for ever to the tomb.

It is related that he who survived them all, he who, alone remaining on earth of all that sorrowful family, every member of which he had mourned, still stood amidst all his castles, the Castle of Anet, that of Iceaux, of Vernon, of D'Eu, and so many others,—while the fatal tocsin of '93 was ringing in his ears, loved to walk from tower to tower of all these fair domains, and indulge the sombre melancholy that gnawed his heart. Had he prophetic foreboding that he should be compelled to quit all those wonders of art, nearly the whole of which were subsequently demolished by the republicans ? It was in the Castle of Anet,—in that castle, teeming with the recollections of the prodigality of Henry the Second,—that the famous letter was written, in which the Duke of Penthievre advised Louis the Sixteenth and Queen Marie Antoinette to exchange the splendid tinsel of royalty for garments of sackcloth. The king and queen laughed heartily at the letter,—blind that they were, not to see that the time was come for them to repent indeed.

WHERE IS TRUTH ?

THERE is no truth in the world ! Alas, none ! Truth is strange indeed ! "stranger than fiction." Spirit of Truth, where art thou ? We have wandered far and wide amidst the busy haunts of men, and in the remote and pastoral scenes of rural simplicity, where, as poets sing, "reign truth and innocence ;" but alas ! even there we found thee not. It is said, "Truth lies hid in a well." Even there we looked ; but saw nothing in its lucid stream, but our own sweet face reflected in its waters ; and, as we stooped and gazed, Narcissus-like, upon our own bright form, we deemed that the long-lost treasure was found ; and as we tried to grasp it from its watery-bed, we found it was but shadow, unsubstantial, nothing ; we uprose, and smile^{ed} at our own conceit, and we thought the shadow in the bright waters smiled at us in scornful dignity, and vanished away.

We have heard from the old Latin authors that it was to be found *in vino* ; but, although we have industriously got drunk upon all sorts of wines, from one-and-sixpenny grape to the choicest claret ; yet, despite of all our exertions, we are as far from thee as ever.

We searched for it at the abode of the aristocracy. At its very entrance we found a porter, upon whose well-fed, ruddy face, truth seemed to be enshrined. Here, said we, is Truth ! but no, the poet is right, *fronti nulla fides*. Would you believe it, reader ? the sole business of that very full, round-faced, honest-looking man, that sat

at the threshold, enthroned in the easiest of easy chairs, was to tell lies. He was, indeed, a villainous-liveried falsehood ! and he had been for so long a period accustomed to lie, that he ultimately entirely lost all conception of truth. We innocently asked him, " Thomas, what is truth ? " when he mournfully shook his head ! Talk about " What is taxes, Thomas," after this ?

Come we to the fashionable lady ; why, she would die if her paste-board acquaintance were less than her dear friend, the countess. Oh, the delight of leaving and receiving those cards which are meant to express love, anxiety, condolence, and friendship ; but which, in reality, express nothing less than a downright highly-glazed fib. Being a lady's case, we call it fib ! • When she visits her noble friend, the card is delivered, and the noble hostess receives her fashionable guest in a manner so characteristic of dignity and sincerity, that you can scarcely think it possible that each is as careless of the others' welfare as an entire stranger. See with what a sincere smile each greets the other ! Mark, they kiss ; but, what a kiss ! Why, there is neither health nor warmth in it ! " How well you look ! " rebounds, as it were, from one to the other, whilst each thinks the other very fade ; each directs her envious eyes over the other's dress, seeking, like a foeman, to find a vulnerable place in his antagonist's armour ; but still, however, the " loves " and " dears " roll fluently on, and smile follows smile as unerringly as one wave followeth the other. Again the frigid kiss is given, and they separate with apparent regret, or, in fashionable parlance " tear themselves away from each other's delightful society." Strange infatuation !

The greatest of men-liars are to be found among parliamentary speakers, who embrace the unwashed mechanic before an election, and who promise to keep an eye on his and his family's future welfare. The mechanic shuts one eye, opens his palm, and rushes to the poll to register himself a liar, and a free and an unbribed voter.

The forensic lie is, of all lies, the most difficult, being continually open to contradiction and glaring exposure ; yet do we see men of learning and repute get up and advocate the cause of one whose only strength of argument is in those ridiculous lies called " legal fictions." Another equally-gifted individual rises, and covers over with a flood of eloquence the black character of the prisoner, whom he pronounces a wronged and an innocent man ; and he calls upon the jury, accordingly, to acquit his injured and immaculate client, knowing at the same time he is the greatest villain unhanged ; still do the serious and solemn-looking jurymen, and the magnificent and attentive judge sedately take notes of the eloquent falsehoods, and the usher cries out " silence," that the lie may be more distinctly heard.

The next most peculiar race of liars are men of imagination, who possess horses out at grass, and rifles of unerring quality, which are gone to Twigg's to be greased ; men wearing a real shooting-jacket, and who go to Gravesend in the shooting-season to buy game, and bring it to town by a long coach. They give a dinner, and are in their glory ; every bird has an ornamental as well as a natural tale tacked to it ; and, as the shots roll out on the plate of their guests, they remember the deceased as one of ten brought down in as many minutes, with their friend, Lord T. or G., who has a place in the country, and who never comes to town, and to whom, if he did, they

would introduce you. They lie until they deceive themselves, but no one else.

Your auctioneer, perhaps, of all liars, is the most inventive. With what a grace will he turn a ditch and a few impeding bricks into running waters and a waterfall, a glazed wash-house and a few flower-pots into a conservatory, a lark's turf into a lawn, a few sickly trees, strengthened by three extra legs, into a wood ! What a view of the surrounding country does he promise you, if you only go and see it ! —but he never says how far from home. With what lithographic lies does he delude you out of town ! and how foolish you look, as you try to find in the reality the pictured paradise you hold in your hand ! Why, the lake wouldn't float a washing-tub ; yet there is a party of pleasure sailing on it *in the picture*. This man lies uselessly, you think !—he does not—he has always fish to nibble at his poetical lines—he sells the reality, and gives the purchaser the remaining pictures to send to his friends.

The lies of trade are multifarious ; thousands does the tradesman utter in the course of the day ; black and white lies jostle each other in his windows. Lies stand in gigantic letters at his door-posts—he pays men a shilling a-day to convey his lies on their shoulders. Without a shopman has the power of persuading the public that a base fabric, filled with gum and other glutinous matter, is a stout, everlasting piece of shirting ; or that dogs' hair and rabbits' skins are beaver ; or is not blessed with the fine perception of selling the faded and shop-stained articles at gas light, he is esteemed totally unfit for his situation, and is discharged accordingly,—because, in fact, he is not a good liar.

The lover is perhaps the most excusable of all for his delinquencies,—lunatics not being answerable for their actions, for philosophers have declared that nothing short of absolute insanity could possibly prompt a man to write and rant such rhapsodies as are given vent to during the full moon of his monomania ; about his love lasting as long as the ocean shall roll, or as long as the stars shine in the firmament, &c. &c. &c. The object, the cause of all these lies, he clothes with attributes that would be anything but agreeable in possession, such as eyes of fire, marble forehead, pearly teeth, coral lips, honey tongue, voice of the nightingale, &c. Now, to bring a wife home made up of such materials would be somewhat inconvenient.

In finishing the paper, it behoves us to give a thumping example of deliberate and unnecessary lying. To bring this properly before the reader, we must go as far as Rome, to the holiest city, and to the holies man in that city. This may appear startling at first sight, but it is true. No pope ever sat upon the papal throne without uttering a deliberate lie, which is known to be so by the devout ~~worshiping~~ multitude ; and every expectant cardinal longs only to have the same opportunity of proving himself a most religious liar.

Before the pope is invested with the triple crown, for which he has passed a life of watchful ambition, privation, and heartburnings, he must be apparently forced by his brethren to accept of that greatness, which his profession of humbleness and piety should make him reject,—he is pressed by surrounding hands to hold that power which has been the great object of his life to gain, and utters this deliberated falsehood at the foot of the altar, “ *Nolo*,”—I am unwilling. The world is a round Lie.

THE POPULAR WAR-SONGS OF SWITZERLAND.

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

EVERY nation has its popular poetry, the faithful expression of its character, its habits, and its progress in civilization. But the individuality with which all the early ballads of a people is so strongly marked begins to fade away when intercourse with foreigners increases, and when literature becomes an object of study; grammatical laws are formed as language is developed; the arrangement of words is determined by syntax, and the succession of measured sounds is subjected to the rules of prosody. Poetry, which was originally the spontaneous expression of strong feeling, the unstudied language of vivid passion, has moulds and shapes provided, to which it is irrevocably predestined and predetermined. The artistic poem and the native ballad become separated by distinctions, which every day become broader and stronger; the ballad, banished from castle and hall, sinks lower and lower in the social scale, as education extends, until at length it becomes a Pariah and an outlaw, the heritage of the poacher, the gipsy, and the mendicant, who are, like itself, driven from the pale of legal and organized society. Italy has no popular poetry. "Its fatal heritage of beauty" brought to it a variety of nations, who soon abandoned their own imperfect systems of civilization, in the hope of recovering that of the classic ages, which they learned to appreciate just at the moment when they had completed its destruction. The Italians began where most other nations have ended, with artistic poetry of the highest order;—a literature commencing with a Dante and a Petrarch is not likely to find its way back to the popular chant and rugged ballad.

Switzerland, round which nature has raised mountain-walls, strengthened by barriers of rock, of forest, and of perilous defile, has preserved in the recesses of its valleys the martial strains which celebrate the battles that gave freedom to the cantons, and a name in history to their nation. These ballads form a historic cycle of the Swiss struggle for liberty. They extend over a space of about four hundred years, from the beginning of the thirteenth to the end of the seventeenth century; they are all written in the rude dialect of ancient Switzerland; and the recent attempts that have been made to ~~turn~~ them down to modern German have been complete failures. Many of them have never been edited; and some fragments, recently collected by Mr. Marmier, would lead us to believe that those which remain unpublished are superior in value to those that have appeared in print.

Nearly all the Swiss ballads relate to war. Princes and prelates were united in the oppression of the unfortunate Swiss; but a bad pre-eminence was conceded to the counts of Toggenburg, whose public administration was only rivalled in its horrors by the crimes of their domestic history. It is recorded, that a servant of one of these counts once found a ring belonging to his mistress, which had been stolen by a raven. He placed it on his finger until he could

find an opportunity of returning it ; but, unfortunately, the count happened to recognise the jewel before it could be restored. Without pausing to make an inquiry, and obstinately refusing to hear a word of explanation, he caused the servant to be impaled, and he flung the countess from the window of the castle down a precipice, where she was dashed in pieces. It was against him, and his rivals in cruelty, of Kyburg and Neufchatel, that William Tell and his confederates raised the standard of revolt. Austria was, as ever, the ally of tyranny ; but its chivalry was broken down by the mountaineers at the battle of Sempach, the Marathon of Helvetian freedom.

The ballad on the battle of Sempach has been admirably translated by Sir Walter Scott. The original was written by Zehudi, an honest shoemaker, who took a part in the struggle of that eventful day. He has modestly recorded his name and profession in the conclusion of his song.

Now, would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert, the Souter, is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot
Where God had judged the day.

In the Swiss ballads, the bard usually commences with a brief address to his hearers, and an invocation to God and the Virgin Mary :—

“ Come listen, my brethren, I’ll sing you a lay
Both wondrous and new, of a well-foughten fray.
O God, give assistance,—blessed Mary lend aid,
And Jesus to us be thy mercy display’d.”

As in some of our old English romances, we find the Swiss bards more precise in their statistical details than cultivated poetry permits. Thus in the ballad on the great battle of Morat :—

“ The battle extended o’er two miles of ground ;
The hosts, I assure you, were just two miles round ;
There Burgundy’s duke pranced and boasted in vain,
Soon his best and his boldest lay cold on the plain ;
For our brothers he slaughter’d, such vengeance we found
In the blood of the foemen which flow’d two miles round.”

The unprovoked invasion of Switzerland by Charles Duke of Burgundy, which led to the battle of Grandson, and the still more fatal fight of Morat, has been rendered familiar to most readers by the account which Sir Walter Scott has given of it in “ Anne of Geierstein.” We need, then, only say, that at Grandson Charles lost his fame, and at Morat his life. There is something very characteristic in the coolness with which the bard dwells on the great slaughter of Morat :—

“ How many, you ’ll ask, of the foemen there fell ?
But no one the number precisely can tell.
Sixty thousand brave warriors, they say, the duke led,
With their spears flashing light, and their banners outspread ;
And twenty-five thousand of these, as I guess,
Were slaughter’d or drown’d ;—some say more, some say less.

But this I know well, and believe it you may,
 Only twenty bold Switzers were slain on that day.
 God fought on our side, and exerted his might
 To assist the oppress'd, and establish the right.
 His arm's still extended to shelter, and save
 From tyrants unholy, the pious and brave."

Catalogues of the cities which sent contingents to the army of the confederate cantons are also found in these ballads, and are not very unlike Homer's catalogue of the forces at the siege of Troy :—

" From Friburg came warriors undaunted and bold,
 Whose armour and weapons 'twas joy to behold.
 In each city they went through the crowds gather'd fast,
 To admire and to cheer such fine troops as they pass'd.
 And Willingen spread out its banners of blue,
 And the black flags of Waldshut a shade o'er them threw ;
 And Lindau display'd its rich standard of green,
 And Basle sent its arms to enliven the scene.
 Both Meinsett and Rotwill for war were array'd, —
 As we came near Schaffhausen, there burst from the glade
 The squadrons of Constance, of Ravensburg, Berne,
 Schwytz, Frankfield, Soleure, Zurich, Glaris, Lucerne !"

Veit Weber is the most celebrated of the popular bards of Switzerland. We know nothing more of him than what he has told in one of his ballads. He was a native of Friburg, and an active soldier in the Burgundian wars. He composed the poetical history of all the great battles in which he was engaged ; indeed, his ballads seem more like the fragments of rude epic poems than any other species of composition. His most characteristic work is the account of the expedition to Pontarlin, which he has, unfortunately, spun out to a very unmanageable length. We shall only translate some specimens. It opens with a pretty picture of Swiss scenery :—

Oh long, very long Winter lengthens his day ;
 We hear not the song of the birds from the spray ;
 They are silent and sad in the groves and the bowers,
 Awaiting the coming of spring-time and flowers !

But when the first birds on the branches were seen,
 And the hedge changed its brown for a mantle of green,
 The trumpet of war blew its blast o'er the land,
 And summon'd the brave to the patriot band !

— There was arming and bustling, confusion and haste,
 The battalions were form'd, and line-of-march traced ;
 But when once in the field, the proud duke we defied :—
 At peasants no longer he laugh'd in his pride.

We came on so proudly through Burgundy's states,
 That we soon forced Pontarlin to open its gates ;
 And the women, at morn dress'd in colours so bright,
 Were making the dark weeds of widows ere night.

The foreigners, frantic, came forward in force ;
 They number'd twelve thousand of foot and of horse :
 They assaulted us fiercely to gain back the town,
 But their vaunts and their boastings were soon cloven down !

Our Swiss sprung upon them with blow upon blow,
Till never was seen such a wide overthrow ;
From the ramparts their banners and pennons were thrust,
And lay all unheeded, defiled in the dust !

The wild bear of Berne put forth his sharp claws,
And bristled his mane up, and grinded his jaws ;
He came with his cubs, who of thousands were four,
And the foreigners trembled on hearing his roar !

Be warn'd, duke of Burgundy ! timely beware,
Nor venture to mate thee with Berne's fierce bear ;
See his teeth, see his claws, his cubs eager for prey ;
Haste ! haste ! save your lives, and get out of his way.

They would not take warning ; the bear rose in wrath,
And soon through their ranks forc'd a terrible path,
And, though the Burgundians were full four to one,
The bear and his cubs soon compell'd them to run !

And still the bear roar'd, until, borne on the gale,
It's echo had reach'd the brave burghers of Basle ;
And they said, since the bear is come out of his den,
We must go and assist him with all of our men.

Then prais'd be the warriors of Basle and of Berne,
Nor pass we in silence Soleure and Lucerne ;
They came without summons our dangers to share,
And bravely they fought by the side of the bear !

Thus strengthen'd, to Grandson our armies were led,
As the knights and the nobles of Burgundy fled.
We girdled the town, and our musketry's din
Never ceas'd night or day, the proud fortress to win !

On the morning of Sunday the place we assail'd :
Its gates were forced open, its ramparts were scal'd ;
The banner of freedom soon stream'd from its towers,
And announc'd to the duke that proud Grandson was ours !"

The poet then describes, with all the precision of a gazette-extraordinary, the capture of the several minor forts in the vicinity of Grandson ; there is but little of interest or variety in any of the details.

According to the poet, the Swiss were astonished at the extent of their own success, which they piously ascribed to the aid which the god of battles had given to the cause of justice and freedom. This religious feeling was probably increased by the presence of the Swiss clergy, for all the priests who were able to bear arms served in this patriotic war, as they had done in the first great insurrection against the Normans. Veit Weber does not give such prominence to the clerical warriors as the patriotic shoemaker in his description of the battle of Sempach ; perhaps there is no ballad containing so striking an instance of sardonic derision as that which the Sempach bard sets forth as an answer to the invaders when they wished to confess, and receive absolution, before encountering the fierce mountaineers.

“ Now list ye lowland nobles all,
 Ye seek the mountain strand ;
 Now, wot ye what shall be your lot
 In such a dangerous land ?

“ I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins
 Before ye further go ;
 A skirmish in the Helvetian hills
 May send your souls to woe.”

“ But where, now, shall we find a priest,
 Our shrift that he may hear ?”

“ The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,
 He deals a penance drear.

“ Right heavilly upon your head
 He 'll lay his hand of steel,
 And with his trusty partisan
 Your absolution deal.”

Veit Weber's religious allusions are of a more reverent character.

Oh, had not God aided, such towns and such towers,
 And castles so mighty had never bee~~n~~ ours ;
 But though his assistance and help we discern,
 We still must give praise to the brave men of Berne.

For the war-cry had rous'd the old bear from his den,
 And now that it's over he's gone back again ;
 “ May God giv~~e~~ him pleasure and peace in his glen,
 Is the song and the pray'r of Veit Weber.”—Amen.

The Swabian war, less terrible in appearance, but longer and more disastrous than that of Burgundy, afforded few subjects of gratulation to the national poets. The race of bards, indeed, survived the race of heroes and patriots, but they had to appeal to the memory of the past, or to its vague traditions, instead of reciting deeds of contemporary valour. The thrill of interest, which rhapsodies had excited when the sights described were in men's day, and at their door, could not be again called into existence by tales of days gone by, or recitals of events in a foreign land. The ballad was admired, applauded, and forgotten.

A simple legend reveals to us the popular feeling in favour of the national bards when their art had lost its importance, but not its hereditary respect,—a case more common than is generally believed. At such a crisis of every art, the duty of supporting its professors is recognised, but men are anxious to shift off the obligation from themselves, and throw it upon the bounty of heaven. The tale goes, that a wandering minstrel, who had been once accustomed

“ To pour to lords and ladies gay
 His unpremeditated lay,”

found the public taste rapidly deteriorated, so that, on one occasion when he tried to obtain a hearing in some city, every door was shut in his face, and his best songs failed to give him chance either of lodging or supper. In his distress he sought shelter in one of the churches; near the high-altar stood an image of St. Cecilia, the patroness of poets and musicians, which pious votaries had loaded with jewels and precious ornaments, from head to foot. The poor bard knelt before her shrine, sung to her several of his best ballads, and

became so excited with the enthusiasm of his art, that he danced to the music of his lyre at the end of each stanza, as he had been used to do in the days of his joyous and poetic manhood. St. Cecilia had not been honoured with such music for many a long day, and feeling herself particularly gratified by such a musical treat, she, that is to say, her wooden statue, stooped down, took off one of her shoes, which was made of solid silver, and handed it to the distressed musician. "Specious," if not special, "miracles," according to Horace, have been bequeathed to all strolling bards by their great ancestor, Homer; the Swiss minstrel took the matter as coolly as Achilles did the lugging by the ear, and the hearty cuffs bestowed upon him by Minerva, as gentle hints not to be too hasty in temper. He departed with the shoe to the city, pledged it at the nearest tavern, and had a supper and bed fit for a prince. Long before he woke the next morning the guardians of the church had missed the shoe. A cry of sacrilege was raised, the police were on the alert, pawn-brokers and tavern-keepers were duly interrogated, and the delinquent was soon found. He was dragged from his pleasant dreams before the tribunal of the magistrate, charged with the theft, convicted, and on the point of being sentenced to immediate execution. He requested that one favour should be granted him, permission to sing another song to St. Cecilia, whose exquisite taste in music had given him greater delight than her dangerous present. There were, probably, no vagrant laws in Switzerland at the time, for rags and poverty did not afford sufficient evidence for hanging a man without benefit of clergy; the minstrel was taken to the church, accompanied by a "Constable's Miscellany" more numerous and varied than the series of volumes which bear that name. He sung once more to her holiness, and she, with becoming generosity, stooped down before the wondering crowd, and presented him with the other silver shoe, in the sight of the entire multitude. Of course he was honourably acquitted, borne in triumph through the town, and enriched by a subscription, which placed him above want for the rest of his life.

The generosity of the saints formed an excellent excuse for the stinginess of the sinners; so soon as the legend got abroad, unfortunate bards were referred to St. Cecilia for relief of their wants; but as she found that her silver shoes had been replaced with untanned leather, as a gentle hint from her votaries that she must not indulge in *bootless* generosity, the saint never repeated her boon, and the patronage of Swiss poetry was at an end.

This legend belongs to the age of the Swabian war, when the bards, though remunerated, were respected; but the next age ~~the~~ held poets proscribed as a nuisance, when religious wars and religious fanaticism rendered the insanity of dulness triumphant in every valley of the Alps. Sermons and libels, generally not easy to be distinguished from each other, could alone obtain a hearing; the martial songs of the ancient days were set aside for discussions on sublapsarianism, supralapsarianism, and all the varieties of *ism* with which it has pleased controversialists to trouble the world, and thus the Swiss ballads, unlike those of most other European people, have failed to become the basis of a national literature.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN :
OR,
A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CRIMINAL'S LAST HOURS.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow ;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE tone in which the extraordinary declaration (which was related in our last chapter) was made by Teresa Gray,—the flashing of the eye which accompanied it,—the glow of feverish excitement which lit up the hard, fierce features of the speaker; the lofty and almost exulting attitude in which this desperate woman awaited my answer, took from me for a moment the power of reply. Recovering myself, I added, quickly,

“This is not fitting language for one so soon to appear in the presence of her Maker: I must check it at once, and firmly. Your confession, repulsive as were many of its parts, I would not interrupt, because it *was* your deliberate record of your bypast life. *That* is fast closing on you; and now of the future alone must you speak, and I warn you.”

“Useless!” cried she, with an impatient gesture, “utterly and wholly useless!”

“Do I, then, understand you to reject all belief in a future state? Do you hold that there are no rewards—no punishments?”

“Oh no! HE punishes—punishes severely—punishes bitterly. I have felt the misery of His frown. Nothing has prospered—nothing has thriven with me since that deed of blood. Wherever I sought to hide my guilty head disaster met me. But for the ban of THE SUPREME, I should not be here, and *thus*! Yes, HE punishes, but—not for ever!”

It was in vain that I addressed myself to the task of bringing safer and sounder views to bear upon her mind. Her attitude was that of attention; but her thoughts were far, far away from those prison-walls. At length, rousing herself from a long reverie, she said, frankly and emphatically,

“The topic is irksome to me; I have incurred the hazard, and I must abide the penalty!”

The last morning of her earthly existence arrived. She had slept, I was told, much and calmly during the night; and, when roused at six by the watchers, expressed herself “greatly refreshed by eight hours of unbroken rest,” and then rose and dressed herself with remarkable alacrity. At seven I saw her again; she looked frightfully pale, and her features had the fixedness and rigidity of marble; but neither tear nor sigh escaped her. Her nerve was fully equal to her hour of ex-

tremity. She replied promptly to a question I put to her, and then made it her last request that I would abstain from touching upon *any* religious topic!

Meanwhile the hum of the dense multitude gathered around the building was distinctly audible even in the prison; and the depressing effect of that low, booming, deepening murmur, heard at such an hour, and under such circumstances, none can estimate save those who have listened to it. At eight the melancholy procession began to move. As the criminal was on the point of joining it, the under-sheriff, by the express wish, it was understood, of the judge, stepped forward and asked her whether she acknowledged the justice of her sentence?

"I assert now," was her reply, firmly and distinctly given, "as I have done from the first, that neither directly nor indirectly had I any knowledge or share in Mr. Ampthill's death. If he died by poison, it was neither mixed nor presented by me."

The querist seemed disconcerted by her reply, and was apparently about to remodel his question, when the prisoner abruptly turned from him with "Enough of this! Gentlemen, I am ready. I would fain shorten this bitter hour."

Another minute, and we stood upon the drop.

Mine has been a chequered life; many have been the painful scenes I have had to witness, and many my distressing recollections of the gloomy past; but never did I feel more sensibly the painfulness of my unenviable appointment than when I stood beside that wretched, but most determined, woman. The bearing of the prisoner, the crime for which she was condemned, the doubt which hung over her case, the sullen, deep, and swelling roar of the mob,—a roar in which no word could be accurately caught, and no voice was distinctly audible, but which, if I understood at all its strange and peculiar monotone, betokened hostility and impatience,—each and all of these attendant circumstances aggravated the horror of the scene.

It was as I expected. The moment she made her appearance a yell of exultation burst from the heaving, restless, excited multitude below. It was no partial expression of feeling,—it was not the spleenetic ebullition of a few coarse-minded and merciless individuals,—it was loud, vehement, and general. Had her personal appearance been prepossessing,—had she been youthful or handsome,—had she looked gentle and resigned, I am persuaded, so capricious is the feeling of a mob, that her reception would have been less ferocious and appalling; but the spectators thought that in her marked and repulsive visage they recognised the features of a ruthless murderer, and vented that opinion in the manner most consonant to their convictions.

She felt this. "And they too condemn me!" was her remark,—"thirst for my blood—are eager to witness my dying struggles. Be it so! Be quick, sir," said she, addressing the hangman; "these *worthy* people are impatient, and I love not their company."

The fatal noose was placed around her neck—a handkerchief was put into her hand. The under-sheriff and his party retired; but still I hovered near her. The pale lips moved, I hope—I will ever hope—in prayer. The words "mercy—pardon," faintly reached me. Was that proud spirit at length bending before its Maker? Did it pass away in accents of prayer and supplication? I trust so. I watched her every movement with intense and painful earnestness, but not

long. A few seconds, and she gave the fatal signal, and passed, amid the execrations of her fellows, into the dread presence of her Maker!

* * * * *

Vivid and extraordinary is the feeling,—and a kindred confession will, I think, be made by all chaplains,—which arises in the breast of a spiritual director towards a condemned criminal. It is not, indeed, that in the peril of the man's position you forget the nature of his crime, or lose, in your sorrow for the individual, your abhorrence of his practices; but in his hazardous condition you find a source of intense and abiding interest, which would have arisen under no other circumstances. He is an object on which your thoughts perpetually dwell; again and again does the question recur whether "**ALL** has been done that could be done *by you*, to inform him, console him, prepare him?" And if his state of mind be unsatisfactory, if he evince no symptoms of repentance, and betray no emotions of shame and regret, this feeling deepens into an excess of the most irritable and ungovernable anxiety. Beset by it, weeks elapsed before I could banish from my memory the closing scene of Teresa Gray, and the state of mind in which she met it. The mooted question pursued me, "Was her dying declaration true,—and she herself, as she averred, wholly innocent?—or did she pass into eternity with a lie upon her lips, and was she Ampthill's cool and malignant murderer? The evidence was wholly circumstantial; but was it not possible for judge and jury to be alike misled? If so, who is the guilty party, and what the temptation to so foul a crime?

These emotions of irritation and uncertainty were not permitted to subside by the strange rumours which, from time to time, reached me. I learned that, within a month after Teresa's execution, Ampthill's widow married a labourer on the farm, a man of drunken habits and depraved character. Further inquiries led me to believe the report well-founded that she had been this fellow's mistress during her husband's lifetime. He treated her—the result would have been extraordinary had it been otherwise—with great contempt and cruelty; and, on her remonstrating with him for his extravagance and excess, was more than once heard to reply, "Keep a civil tongue in your head, mistress, or some day I may be tempted to tell a tale that will hang you." Whether this remark had any reference to her former husband's fate her own conscience could best determine; but, be its bearing what it might, it invariably silenced her.

I was musing one morning on these, and similar well-authenticated statements, and had half persuaded myself that they cleared up much that was mysterious in Teresa Gray's defence, when a middle-aged cousin paid me a passing visit, *en route* for the Midland Circuit. I told him my misgivings as to the issue of the late trial, adding, "the real version will yet be given to us: murder will out."

"A popular, but fallacious saying," was his reply. "Many a murder has been committed of which the perpetrators have escaped detection: witness my poor uncle Meddlycott. What a strange fate was his, and still enveloped in mystery!"

"Tell it me, by all means," I cried, "if it were only to change the current of my thoughts, and divert me from my late painful duties."

His rejoinder was brief.

"Its details are gloomy, but most of them extraordinary; and remember, *all of them are TRUE*. Thus they run!—"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FOREIGN AMBASSADRESS.

IN the town of Ilfracombe, one of the sweetest and most picturesque of the many lovely watering-places which line the Devon coast, there lived, some twenty years ago, a Mr. Meddlycott, "a general practitioner."

His reputation with the ladies stood high. He had had the honour of bringing into the world half the squirearchy of his district, and was considered by all the candle-loving gossips for fifty miles round as a "*very famous man.*" Years and infirmities had stolen upon him, and he was meditating a retreat from the more active duties of his calling, when, one Christmas eve, he received a letter, bearing the London post-mark, requesting him to be "without fail in or near Ilfracombe the ensuing day, when a lady from a considerable distance would reach it, for the *express* purpose of consulting him."

Never did a letter assail more successfully the foibles of the party to whom it was addressed.

"My fame, then, has reached the metropolis!"—so ran the gentle whisper of gratified vanity.—"A lady from a considerable distance,—London, without doubt,—desires to consult me. A person, unquestionably, of consideration, from the handsome inclosure which the letter contains. Ah! sooner or later merit is appreciated even in this world!"

And with this soothing apothegm Mr. Meddlycott smoothed down his waistcoat, and sallied forth on his usual rounds with a countenance beaming with self-complacency.

Christmas day arrived, dark, dreary, and tempestuous,—mid-day, without one glimpse of sun, had passed,—and twilight had given place to a night of pitchy darkness, without bringing any tidings of the expected arrival. The heading of the letter, "*strictly confidential,*" had excluded Mrs. Meddlycott from all knowledge of its contents; and the doctor, having fumed and fidgeted for a couple of hours in a way that irritated his helpmate's curiosity almost beyond endurance, was about to retire to rest, when a ring at the bell was heard, and a note handed in. Its contents ran thus:—

"*Mrs. Mackenzie is arrived, and wishes to see Mr. Meddlycott immediately.*"

"12, Ocean Place."

A few minutes sufficed to bring the doctor to one of the quietest, most secluded, and yet comfortable lodging-houses, near the bay; on reaching which, he was ushered into a small drawing-room, where, veiled and in travelling costume, sat a lady. She was evidently a foreigner; spoke English imperfectly, and with difficulty. Her age appeared about forty, and her look, and manner, and bearing all indicated the woman of refinement and high-breeding.

There was a pause, of evident and painful embarrassment, when Mr. Meddlycott entered, during which the stranger scanned him as if she would read his inmost soul. There was something in the expression of her eye so merciless, stern, and defying, that Mr. Meddlycott shrank involuntarily from its scrutiny.

"I am about to intrust to you, sir, the life of one who is very dear

to me. Her situation will speedily demand the exercise of your well-known professional skill ; and I throw myself confidently on your sense of honour. Before I introduce you to my charge, promise me solemnly and sacredly, as in the presence of God, that the circumstances under which you meet, and the professional services you may have to render her, shall never be divulged to human being."

The doctor hesitated.

" Such a pledge is most unusual," he remarked, " and—"

" I am aware of it," said the lady, earnestly ; " but, under present circumstances, it is indispensable. Your discretion shall be duly recompensed. Unless that pledge be given, here our interview must terminate."

" What object is my silence to serve ?"

" That of concealing the shame of a distinguished family," observed the lady, bitterly. " You are yourself a father, and the honour of a daughter is inconceivably dear to you. Need I say more ?"

Mr. Meddlycott's feelings were touched : his vision became suddenly indistinct ; but it was not the keenness of the evening air which had filled his eyes with water. The lady observed and pursued her advantage ; and, before the interview closed, the required promise was again exacted and acceded to.

On the third day after the stranger's arrival, a hasty summons from Ocean Place again brought Mr. Meddlycott's activity into play, and added fresh fuel to the curiosity of his portly lady. On this occasion he was introduced to a fair, gentle, dove-eyed girl, whose years appeared barely to exceed sixteen, and whom he did not quit till, after many hours' peril, he left her the mother of a very noble boy. Early the following morning, when Mr. Meddlycott was on the point of starting to visit his youthful patient, he was greeted with the astounding intelligence that the whole party had quitted Ilfracombe at daybreak ! The house, hired for a month, had been paid for the preceding evening ; no account was left outstanding ; every article for house-consumption had been paid for on delivery. They seemed to have vanished without leaving any clue to their name or history ; for their only attendant had been an elderly female, a German, unable to speak a single word of English.

A sealed packet was left in charge of the owner of the house, addressed to Mr. Meddlycott, by whom it was eagerly opened. It contained a bank-note for fifty pounds, and the following brief memorandum :—

" Your skill and attention will never be forgotten ; the inclosed testifies but inadequately my sense of both. A similar sum will reach you yearly, so long as you are faithful to the trust reposed in you. Be silent and prosper. Be inquisitive and—

" M."

Mrs. Meddlycott's amazement at learning that the foreigners had quitted Ilfracombe was unbounded and genuine. For a full hour she sat lost in conjecture. " Who could they be ? Which was the invalid ? Were they sisters ? or mother and daughter ? or aunt and niece ? What had brought them to Ilfracombe ? What had driven them from it ? Was her husband in the secret ? How many, and whom, did that secret involve ?"

She thought and thought till she was in a perfect fever of curiosity. Twenty times a-day did her dear gossips ask her for an explanation of that mysterious arrival and departure, and as many times had she the painful mortification of confessing that she was as much in the dark as themselves ! In vain did she betake herself to that high settee in that portentous bow-window which commanded the main street of Ilfracombe,—that conspicuous and dreaded observatory, in which so large a portion of her life was passed,—in which so many reputations had been murdered, so many “facts” promulgated which never had had the slightest foundation, — so many marriages announced as “certain,” which had never been contemplated,—so many conversations repeated which had never taken place. Oh ! if those walls could have spoken, what a budget of scandal would they not have disclosed !

Nor was Mr. Meddlycott less uneasy on his part. A very painful suspicion had taken possession of his mind. The departure of the foreigners from Ilfracombe had been described to him by an eye-witness clearly and distinctly enough. They had quitted it, as they had reached it, in a dark green travelling-carriage, without crest or armorial bearing of any description. The younger lady seemed a great invalid, and was carefully muffled up. She was carried, rather than assisted, into the vehicle, the blinds of which were instantly drawn down. The elder lady gave the necessary directions relative to the arrangement of the luggage and their intended route ; while the whole attention of the German waiting-woman seemed devoted to the comfort of her youthful mistress.

But where was the child ?

No description of their departure made any mention of this appendage ; nor did Mr. Meddlycott, bearing his promise of secrecy in painful remembrance, dare to put a direct and open question on the point. The more he reflected on the occurrences of the last eight-and-forty hours, the more uneasy did he become. The gleam of that cold, hard, remorseless eye, when the crisis of the mother’s agony came on, the beseeching look of the younger female, the scowl with which that look was answered by the elder,—the muttered imprecation with which she received the helpless infant from the doctor’s hands,—the grasp with which she clutched it, as if she could have wrung its little neck, and exulted in the deed,—all these minute circumstances recurred to the medical man’s mind, and rendered his repose unusually restless and broken. “I wish I had never seen the parties !” was his hearty, but involuntary, ejaculation, as he turned himself for the twentieth time on his uneasy pillow.

“ You have been doing something which you ought not,” instantly replied his wary helpmate, who had been watching him with the most intent observation. “ A guilty conscience needs no accuser. Don’t tell me to the contrary,” she continued, perceiving that Mr. Meddlycott meditated an interruption ; “ I’m not to be deceived. Don’t suppose that I wish to know. Thank God, I’m not inquisitive. That weakness does not run in *my* family !”

“ Oh ! oh ! oh !” said Mr. Meddlycott, involuntarily.

“ Keep your dreadful secrets to yourself, if such a course you deem decent or justifiable towards such a woman as myself. Some day, Mr. Meddlycott,—some distant day you will know my value.”

“ A very distant day !” said the doctor,—but, as he was a man of peace, *sotto voce*.

Early the following morning the attack was renewed.

"Henry, dear, *do* tell me who *were* those people in Ocean Place?"

Henry, dear, was in a moment in the arms of Morpheus!

"What an inveterate sleeper!" cried the inquisitive lady; "but I will unravel this mystery, if his nap lasts short of doomsday!"

"Henry, dear," was resolved she should not, and took his measures accordingly.

"Mrs. Meddlycott," said he, when the breakfast had been removed, "you once wished to possess that China dinner-service at Eardley's; do you covet it still?"

"Do I?" she returned, bitterly; "can I help it? Such a bargain—so perfect—the very thing I want! And such splendid dinner-sets as Mrs. Amy Chichester, and the Hoggs of Appledore, and Mrs. Bencraft of Barnstaple duly parade before me at their yearly dinners; while the vile old delph I am obliged to use almost breaks my heart when I set my eyes on it! Want a dinner-set! What woman in Ilfracombe wants one more? And such a bargain!"

"It is yours."

"Mine! Now, Mr. Meddlycott, you are trifling with my feelings, and it is most ungenerous and unjust!"

"It is yours, I repeat,—on one condition."

"Name it!" said she, eagerly; and her eyes sparkled with expectation.

"That you NEVER allude to those foreigners, *in* my presence or *out* of it, again."

There was a pause. Mrs. Meddlycott felt this was a very trying moment. Her inquisitive spirit, which no difficulties could subdue, her love of mystery,—the keenness with which she hunted down a secret,—the pledges which she had given to her sister gossips that she "would NEVER REST till she had probed the very bottom of that Ocean Place affair;" all these rose in distinct array before her. But then—the splendid and long-coveted dinner-service,—the go-by which she could, in consequence, give to Mrs. Amy Chichester, and Mrs. John Bremridge, and others of her contemporaries, who had dared to contest the *pas de ton* with her; the triumph with which she should submit it to their inspection; the envy which would almost choke them as they ate off it; these feelings were balm to her anxious spirit.

"I promise," said she faintly; "and you know when I promise I perform."

"Admitted—admitted," cried the doctor; and on the following morning the dinner-service was in Mrs. Meddlycott's possession.

Years rolled on; and punctually did the promised sum arrive. Nor was this all. When the doctor's eldest daughter was married, a bank-bill for twenty pounds, in an envelope bearing the Paris post-mark, made its appearance, on which was a pencilled memorandum, "Towards the bride's *trousseau*." When his second son was on the eve of sailing for India, a similar sum was forwarded under a similar post-mark, directed in the same small, neat, feminine hand, "Towards the young man's outfit." It was clear that there was a sleepless vigilance exercised in some unknown quarter over Mr. Meddlycott's domestic arrangements; which, though productive of specific advantage, caused at times a feeling of vague, but most disagreeable apprehension to over-cloud that worthy gentleman's mind.

Other changes were at hand. Soon after the cadet's departure for

Bengal, the angel of death called for Mrs. Meddlycott. She belonged to the "Independent" congregation: and the deacons of that body duly attended her. They remarked one evening, as she was drawing near her end, that her's had been a highly-favoured career, that her husband had been kind and amiable, and her children dutiful and prosperous, and that her own health up to that very illness had been perfectly uninterrupted.

"All have their trials," was her brief comment.

"True; but you——"

"I have had mine! That mystery in Ocean Place I could never penetrate, though I tried for years at it! But now *all is as one!*" Her favourite expression when thoroughly foiled.

"But that matter is really beneath consideration — quite a trifle — utterly unimportant."

"You think so?" said she, quickly; "I don't; and never did. It is carefully cloaked, I grant you: some day or other, however, an awful mystery will be unravelled there!"

"But you die happy?"

"I should have died happier could I have divined what those foreigners came to Ilfracombe about! And then, they left it at such an extraordinarily early hour! How it has puzzled me!"

These were her last words: and, as Mr. Quaint, the Independent minister, observed, "*they were not edifying.*"

The resignation with which Mr. Meddlycott met his loss was quite exemplary. He was never heard to utter a single murmur! "It was his duty," he said, "to acquiesce readily and cheerfully. There never was such a woman." That all Ilfracombe admitted. But when he finished off by saying that he "could never hope to replace her," there were some ladies of a certain age who thought that quite a "*non sequitur.*"

To dissipate his grief, he determined, for the first time in his life, to visit London. It was May: town was full: and, as he was looking about on the, to him, unusual bustle, he ran against a respectably-dressed woman, to whom he began forthwith to apologise. The female started when she heard the sound of his voice; and, when he had finished his sentence, looked up in his face with an expression of downright terror, which to him was inexplicable. He commenced his excuses *de novo*: the party uttered no word of reply: but, with a countenance of ashy paleness and a quivering lip, turned abruptly from him, and was soon lost in the crowd. The demeanour of the woman annoyed him; and the more, as he fancied that her features were not strange to him: but where, or under what circumstances they had previously met, he was unable to recal.

"My bluff North Devon face frightened the lady," said he as he detailed the rencontre to a friend. "My pretensions to good looks were always questionable; but that my visage in my old age actually alarms a woman does indeed afflict me!"

"London women are not famed for timidity," said his companion drily. And this rejoinder dismissed the subject.

Two days afterwards Queen Adelaide held a drawing-room. Anxious to obtain a glimpse of that matchless beauty so peculiarly the characteristic of the British female aristocracy, Mr. Meddlycott bribed high for the possession of a window within the palace, which commanded an

uninterrupted view of the company as they alighted from their carriages, and succeeded.

Those who had the privilege of the *entrée* came first: and foremost amongst these was one whose features riveted his attention. She was young, and very beautiful; the small and exquisitely-moulded features; the swan-like neck and marble brow; the soft and pleading expression of eye that, once seen, could not easily be forgotten, recalled her at once to his recollection as his foreign and mysterious patient at Ilfracombe. The years that had intervened since they met had only added fullness to her form, and dignity to her carriage; the same mild, calm, gentle, bewitching look of innocence was visible, and hallowed the shrine in which it dwelt.

“Who is that lady?” said he to a bystander.

“I don’t recollect the name at this moment; but she is a foreign ambassadress; and that stern, dark, harsh-looking man, by her side, is her husband. Lovely as she looks, she is said to be an unhappy wife.”

“Oh! the old story, I presume—a faithless husband? ‘He loved, and he rode away!’ Eh?”

“No; she is childless; and, on the count’s death without issue, his name becomes extinct.”

“*Childless!*” repeated Mr. Meddlycott, and fell into a reverie, which was anything but agreeable. The next morning he returned to Ilfracombe.

He found that during his absence his place had been so successfully supplied by his son, and that matters altogether wore so satisfactory an appearance, that he resolved to carry into effect his long-cherished project of retiring altogether from his profession, and becoming a gentleman at large.

The house in Ocean Place, which the foreigners had so temporarily occupied, was vacant, and to be sold. He liked the situation, and its easy distance from the bay; gave a fancy price, and became the proprietor. Poor man! He little foresaw at that moment the results by which that acquisition was to be accompanied. The house was nicely fitted up; and, with the exception of re-papering a room intended for his own study, no outlay seemed necessary. But when did the owner of a property recently acquired settle quietly down into the conviction that no alteration was requisite?

Mr. Meddlycott’s anxiety to detect imperfections, and remedy deformities, had been but imperfectly gratified, when late one evening it struck him that the hearthstone of the kitchen fire-place did not lie altogether square and even, and he resolved that then and there—all the servants being in bed—he would himself raise the block, and ascertain the intervening obstacle. He accomplished his task with infinite difficulty; and, as a reward, discovered *the skeleton of a male infant!*

Here was a prize for honest industry! This was curiosity obtaining its own reward! So much for an anxious and inquiring spirit! “The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!”

Mr. Meddlycott was sleepless that night, and the next.

“Curse the child!” said he, audibly, when he rose fagged and jaded the second morning; “it came into the world, I believe, for no other purpose than to perplex me! And yet,” said he, when the calm, still

voice of reason obtained audience, "after all, it is but a case of suspicion. It does not necessarily follow that these are the remains of that infant which I brought into the world, but could never afterwards trace. They may be those of the child of some other woman. Fifty different parties have inhabited the house since that eventful evening. Again, why may not this child have died a natural death, and been secreted here, from the pressure of poverty, and from no improper or murderous motive? One point, however, is most satisfactory, and that is, that the late Mrs. Meddlycott is gone to her rest. Had this discovery taken place during the lifetime of that exemplary woman, and come in any shape under her cognizance, all Ilfracombe, nay, all Devon, would have rung with her righteous indignation. Such were her rigid notions of propriety; the necessity she felt of making an example of all unfortunate females; such her impression that the law of the land should be duly obeyed, and all sin and wickedness made to fly before it, that I do verily believe she would have hung me up before my own door as an accessory after the fact. Well! there is balm in every bottle, if we but shake it. 'I said when Mrs. M. died, '*there was much to be thankful for.*' I retain the same opinion."

But this was not the invariable current of his reflections upon the subject. There were moments when the most painful surmises agitated his mind. "Am I justified in maintaining my studied reserve on the subject? These monies which have from time to time reached me, are they the price of blood? My promise of secrecy was undoubtedly given: am I, at no period, and under no circumstances, justified in recalling it? This last discovery—is it proper, professional, or creditable, to observe unbroken silence respecting it?"

These were reflections which ever and anon occurred to and harassed him. His friends observed a marked difference in his spirits and demeanour. He grew nervous, restless, irritable; and at times would wake up out of apparently a most painful reverie with the unintelligible ejaculation, "That most abominable child!" To change the scene, divert his thoughts, amuse and interest him,—for the mind, his friends imagined, was overtired, as well as the bodily frame weakened,—his son-in-law proposed that he should pay them a visit at Paris, where he and his wife were then residing. The invitation was accepted at once.

Paris is Pleasure's head-quarters. It is the Canaan of the idler. Within its boundary the wings of time seem doubly feathered. It is there, if anywhere, possible for the heartsick to escape from himself. Upon no nation in the world does the pursuit of pleasure sit so gracefully as the French. Their versatility of character; the rapidity with which they pass from one emotion to another; the ease with which they adapt themselves to circumstances; their turn for badinage; and the importance with which they invest trifles, render a temporary sojourn in their capital a very joyous affair. All hail to thee, gay city of Paris, with thy filthy *trottoirs* and well-dressed women!

Mr. Meddlycott seemed to enter right heartily into the *abandonnement* of the hour. His spirits rallied, and his appetite improved. But still Mr. Essington's surprise was great when one evening, as they were promenading the Boulevards, he observed his worthy father-in-law look very fixedly—and had he been a younger man, very impudently,—on the features of a stout, short, square, stolid-faced woman, who slowly passed them. Then, as if not satisfied with that prolonged survey of

her person, he quitted, abruptly enough, his son's arm, and gave chase. The female looked back ; and when she saw him mending his pace, appeared alarmed, and quickened hers. From a walk it became a run, and both speedily were out of sight.

" Whew !" cried the son-in-law, giving a long whistle, — " a nice amusement for an old gentleman of sixty-four ! The very last species of escapade of which I should have accused my honoured relative. What a mercurial old gentleman he must be ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! It is well the late Mrs. Meddlycott is at rest. Though, whether she will remain quiet under these circumstances is to me questionable."

In about twenty minutes the old gentleman regained his son-in-law, very much winded.

" I have lost her !" cried he, in a tone of vexation.

" Not for want of giving chase," said the other, drily.

" She's an old acquaintance of mine," began the doctor.

" So I conjectured," was the reply of his dutiful son.

" Tut ! you cannot imagine —"

" I imagine nothing," returned Essington, bursting into a roar ; " what I actually witnessed was quite sufficient, — an elderly gentleman in full chase of a very ordinary-looking lady. The construction I am to gather from so extraordinary a phenomenon you can best determine."

" That woman is in possession of a fact which I am most anxious to ascertain. My own future peace is involved in it. I have encountered her before, in the public streets of London, where she avoided me. She has done so still more markedly to-day."

" Yes," said Essington maliciously ; " of her avoiding you there can be but little doubt ; nor of your determinately seeking her."

" I have only a single question to put to her," said the doctor, musingly ; " that answered, I will never molest her again."

" A single question," said the young man jestingly. " Come, you are a more modest man than I thought."

" I cannot explain myself further, rally me as you will."

" For that lay your account, governor, most assuredly, during the remainder of your stay in Paris. But, come, dinner waits ! We are an hour beyond time. The claret will be hot, and the soup cold."

The tide of engagements set in so strongly for several succeeding days after this occurrence, that no opportunity was given to either party for again advertiring to the subject. One morning, however, after breakfast, the doctor was jocularly asked by his son-in-law if he would join him in a walk to a distant part of Paris. " Who knows," added he, " but that we may again catch a glimpse of your *incognita* ? "

" She shall not escape me a second time," said the old gentleman sturdily. " I will call in the assistance of the gensd'armerie."

" The gensd'armerie ! If it were not too absurd, I should say we were under *surveillance* already."

" Pshaw ! who would think it worth while to watch *my* movements ? " said Mr. Meddlycott.

" I know not," returned his son, with more gravity of manner than the occasion seemed to warrant ; " but the impression is strong on my mind that our movements are dogged. I have lived sufficiently long in Paris to be conversant with some of the tricks of the police ; and I cannot resist the suspicion that one in disguise is daily on our *trail*."

" Be it so. He will find it difficult to connect me with any treason-

able attempt, I fancy. I am not going to become one of the movement party at my time of life. I have too great a desire to carry my head on my shoulders, and to die quietly in my bed."

"But, the bare idea of being subjected to such espionage is painful."

"Not to one who is conscious of having given no just grounds for it," returned the doctor stoutly. And yet he closed his remark somewhat singularly with a sigh.

Evening came on, and found Mr. Meddlycott at the opera. At the end of the first act a noise in an adjoining box attracted his attention; surrounded by a brilliant party, and accompanied by the elder foreigner, whose marked features he so well remembered, there sat the foreign ambassadress! He looked at her for a few moments calmly and attentively, to satisfy himself of her identity; and then turned for information to a garrulous French deputy near him.

"That! oh yes! every information is at monsieur's service,"—the customary French bow closed the sentence. "That is the Countess —. Her husband was ambassador from the — Court to that of St. James's. A pretty, but unhappy-looking woman."

"And the elderly female on her left?"

"Speak low when you speak of her. She is the very genius of intrigue. That woman is connected remotely with more than one crowned head in Europe. She has the blood of Catherine de Medicis in her veins; and the venom of that accursed monster in her heart!"

"Her name?"

"The Duchess of —. But, the less you know of her the better. She is aunt to the countess, who is her heir; is a woman of immense wealth; but, how acquired, eh? how acquired? The guillotine alone can tell that! But, see! she is looking this way. If it were not fancy, I should say that her gaze is fixed on you. Was there ever seen on earth so savage, so diabolical an expression in a woman's eye? and that jewelled hand. Faugh! there is blood upon it!"

"The — there is!" said the doctor involuntarily, and felt very queer.

"Humph! you know best whether you have ever crossed her path. Her restless eye is again turned this way, and that with so peculiar a lustre, that, excuse me, *mon ami*, if I do not greatly care about continuing your neighbour. We shall meet again. *Au revoir!*"

At this moment Essington joined him.

"I have found," said the doctor to him, in a low, calm tone, "a clue to the mystery which has so long harassed me. This is neither time nor place for the disclosures I am about to make: but, as we walk homewards this evening, I am resolved to burst the seal of secrecy hitherto imposed on me,—to disburthen my conscience,—and make a clear breast of it."

The ballet terminated soon afterwards; and, as they slowly sought Mr. Meddlycott's home, the latter divulged to his son-in-law all the circumstances connected with the foreigner's visit to Ilfracombe. While the narrator was about midway in his tale, a passenger, shabbily-dressed, lounged carelessly past them; and, in so doing, observed, as if addressing another individual—"There is safety in silence!"

"Comical, isn't it," said Essington, "under present circumstances?"

"Yes," returned the doctor moodily; "but what I am saying is in the tragic, not comic, vein;" and he gravely resumed his confessions.

"Pass, sir! — pray pass!" said the speaker, at another period of tale, when a party having the appearance of a military officer, seemed to hang on his steps, and apparently to listen to his conversation.

"Mille pardons, messieurs," was the reply, with a bow, and a shrug, and a grimace, without which no Frenchman can, to his own apparent satisfaction, discharge any of the common courtesies of life.

"Now, but for the fashionable air of that fellow," said Meddlycott, "I should have pronounced him one of those cursed eavesdroppers one is ever stumbling upon in Paris; but, what is your opinion, Essington, of this history?"

"Singular enough!" said the young man; "but I see not how you could have acted otherwise than you did. And now, you cannot adopt decisive measures, your information is so very vague. Take my advice, doctor; let it rest where it is."

"It cannot; and it shall not. But I will explain myself more fully to-morrow. Good night!"

Ah! that morrow! how often to the most eager and self-confident does it never arrive! The next morning the doctor failed to present himself, as usual, at the breakfast-table. Essington, about eleven, went in search of him. He was out. His servant said, that while dressing two strangers had sent up their cards, and begged to see him; that they had asked him to accompany them to some house in the Faubourg (which the servant could not remember), to inspect some very curious anatomical preparations; that their description seemed to interest Mr. Meddlycott greatly; and that, after breakfasting with him, they had all three left the house in company.

The dinner-hour came, and passed away. Evening—midnight—day-break brought no tidings of the missing man. Poor Mrs. Essington's alarm about her father became extreme. In this feeling, to an extent greater than he chose to admit, Mr. Essington shared. Every search was made; every inquiry instituted; messengers were sent in various directions, and a minute description of his person was given to the police, and a handsome douceur promised them for promptness and diligence. This last offer Mr. Essington fancied — it might be but fancy — was received with the most frigid and inexplicable indifference.

On the morning of the fourth day, Mr. Meddlycott's remains were recognised in the *Morgue*, where they had been placed on being rescued from the Seine the preceding evening.

But the circumstances of his death remain enveloped in mystery. No inquiries could ever trace, no investigation could ever identify the parties who had called upon him; nor could any clue ever be found to those "anatomical preparations" which he had been so anxious to examine. His watch, purse, and diamond breast-pin, were found uninjured; nor were any marks of violence discernible on his person.

Some affect to believe that he had committed suicide,—a conclusion strangely at variance with his easy circumstances, regular habits, religious opinions, and cheerful disposition. Others affirm that he perished the victim of a violated promise; and that tranquilly, easily, and happily would his days have closed had he not had the misfortune of encountering the Foreign Ambassador. Which conclusion is the right one, the **GREAT DAY** can alone determine!

A NIGHT WITH AN IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

SCENE.—Three-pair up, in a spacious and delightfully situated building, in the Westminster quarter, overlooking the park, within a stone's throw, as to their respective directions, of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Jeremy Bentham's Roost. The snuggerly, like any of the niches in Fame's high temple, although aerially perched, and it "winds" some of "our fat friends" to get at it, affords a consoling sensation when the desiderated point of elevation is achieved, even more so than the proud point of comparison, for ambition does not screw you up to take a higher *flight*. Commingled odours of a classical description, and much more exhilarating than the sacrificial exhalations of antiquity, salute you on your way along the corridor which leads to the Whiskey-Drinker's retreat, and the sounds of mirth and music which proceed from the doorway seem to say to you "Come in, and make yourself comfortable." The chief apartment is furnished with books, paintings, engravings, &c., of good and reputable impress. A few remarkable busts, and portraits of ancient and modern characters, stand on pedestals, or adorn the walls; some of them *vis-à-vis*, and some in rather fantastical *juxta* position: amongst which your attention is particularly invited, and your admiration challenged, by those of Demosthenes and Dan O'Connell, John Sobieski, and Jack Joyce, the Connaughtman; Cobden, Cobbett, Coriolanus, Commissioner Lynn, and Commodore Napier; Mahomet Ali, and Muntz of Birmingham, (these are *vis-à-vis*, and are of that extraordinary species of wood-cutting which is effected by a red-hot poker on a deal-board): Pope Urban the Eighth, Pope Joan, Johanna Southcote, Richelieu, Gonsalvi, the Gracchi, the Grisis, Francis the First, Fanny Ellsler, Peter the Great, Porus, Persiani, &c. &c. The room is provided with swab-cushioned couches, easy-chairs, one of Broadwood's six-and-a-half squares, in an anti-namby-pamby business-like case, a violincello, and an Irish bagpipes, boxing-gloves, foils, single-sticks, a toledo, an Andrew Ferrara, a two-handed sword of the Grisons, a court-sword, an enormous Irish shillelagh, labelled "murder;" one of less shameful dimensions, ticketed "manslaughter;" a Kentucky rifle, a pair of "marking irons," with hair-triggers, and saw-handles; pipes of every pattern in profusion; weeds of the best twist and correct perfume, in liberal and careless variety; an extensive round-table, borne up very appropriately by a pedestal representing Atlas, with his head, however, curiously twisted, as if in great pain and labour, under his right arm-pit; and on the platform above, a whole world of "spirits," in their respective flasks, bottles, cruets, and decanters; beakers, glasses, goblets, ladles, spoons, sugar-smashers, &c.: in the midst of all an immense green bottle, of the size of the largest seen in apothecaries' windows, around the neck of which vitreous Titan is twisted, in turnpike-ticket fashion, a card with the following inscription, "PADDY'S EYE-WATER."

TIME.—Midnight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Our host, *the Irish Whiskey-Drinker*; Buffalo, a Cantab, and founder of the celebrated club in Trinity College of that university called after his name; Dreamy, an amiable

apostle of the new school of philosophy, TRANSCENDENTALISM. *Wigsby*, a common-law barrister.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Well, Buffalo, I see your name amongst the M.A.'s at the recent Commencement. How did the affair go off? Prize-poems good; Senate-House crowded with pretty faces; walking of the fashionables on Clare Hall Pieces; Trinity Audit Ale; Trinity omelettes once more; milk punch, and all that sort of thing?

BUFFALO. The *prolusiones academicae* were very good of their kind; but the circumstances by which they were invested were rather la! la! on this occasion, by no means so spirit-stirring as some years ago. Railroads and steam-navigation carry people afar, to other sights less poetical; and even the enthusiasm of the galleries has been discountenanced by the authorities.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Talking of the enthusiasm of the galleries, what a sad affair that was at Oxford the other day.

DREAMY. And how sadly it has ended for the unfortunate youths concerned in it. So many years' rustication as some of them have been sentenced to, is tantamount to expulsion for life.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. And the ruin of their prospects follows as a matter of course.

WIGSBY. Very severe sentence, sir! but some salutary example was required, to put an end to such barbarities, sir.

BUFFALO. What barbarities—shouting in the galleries?

WIGSBY. Shouting, sir! howling like wild-beasts, sir! I once was present at a scene of the kind at Oxford, and I was deaf for a whole week afterwards. Atrocious, sir; painfully atrocious, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. You, too, then, were treated in the same manner as the American minister was the other day, on the occasion of taking a doctor's degree. Greatness and glory are ever pursued by envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

WIGSBY. I never took a doctor's degree, sir; but, as to the American minister's affair, the treatment he received, sir, was a disgrace to a civilized country, sir, and doubly disgraceful to the character of our universities, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. “Γραντης ιερα τεκνα, και νιες Οξονιου.” You'd gag their youthful effervescence, then? Poor boys! stop their mouths, indeed! I am afraid you'd find that rather troublesome, unless you put wisps in their mouths, as they do to the calves in Ireland.

WIGSBY. Rather send the calves to grass! Rusticate them, sir.

* DREAMY. Have you got children of your own?

WIGSBY. Upon my soul, not that I am aware of, sir!

BUFFALO.

“Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;”

but, be that as it may, do not include Cambridge in the general censure, for the most marked respect was evinced towards Mr. Everett the other day, in our Senate House, on the occasion of taking his honorary doctor's degree. Indeed I have heard from several Oxford men that an unpopular proctor, and not the American minister, was the object of the noisy demonstration.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. A very good way of preserving order,

in my opinion, would be to consign the galleries to the ladies on all grand public occasions. Their "bright eyes" would not alone "rain influence," but influence docorum. Besides, the arrangement would be much more comfortable for the "dear creatures," than huddled and crushed, as I have seen them, amongst the old and young of the grosser sex, in the body of the Senate House at Cambridge.

• **BUFFALO.** You are a repealer of the Union in this respect?

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Decidedly so. And if general effect is a consideration in such matters, the *coup-d'ail* produced by such a galaxy of beauty beaming upon the sable dresses of the gowns-men beneath, as the stars at "noon of night" illumine the darkness of "this earth of ours," would be truly magnificent.

DREAMY. I hope that Mr. Barry intends providing for our fair friends in the new houses of parliament.

WIGSBY. I hope he does not, sir! What the deuce would you have them do there, sir?

DREAMY. As our friend Patricius has aptly quoted, they would "rain influence," and prevent, by their humanizing presence, some rather disorderly scenes, which now and then occur in even the most deliberative, the best-regulated, and most gentlemanly assemblies in the world.

WIGSBY. Keep Englishwomen at home, to attend to their household duties, sir. What ought they to have to say, sir, to politics, or the learning of the schools? All fudge—arrant fudge, sir. Our ancestors had no female gallery system. Knew better than that, sir—that, sir. *They* knew better than *that*, sir.

BUFFALO. On the contrary, they seem to have been partial to it; and I remember a case in point, having exact reference to those very Cambridge Commencements.

WIGSBY. Let us have the case in point, by all means, sir.

BUFFALO. Dyer, in his History of the University of Cambridge, mentions the following circumstance respecting Doctor Long, the astronomer, who was master of Pembroke Hall, much more than a century ago. The reverend master was a dissident against the university on a particular occasion of the humorous kind. The ladies of Cambridge, it seems, had been permitted, time immemorial, to sit in the gallery at the commencement. The Vice-Chancellor, however, and heads, having ordered, that the fair ones should no longer occupy that high situation, and having appointed them their places in the aisles below, a little bustle was excited among the Cambridge ladies, and a subject for a few jokes was afforded the members of the university. In the year 1714, Dr. Long delivered the Music speech at the Commencement. The gallant astronomer took for his subject the complaint of the Cambridge fair at their hard treatment. It is in verse of a most ridiculously odd kind, and the sentiments are full of drollery and quaintness. Dyer observes, that "it is pleasant to see a grave man descend from his heights."

"His humble province was to guard the fair."

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Which case in point decidedly causes another "grave man to descend from his heights" this evening, or, in other words, takes him down a peg or two.

WIGSBY. But the poem, sir,—let us have the whole of the nonsense whilst you are on the subject, sir. Ahem—go on, sir!

BUFFALO. There are but a few lines extant of the production, which was written after the manner of Swift, and was, undoubtedly, a very droll thing of its kind.

“ The humble petition of the ladies, who are all ready to be eaten up with the spleen,
To think they are to be locked up in the chancel, where they can neither see nor be seen ;
But must sit i’ th’ dumps by themselves, all stewed and pent up,
And can only peep through the lattice, like so many chickens in a coop ;
Whereas, last Commencement, the ladies had a gallery provided near enough
To see the Heads sleep, and the Fellow-Commoners taking snuff.”

WIGSBY. What, sir ! such stuff to be read within the sacred walls of the Senate-House ! Do you mean to say, sir,—

BUFFALO. That they were read within the still more sacred walls of St. Mary’s Church.

WIGSBY. Bagatelle, sir ! humbug—*excusez moi*, sir—beg par—

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. We’ll excuse your bad French ; but let us, by all means, hear all about Dr. Long and the ladies.

DREAMY. Dyer expresses his surprise, very naturally, how such a production could be read in such a place, and adds, moreover, (though they say good fun, like good coin, is current anywhere,) that some parts of it could hardly be admitted into his history. Here is a little more of it. This portion of the address turns whimsically on the ladies, and offers them some advice :—

“ Some here, since scarlet has such charms to win ye,
For scarlet gowns have laid out many a guinea.
Though I should think you had far better wed
The young in sable, than the old in red.
There’s one among our doctors may be found,
Values his face above a thousand pound ;
But if you stand, he ’ll something bate, perhaps,
Provided that you don’t insist on shapes.
Some of our duns, in hopes to make you truckle,
Have for these two months laid their wigs in buckle.
If clear-starched band, and clean gloves won’t prevail,
Can the laced gown or cap of velvet fail ?
What though the squire be awkward yet, and simple,
You ’d better take him here than from the Temple.”

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Rather offensive to the Dons, as they are called,—the *patres conscripti* of the Senate House.

BUFFALO. Nobody, it is said, was offended at the time except the Vice-Chancellor, whose anility was rather pointedly alluded to in the following couplet :—

“ Such cross, ill-natured doings as these are even a saint would vex,
To see a Vice-Chancellor so barbarous to one of his own sex !”

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Gentlemen, three cheers for the ladies in the galleries ! Let us drink their health and happiness all over the world, at all times, and under all circumstances, on sea or on land, by day or by night, hail, rain, or sunshine, the darlings ! And Wigsby, my boy, a better way of thinking to you.

[Drank with the usual honours.

WIGSBY. Sir, I rise—I rise, sir,—

OMNES. Hear! hear! hear!

WIGSBY. I rise, sir, to return *thanks!* I never returned thanks in my life, sir! Thanks for one's self, or anybody else, are stuff and humbug, sir. I rise to correct a misconception as to my opinions, sir, with regard to, touching and respecting, and having reference, and even regard to womankind in general, sir. Gentlemen, I only object to their being blue-stockings and politicians—that's *my* opinion, sir,—ahem! I insist on it, that is my decided opinion, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. And a mighty cool opinion it is. Send him round his medicine again, or “the age of chivalry” will run away out of the country “for ever” entirely.

DREAMY. What can be more beautiful than the idea of Wisdom and Beauty combined?—an idea on which the poets of all times have loved to dwell.

BUFFALO.

When Wisdom and Beauty, “rare intercourse! meet
From heav'n we get emblems to mark our surprise;
Thus Clara is Venus, with Pallas's wit,
And Emily Venus, with Pallas's eyes.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Bravo! bravissimo! A capital epigram! Where did you get it?

BUFFALO. It was written by a Trinity-Hall man, on two Cambridge sisters of his day, whose wit was as celebrated as their beauty.

WIGSBY. Wisdom and Beauty!—poetry and stuff, sir. Why not carry the absurd idea out, and let us have Venus and Minerva rolled into one, sir, and the helmet and spear, and the aegis, and all that sort of thing, sir?

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Your health, counsellor. We have drank the ladies' health, and it is only right and decent that we should drink their champion's. Fill up, gentlemen, for our learned friend's health, and let us drink good luck to his gallantry. As he never had a fool for his client, so may he never have one for his wife. Above all, may she never wear those nether habiliments, unknown to either sex of old, and which are much more masculine than all Minerva's panoply.

[Drank with various honours, amongst which the worthy host led off with the Irish fire. This was followed by “*Touch him with a crow-bar*,”—a wild cabalistic salutation, unlike anything of the kind, from the Pyrrhic dance of old down to the reel of three; and the chief features of which were, “every gentleman his own musician,” dance to your partners (your chairs), hands across, down the middle with your partners, up again with them, set and turn them, sit down upon them, and drink the punch.]

WIGSBY. Gentlemen, I am very—upon my soul, gentlemen, I am infinitely obliged to you for your compliments; and I am equally so, sir, to you, sir, for your good wishes respecting my marital destiny. I am a great admirer of music, gentlemen, a very great one indeed; and can tolerate dancing, even Irish dancing, sir, now and then; but such music and dancing as that which I have had just inflicted upon me—upon my soul—ahem—gentlemen, suppose we

try to breathe a little calmer atmosphere,—it would be a great relief to myself,—a very great favour conferred on me in particular—I mean—ahem!—a little rational fresh air, gentlemen.

OMNES. Hear! hear! hear.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Can we not have a moral discussion, to accommodate our learned friend?

BUFFALO. About monomania—

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Or manslaughter—

DREAMY. Or metaphysics—

WIGSBY. Metaphysics?—humbug, sir,—stuff, sir,—infernal—

DREAMY. Say rather celestial, divine metaphysics, the contemplation of which—

WIGSBY. Makes men mad, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Was Plato mad, or Socrates?

BUFFALO. Or Bacon, or Hobbes, or Locke?

DREAMY. Or Cant, or Carlyle?

WIGSBY. Cant and Carlyle, sir?—don't talk to me about Cant and Carlyle—they're humbugs, sir,—

BUFFALO. And madmen, of course; but I believe it is generally acknowledged that it requires a cultivated intellect, a keen perception, great experience, and still greater patience to investigate metaphysical doctrines, and to understand them well.

WIGSBY. Yes, by Jove! sir, it requires more than all that to understand them well. Understand them, sir!—who the d—l can understand them, I should like—I should very much like to know, sir? And as to investigating them, none but a monomaniac ever takes the trouble, sir. I never knew a metaphysician that was not a melancholy monomaniac, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. The present company *accepted*.

WIGSBY. Excepted, sir, of course—ahem—excepted, sir.

BUFFALO. You would call Oxford and Macnaughten, and all that class of melancholy wandering intellects, metaphysicians.

WIGSBY. Melancholy metaphysicians!—infernal metaphysicians, sir.

DREAMY. And Socrates?

BUFFALO. And Xantippe?

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. And Rebecca and her Daughters? But I see we are as likely to agree on this subject as on the rights of woman. Wigsby, my boy, suppose we try something under favour of the future occupant of the woolsack,—divine harmony, in the shape of glee, round, catch, or madrigal, provided the present company combine the necessary elements for such an effort, which in sooth, I am ashamed to say, we do not; or suppose we have a simple melody, and it's yourself, my little counsellor, that will be after opening the ball?

WIGSBY. Very well, sir,—by all means, sir. I'll sing a song—a capital song, too, by the by—made it myself, sir. It has a sneezing chorus, in which, gentlemen, you must all join. I particularly request that you all join, gentlemen.

Humbug.

Says Cant to Carlyle, and says Carlyle to Cant,
 "Let us get up a system of mystical rant,
 Dark and quizzical ;"
 And says Carlyle to Cant, and says Cant to Carlyle,
 The world will run mad in a very short while
 Metaphysical (*sneezes*).

CHORUS.

Meta—(*all sneeze*)—physical!
 (*ditto-bis*)—physical!

The world will run mad metaphysical. (*All sneeze violently.*)

When we leave the old ways, and strike out a vain course,
 We stick to the *humbug* for better, for worse,
 With tenacity :

When we want common sense, soon to jargon we fly,
 Till we reach the grand height of dark sub-li-mi-ty
 And Bombassity (*sneezes*).

CHORUS.

Bomb—(*all sneeze*)—assity!
 (*ditto bis*)—assity!

Till we reach the grand height of Bomb-assity!
 (*All sneeze very violently.*)

When of earth we are tired, and of railroads and steam,
 We start in the clouds an aërial scheme
 Of wing'd carriages!
 Each new march of *Humbug*'s to lead us full soon
 By a smoother asphaltic right up to the moon
 Than Claridge's—(*sneezes*)—

CHORUS.

Than Cl—(*all sneeze*)—aridge's!
 (*ditto bis*)—aridge's!

By a smoother asphaltic than Claridge's!
 (*Lively and remarkable sneezing.*)

BUFFALO. A good sneeze at metaphysics; and it *rather* takes the
 shine out of Transcendentalism.

DREAMY. Farcing is not fact; nor can ridicule, any more than
 oppression, prevent the march of truth.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. But what is this new light of Trans-
 cendentalism?

BUFFALO. It is the new light of divine philosophy, which invests
 every act of life, even the meanest, with—

WIGSBY. Moonshine!—that's the new light of Transcendentalism.
 But I have a privilege to exercise, gentlemen. Mr. Chairman, I call
 on you for a song, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. With all my heart; and I suppose we
 must postpone the discussion on the new light of the divine philo-
 sophy till—

DREAMY. Till a more sober occasion.

BUFFALO. Till the Greek kalends.

WIGSBY. Till Doomsday, or St. Tibb's Eve, sir. Song, gentle-
 men,—the chairman's song.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Come, Buffalo, my son, clear the cob-

webs out of your throat with another jorum, and prepare for action. Let us throw off the duett which gained us such applause at Prout's, a few evenings before the reverend Father's departure for Malta. We sing stanza for stanza, the Latin to follow the English, reversing the schoolboy order. Your insular pronunciation of the language of old Rome will accommodate the auricular prejudices of your brother Sassenachs; whilst my "*ore rotundo*" style of giving the "Irish-English row-dow-dow" cannot fail of being deemed unexceptionable, if not altogether as "well up to the mark" as Darby Kelly's drumstick!

TO ST. PATRICK.

A grand faugh-a-ballach* Irish Jovation, which was put together by one Thady Mac-Shane, Monk, who was kilt for "the ould faith," and who, after they cut and skivered him up, left his production, like a true son of Erin, to his darling country.

It was when Brian Borru drew the boys up at the Sheds of Clontarf, and just before they treated the Danes to a taste of their quality, that they gave them the following touch of the musical profession:—

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
And came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Hoolagan,
His sister was a Grady,
His mother was a Mulligan,
And his wife the Widow Brady.

CHORUS.

My blessings on St. Patrick's fist,
He was a saint so clever;
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so is the hill of Howth, sir;
But there is one, no matter where,
That's higher than them both, sir.
'Twas from the top of that high hill
St. Patrick preached the *sarmint*
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the *varmint*!

My blessings, &c.

AD DIVUM PATRICIUM.

Paeon militaris Hibernicorum quem Thadæus Macshanachus, Monachus et Martyr, conscripsit, moriensque patriæ dilectissimæ pio testamento legavit.

Hibernici, Briæreo Borhomba
Duce, acie explicatâ manum cum
hoste apud Clontarfum collaturi, po-
pulariter decantabant:—

De gente natus inclytâ
Patricius, Ierne,
Urbem donavit cathedrâ
Pyramide superne.
Pater, Laurentius Hoolagan,
Cui soror erat Græda,
Et mater Sheela Mulligan,
Viduaque conjux Bræda.

CHORUS.

Sic faustus sit Patricius!
Dextram in angues jecit,
Torsit bufones fortiter,
In saclaque confecit!

Dant oscula sideribus
Hotha, Glucklovioque;
Assurgit collis alibi,
Præcelsior utroque.
Patricius e vertice
Dulci sermone rudes
Demersit vermes Tartaro,
Ranasque in paludes.

Sic faustus sit, &c.

* *Faugh-a-ballach*—clear the way—the war-cry of a celebrated Irish regiment, who, amongst many gallant exploits which it performed, has the following related of it by a full private of the corps, that "they bottered the French at Albuera with the butt-ends of their firelocks, when all the powdher and shot was *spint*."

A hundred thousands vipers blue
 He charmed with his sweet dis-
 courses,
 Then served them up at Killaloo
 In soups and second courses.
 The blindworms crawling on the
 grass
 Disgusted all the nation.
 He opened their eyes and their
 hearts likewise,
 To a sense of their situation.
 My blessings, &c.

In vain with pride, both far and wide,
 The dirty varmint musters ;
 Where'er he put his dear fore-foot
 He murder'd them in clusters !
 The toads went pop, the frogs went
 slop,
 Slap-dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide,
 To save themselves from slaughter.
 My blessings, &c.

No wonder that the Irish boys
 Are always brave and frisky,
 For Father Pat he taught them, sure,
 The way of making whiskey.
 No wonder that the saint himself
 Was handy at distilling,
 For his mother kept a *shebeen-shop*
 In the town of Enniskillen.

My blessings, &c.

OMNES. Encore ! encore ! encore !
 [The last stanza having been, according to stage-fashion, repeated, the liveliest applause followed.]

WIGSBY. Capital, sir ! Does you credit, gentlemen ! “ Arcades
 ambo ! ” Yes, sir, ambo,—upon my soul, ambo !

DREAMY. And, in truth we might add,

“ *Et cantare pares et respondere parati.* ”

WIGSBY. *Cantare*, sir. For Heaven’s sake, don’t let us hear about
Cant.

OMNES. Oh ! oh ! oh ! vile pun ! shame ! shame !

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. It is the rule of this little *sanctum sanctorum* dedicated to “ the feast of reason, and the flow of soul,” that any man who perpetrates a bad pun be compelled to swallow a tumbler of salt-and-water for the first offence; for the second, to “ bolt ” the longest candle on the table, without mustard or salt, or a yard of polony, if his conscience be too tender; and, for the third, to take off his head, and “ shy ” stones at it.

WIGSBY. Very good, sir; sanguinary, that third portion of your act (got it from the Irish Parliament, I suppose). Lycurgus, or Draco, never conceived anything half so dreadful, sir; or, ahem ! half so practicable. You Irish are a great people, sir; a very great —

Angues blanditos vocibus
 Quas edidit jucundas,
 In juscum decoquit, ut
 Mensas ornent secundas.
 Dolere mitte, Killalu,
 Viretis inquinatis,
 Qua viperis aperuit,
 Ocellos occæcatis !

Sic faustus sit, &c.

Quacumque in Apostolum
 Catervas explicaret
 Calcatur Pestis, ungulâ
 Dilæcta, ubi staret !
 Heus Bufo ! Heus Ranuncule !
 Dum licet denatato !
 Quo caudam serves, Coluber,
 Te ipsum jugulato !

Sic faustus sit, &c.

Ut fortis sis, Hibernice,
 Ut semper sis in flore,
 Patriciorum Pater te
 Conspergit VITÆ RORE :—
 Expressit Hordearium
 Manu, Beatus, bonâ,
 Vendiditque pia genetrix
 Cyathatim in cauponâ.

Sic faustus sit, &c.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Take care, we are eight millions.

[*Hear, hear, and laughter.*]

WIGSBY. Thadæus Mac-Shanachus was one of the millions, I suppose, sir?

DREAMY. A *Proutism*, perhaps; or, it may be that Prout wrote those identical Latin verses.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Not a line of them. They are from an unpublished MS., to be entitled, when published, "The Green Book of Glendalough;" which, when it comes before the world under my auspices, will throw some additional light, I flatter myself, on the antiquities of Ireland. Amongst the manuscripts which I have collected together near the "gloomy shore" of that lake in Wicklow, which Moore, says,

"Sky-lark never warbled o'er,"

are not a few in pot-hook and hanger old Irish characters, by different members of a society in the old time in Ireland, called "The Monks of the Screw," whose learning and good-living were at once the theme of universal veneration. Poor Thadæus, it appears, drank a bitter draught, at last, from the honoured cup of martyrdom.

DREAMY. At whose hands—the Danes?

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.—No; the Presbyterians.

WIGSBY. Presbyterians, sir; the battle of Clontarf was fought hundreds of years before John Knox was ever thought of, sir. Gross anachronism; humbug, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Never mind; we are not particular as to a year or two in our Irish histories. There is a story told of the monk Thadæus Mac-Shanachus, that, whilst he sojourned at a little monastery belonging to a branch of his order, situated near Kilderry, on the banks of Lough Foyle, in the north of Ireland, he was engaged to do duty for a few days for Father Mulcahy, the parish priest, who went a good many miles off, to marry his sister.

WIGSBY. Marry his sister, sir!

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. To marry her to a farmer's son. The reverend pastor left Thady in charge of his flock, with a particular injunction to look after a few of the boys that were partially inclined to "picking and stealing," and a few more of them, that were suspected of felonious depredations on the tender sex, more seriously prohibited by the canon law, and the laws of the country. One of the latter species of sinners, a village Lothario, of no mean notoriety, came to kneel under our vicar-general, and crave absolution. He was a broad-shouldered, curly-headed, sandy-whiskered, rollicking *roué*, of the lower orders, "with," as the Irish manuscript has it, "a tongue that would blarney Diana herself, or bother Minerva and the Nine Muses; and an eloquent blue eye, that would coax the green linnets off the bushes." Like most sinners on a grand scale, he dwelt upon trifles at first, leaving his great crimes for the wind up; and, after a good deal of beating about the bush, Mr. Darby Delany, for that was the name of the penitent swain, came to his "thumper" at last. I cannot do better than give you the dialogue which took place on this point of conscience, from the MS.

[THE WHISKEY-DRINKER reads.]

“DARBY. I’m a wonderful villain, yer reverence, if you knew but all, sir.

“FATHER THADY. How do I know whether you are, or no, you spalpeen, till you tell me all about it?

“DARBY. Ah! your reverence, I’m a’most afraid to tell you: Judas, or Oliver Cromwell, was a saint to me.

“FATHER THADY. Did you murder anybody?

“DARBY. No, your reverence.

“FATHER THADY. Not even fired at a tithe-proctor?

“DARBY. No, your reverence, the Lord forgive me!

“FATHER THADY. Do you pay the priest your dues?

“DARBY. ‘Troth, all the Delanys were always a daycent warrant at that same, as far as the hard times and the harassing landlords wou’d let us, bad luck to them, playse your reverence.

“FATHER THADY. Ah, then, what on earth are you bogling about? Why don’t you clear your conscience at once, and not be making a fool of me?

“DARBY. Long life to your reverence, sir; it’s yourself that’s right. The best way to scour the kettle^{*} is to do it out of the face.[†] You know Mrs. Mac-Lenaghan, the farmer’s wife.

“FATHER THADY. Yes, ye villain, I do.

“DARBY. Ah, it’s yourself, your reverence, that may call me a double-dyed, tundherring, tear-a-way villain of the world, if you like, sir.

“FATHER THADY. What did you do to the poor daycent woman?

“DARBY. You may well ax what did I do; and I wondher you don’t inquire what it was I didn’t do to her, your reverence’s glory.

“FATHER THADY. Look me straight in the face, and don’t hang down your head like a Connaughtman; and, before you begin, I’ll just put a chalk down on the elbow of my coat, to help my memory when I give you the penance.

“DARBY. Put half-a-dozen when you’re about it, your reverence, for I’ll make every hair of your reverence’s head stand stiff enough to pick your teeth with.

“FATHER THADY. Go on, you scoundrel!

“DARBY. It’s about twelve months agone since I danced with Mrs. Mac-Lenaghan, at the Cross Roads, of a Sunday evening, when Paddy the Piper was playing ‘Tare the leather,’ and rousing his chanther for the *deversation* of the company; and whether it was the beautiful music, or the dew of the evening, or the *hate* of my blood that came over me, but while I was setting to her, and she was setting to me—

“FATHER THADY (*in a low voice*). Oh! the ould baggage!

“DARBY. I put out my hand to turn her, and I gave her a nod, and then a wink, and then I squeezed her hand, your reverence.

“FATHER THADY. A nod and a wink was enough for a blind horse, you baste, let alone a woman; and, not satisfied with that, you must squeeze her hand into the bargain. Where do you expect to go when you die, and—where’s my chalk? Did you steal the chalk? Give me it here, and — let me see — a nod, one —(*chalks the elbow of his coat*)—a wink, two—two chalks—a squeeze of the hand, three—three

* *Scour the kettle*,—conventional Irish phrase, used in democratic society, meaning to clear the conscience by going to confession.

† *Out of the face*,—at once, and don’t be long about it.

chalks ! Why, that's the only mortal sin you told me since you opened your ugly mouth worth a *trawnycen*.* Go on with your cross-examination.

DARBY. We daunced together another time, your reverence, and I gave her two nods, and two winks, and two squeezes of the hand.

“FATHER THADY. Phililu ! wirasthru ! you did, you murderer ! did you ? I 'll teach you how to cut such capers in a Christian country again. Chalk—chalk—chalk—one, two, three—let me see —how many ?—why, that's six, and the one I began with for luck. Had you anything else to say to the lady ?

“DARBY. I—I—I *bruk*† the commandment !!

“FATHER THADY. What ! you Sabbath-breaker, you had *crim-con, nem-con, agus*‡ *a-con, agus a Con-stan-ti-no-ple* ! you—you—oh you—you did—you—you did—did you ?—oh ! murdher ! murdher ! what 'll I do to you, at all at all ?

“DARBY. Troth ! do as you like, your reverence. Send me to riddle paving-stones through a sieve, or to make thumb-ropes of sand, —send me on a pilgrimage to Lough Dherg'h, to walk on my head round the wather for a month of Sundays, wid *banes*§ in my brogues, and *pays*|| in my sthockings, or to walk on my elbows, wid my heels dancing in the air, and my thumbs stuck under my *oxthers*.¶

“FATHER THADY. We must put a white sheet about you, and shave your head, and blacken your face, and stick a candle in your fist, you murdering reprobate, and turn you out of the country entirely. Why didn't you get out of her way, and not seek temptation ?

“DARBY. Ah ! you may well say temptation : she 'd ruin St. Kavin himself. Oh, wirasthrew ! but it was herself that seduced me from the high road of innocence to the path of destruction.

“FATHER THADY. Why didn't you run for your life ?—why didn't you get out of her way, I say ?

“DARBY. Is it get out of her way you, say ? Arah, if she was to get into your own way, your reverence, how could you get out of it ?**

“FATHER THADY. What a poor, ugly ould woman !

“DARBY. Who, your reverence ? Troth, your pipe 's just out, and it 's raving you are, sir.

“FATHER THADY. Why, Molly Mac-Lenaghan of the glyn ; ould

* *Trawnycen*,—a dry weed that grows among corn.

† *Bruk*,—broke.

‡ *Agus*—and. The word Constantinople is a great pozer for the head spelling-class in an Irish hedge-school, and ranks with such jaw-breakers as “transubstantiation,” “anti-trinitarian,” &c. The longer a word is, the more grandly it sounds in the estimation of the preceptor and his pupils ; and as the speller proceeds, he joins each syllable with the Gaelic copulative, thus :—C, o, n, Con—*agus a Con* ; s, t, a, n, stan—*agus a stan, agus a Constan* ; t, i, ti—*agus a ti, agus a stanti, agus a Constanti* ; n, o, no—*agus a no, agus a tino, agus a stantino, agus a Constantino* ; p, l, e, ple—*agus a ple, agus a nople, agus a tinople, agus a stantinople, agus a Constantiople*. “Where is it, or what is it, master ?” inquired one of Paddy Byrne's college, on one occasion, after the word had been spelt, to the satisfaction of the audience.—“What's that to you, you young vagabond ?” said Mr. Byrne ; “and it 's the rights of private judgment the likes of you is beginning to think of ? Get up on Tim Kavanagh's back, till I give you a geographical *trayte*, and make you feel where Constantinople is.”

§ *Banes, Anglicè beans.* || *Pays, peas.* ¶ *Others, armpits.*

** *Vide* Charles Surface's opinion on this subject, given to his brother Joseph.

and ugly, I repeat it, although a good soul, and the wife of that worthy parishioner, ould Mike Mac-Lenaghan, that's making his own soul too hard and fast, and fasting and praying, and moaning and groaning, like an ancient Roman of the desert.

“DARBY. Your reverence is all in the dark. It's Nancy Mac, as the people call her, the wife of the Mac-Lenaghan that lives on the other side of the Loch. The neighbours call her his wife by courtesy, for the ceremony was preformed by jumping over a broomstick; and I'd as lieve be married by Shawn the tinker, or Bryan O'Lynn, as that-a-way, your reverence. But the man that owns her goes to church, the Lord forgive him; and he's always calling the mass idolatrous: and when he's drunk, which is not very seldom, he cries out,

“Eternal doom
To the Church of Roome!”

“FATHER THADY. Does he? He calls the mass idolatrous, and cries out,

“Eternal doom
To the Church of Roome!”

Oh, the heretic!—the spalpeen! That's the fellow, is it? And it was his *colleen* that you coveted?—to be sure it was! Ah, then, haven't I enough to do to look after my own sheep, without keeping the wolf from other people's? And—and—he said the mass was—and doomed the Church to the—phew! phew! Let me see how many chalks I had against you, poor boy:—one, two, three, four, five, six!—oh, you wild gossoon!*—half a dozen, I believe, and a few more. You're a jewel of a blag-guard!† Mister Delany! But, the dirty Prosbytayrian!—the mass idolatrous, indeed!—and the poor, dear Church!—oh dear! oh dear!—*Absolvo te ab omnibus iniquitatibus tuis, Darbi Delaniensis, peccatorum sceleratorum sceleratissime, umatorum vagabundorum facile princeps—vade in pace!* Heaven turn you from your evil ways, Darby—be off!—The mass idolatrous!—and he'd murder the Church! I'll settle him here and hereafter; and maybe I won't dance among the daisies over his grave, and sing on the top of him:—

Mac Lenaghan,
You unfortunate man!
Why didn't you die a Trihitarian?
Perpetual bloom
To the Church of Roome,
And Eternal Doom to the Prosbytayrians!”

WIGSBY. Thadæus would soon settle the Church of Scotland question, sir! and the Dissenters' Marriage Act, sir.

DREAMY. But his martyrdom—what of that? I suppose he fell a victim to theological rage for allowing his own “*odium theologicum*” to surpass his better notions of morality.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. I'll tell you all about that some other evening; but, as to Thady's notions of morality on the matter, I dare say, if you examine all the circumstances clearly, you will find that he too had peculiar notions, although neither liberal nor correct ones,

* *Gossoon, garçon, boy.*

† *Prosbytayrian, Presbyterian.*

about marriage-ceremonies performed by those whom he would call "out of orders," or not ordained; and whom Darby would call disorderly characthurs.

DREAMY. According to the opinion of the Judges, and until a new marriage-act for Dissenters be brought in, I, who am the son of Quaker parents, can dispute my mother's settlement.

WIGSBY. And your mother can turn round, sir,—can turn round on *you*, sir, and tell you that you are *nullius filius*,—that you are nobody's son,—and therefore that *you* are *nobody* yourself, sir!

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Talking of law and the judges, was there not a rather odd affair between the Master of your College, my Buffalo, and one of their lordships the other day?

BUFFALO. At the assizes just past, Lord — wished to enter the College by the back-gate, as it was nearer to the new courts, which, you are aware, are on the Huntingdon road, and convenient to the backs of the colleges.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Rather *plucky* to stop the free way of one of her Majesty's judges.

WIGSBY. *Plucky*, sir! It was not *the thing*, sir! It was *not to be done*, I should hope, sir.

BUFFALO. Why, no; as the sequel will prove. The master forgot that there was a certain clause in Henry the Eighth's Charter, granted to the college, which constituted the lodge the judges' hotel, quarters, or lodgings, during the assizes held in the town. The affair, however, is much better told in a ballad which a certain wag of Trinity wrote concerning it.

[*Reads the following very curious production.*

A delectable Ballad of the Judge and the Master.

The stout Master of Trinitie

A vow to God did make,

Ne Judge, ne Sheriff through his back-door

Their way from court should take.

And syne he hath closed his big, big book,

And syne laid down his pen,

And dour and grimly was his look,

As he call'd his serving men:—

"Come hither, come hither, my porter, Watts!

Come hither, Moonshine, to me!

If he be Judge in the Justice Hall,

I'll be Judge in Trinitie.

"And Sheriff Green is a lordly man

In his coat of the velvet fine;

But he'll rue the day that he took his way

Through back-gate of mine!

"Now bolt and bar, my flunkies true,

Good need is ours, I ween;

By the trumpet so clear, the Judge is near,

And eke bold Sheriff Green."

Oh, a proud, proud man was the Master to see,

With his serving men behind,

As he strode down the stair, with his nose in the air,

Like a pig that smells the wind.

And they have barr'd the bigger gate,
 And they have barr'd the small,
 And soon they espy the Sheriff's coach,
 And the Sheriff so comely and tall.

And the Sheriff straight hath knock'd at the gate,
 And tirled at the pin :
 "Now open, open, thou proud porter,
 And let my Lord Judge in !"

"Nay, Sheriff Green," quoth the proud porter,
 "For this thing may not be ;
 The Judge is lord in the Justice Hall,
 But the Master in Trinitie."

Then the Master smiled on Porter Watts,
 And gave him a silver joe ;
 And, as he came there with his nose in the air,
 So back to the lodge did go.

Then outspoke the grave Lord Justice,—" Ho !
 Sheriff Green, what aileth thee ?
 Bid the trumpets blow, that the folk may know,
 And the gate be opened free."

But a troubled man was the Sheriff Green,
 And he sweated as he did stand ;
 And in silken stock each knee did knock,
 And the white wand shook in his hand.

Then black grew the brow of the Judge, I trow,
 And his voice was stern to hear,
 As he almost swore at Sheriff Green,
 Who rung his hands in fear.

"Now, out and alas, my Lord High Judge,
 That I this day should see !
 When I did knock from behind the lock,
 The porter thus answered me,
 That thou wert Lord in the Justice Hall,
 But the Master in Trinitie.

And the Master hath bid them bar the gate
 'Gainst Kaisar or 'gainst King."
 "Now, by my wig !" quoth the Judge in wrath,
 "Such answer is not the thing.

"Break down the gate, and tell the knave
 That would stop my way so free,
 That the wood of his skull is as thick to the full,
 As the wood of the gate may be !"

That voice so clear when the porter did hear,
 He trembled exceedingly ;
 Then soon and straight he flung open the gate,
 And the Judge and his train rode by.

OMNES. Bravo ! bravo !

BUFFALO. A *stumper* for the poor Master, I think ; but we are getting considerably into the small hours, Patricius, my boy ; let us have a glorious wind-up to the pleasures of the evening in one more of your excellent songs !

[Hear, hear, and clivers; after which the Whiskey-Drinker turned round to the instrument, and, having rattled the ivories to the air of "Nora Crecina," accompanied himself, after his own untutored fashion, to the following words:]

THE CHRISTENING OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCESS ALICE MAUDE.

Refrain.

Molly, my dear, did you ever hear
The likes of me from Cork to Dover?
The girls all love me far and near,
They're mad in love with "Pat the Rover."

Molly Machree, you didn't see
THE PRINCESS AILLEEN's royal christening ;
You'll hear it every word from me,
If you'll be only after listening.
To see the mighty grand affair
The *Quality* got invitations ;
And wasn't I myself just there,
With half-a-dozen blood relations?
Molly, my dear, &c.

What lots of Ladies curtsied in,
And Peers all powdhered free an aisy !
Miss Biddy Maginn, and Bryan O'Lynn,
Katty Neil, and bould Corporal Casey.
Lord Clarendine, and Lord Glandine,
Each buckled to a Maid of Honour,
The Queen of Spain, and Lord Castlemaine ;
The Queen of France, and King O'Connor.
Molly, my dear, &c.

There was no lack, you may be sure,
Of writers, and of rhetoricians,
Of Whigs and Tories, rich and poor,
Priests, patriots, and politicians.
The next came in was Father Prout,
With a fine ould dame from the Tunbridge waters,
And Dan O'Connell, bould and stout,
Led in Rebecca and her Daughters.
Molly, my dear, &c.

Some came in pairs, some came in chairs,
From foreign parts, and parts adjacent !
"Ochone ! I'm alone !" says the Widow Malone,
"Is there nobody here to do the daycent?"
There was Peggy O'Hara, from Cunnemara,
And who her beau was I couldn't tell, sir ;
But the Duke of Buccleuch danced with Molly Carew,
And Paddy from Cork with Fanny Ellsler !
Molly, my dear, &c.

We every one sat down to tay :
The toast and muffins flew like winking ;
Before or since that blessed day
I never saw such eating and drinking.

We had pigeon-pies, and puddings likewise ;
 We walk'd into the pastries after ;
 We'd D'Arcy's whiskey, and Guinness's stout,
 Impayrial pop, and soda-water !
 Molly, my dear, &c.

And when there was no more to sup,
 The Prince cried, " Piper, rouse your chanter ! "
 The band of blind fiddlers then struck up,
 And scraped " God save the Queen " *instanter*.
 Her Majesty she danced, d' ye see,
 An Irish hornpipe with Sir Bobby ;
 We piled the chairs upon the stairs,
 And pitch'd the tables on the lobbey.
 Molly, my dear, &c.

The clargy then at last came in—
 Says he, " Ladies and gentlemen, will ye 's all be sayted ? "
 " Faith," says I, " I wish you'd soon begin ;
 I long to see the job complayted."
 And soon it was. The young Princess
 Was stood for by my gossip's daughter ;
 And didn't Father Mathew bless,
 And sprinkle her with holy water ?
 Molly, my dear, &c.

[*Exeunt omnes*, after the *Duch an Dharris*, or stirrup-cup, — the Dreamer in a gentle chuckle, Buffalo in a roar, Wigsby with violent pains in his sides, and the Whiskey-Drinker to his solitary couch.]

THE SOUTH WIND.

STERN Winter's locks were hoar,
 And his icy chains were strong ;
 His fetters hung on every shore,
 His reign was drear and long.

He carried frost and snow
 To lands where the vine grows free ;
 He dared to show his rugged brow,
 Where ne'er before was he.

The soft, sweet, south-wind blew,
 And stern Winter's end was nigh ;
 Vainly he roused his Borean crew,
 The churl was doom'd to die.

He bluster'd long and loud,
 But a primrose braved his power ;
 He quaked upon his snowy cloud,
 And sank at noon tide hour.

Joy to the sweet south gale !
 Oh ! it warms the heart like love ;
 Flowers mark its pathway through the vale,
 And music 'midst the grove.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SIEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

THE new Drury Lane theatre opened, October 10, 1812, under a sub-committee of management, with an address written by Lord Byron, nearly the worst production of his pen, the committee having previously, in order to encourage poetical talent, advertised, like contractors, for an address, offering a premium for the best. It appears that all were bad, though one of them was sent (anonymously) by Mr. Whitbread, who was seized with the vain ambition of aspiring to poetical honours. The competitors were very wroth; and one of them insisted on reading his address from the boxes. This ludicrous commencement gave rise to the celebrated parody of "The Rejected Addresses."

Previous to joining the Drury Lane company, Munden invited some of his future associates to dine with him at his residence at Kentish Town. His guests were Mr. Dowton, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Lovegrove, and Mr. Knight. Before the ladies quitted the table, the host whispered to Bannister, "Jack, I wish you would play off some of your tricks to please the women." Mr. Bannister, with great good humour, complied. He imitated animate and inanimate objects; amongst the rest, water falling from a height in various gradations, until it fell "like a pebble in Carisbrook well." He then took higher ground. He supposed a father on his death-bed, about to alter his will to disinherit a disobedient son. He wrapped a napkin round his head, and underneath his chin; assumed the ghastly stare, the glazed eye, the pallid countenance, and the clammy lips of fast-approaching dissolution. Those who recollect Mrs. Siddons in the last scene of "Queen Catherine," hardly beheld a truer delineation. The dying man is raised on his supposititious bed, grasps the pen with forced determination, signs the will, and falls lifeless on his pillow. The company broke into a burst of admiration; but on one present it had a serious effect. Mr. Lovegrove had been married to Miss Weippert, daughter of the celebrated harp-player. A short time previous to this meeting, Mrs. Lovegrove died of the effects of a cold, brought on by the prevailing fashion of their clothing. Mr. Lovegrove, who was tenderly attached to his wife, was so affected by the truth of Bannister's personification, which brought to his recollection his recent bereavement, that he fainted, and the imitations were brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Munden's first appearance on the boards of Drury is thus recorded in a contemporary journal:—"This theatre has insured to itself a powerful attraction in recalling to the stage the rich and well-defined humour of Munden. He was received last night with that distinguished applause which a man so deservedly a favourite might reasonably expect from a public, seldom capricious in its amusements; and he played his old part of Sir Abel Handy with undiminished effect."

Munden's favourite plays were got up in succession. October 6th, "A cure for a Heart-Ache." 19th, "Way to get married." 21st, "School for Authors." 25th, "Bold Stroke for a Wife,"—Bannister, Colonel Feignwell; Munden, Perriwinkle. 28th, "Duenna,"—Isaac, Dowton; Don Jerome, Munden: and "The Citizen,"—Old Philpot, Munden; Young Philpot, Bannister. 30th, a new comedy, by Mr. Horace Smith, entitled "First Impressions," in which Munden played Sir Thomas Trapwell. This piece had not a long run; but the Morning Post says,—"Munden, Elliston, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Edwin, were unusually successful." November 5, "Modern Antiques,"—Cockletop, Munden; Joey, Knight. 10th, "Turnpike Gate." 15th, "Two Strings to your Bow." 22nd, a new musical farce by T. Dibdin, called "Is he alive;" principal characters by Munden, Knight, and Wrench.

In this month Mr. Conway (it was, we believe, an adopted name,) appeared at Covent Garden as Alexander the Great. The selection of the part was a judicious one; and, if ever man possessed the requisites of form and face to fill it, Conway did. He had long enjoyed a great provincial reputation. Mr. Austen, who saw him play at Chester, said it was the best first appearance he had ever seen in his life. But, with a stature beyond the ordinary height, fine form, expressive features, and a voice powerful and not unpleasing, Conway marred all by affectation. He trod the stage as if he were walking on stilts, and raised and lowered his voice in an abrupt and disagreeable manner. When he entered on the scene in triumph, as Alexander, the *coup d'ail* was magnificent. "Pity," said somebody, "that the thing was made to speak." He played some parts, however,—Jaffier, especially, far above the ordinary level: but the town took a dislike to him; the newspapers were severe; he had only the ladies in his favour. Conway at last lost his engagement at Covent Garden; and, as he was too tall to play second to the new prodigy at Drury Lane, necessity drove him to accept the humble situation of prompter at the Haymarket. True it was that Pope, who had played Othello and Lord Townley against John Kemble and Dibdin, who had been a manager, did the same. Poor Conway! he attributed all his failure to the critics.

"I know," said he, "I am not a great actor; but I cannot be so bad as they represent."

Disappointment preyed upon his spirits; and his mind took a serious turn. He embarked for America; but, during the voyage, in a momentary aberration of reason, leaped overboard, and was drowned. Another account, we hope the true one, says he played in America, and died there.

A spectator, at this time, marvelling at the constant failure of every fresh attempt to possess the tragic chair, might well have said,

"Lo! the dull 'stars' roll round and re-appear."

But two great luminaries were on the verge of the dramatic horizon. The first that burst upon the public sight was Edmund Kean! Mr. Kean (announced in the bills, from the Exeter theatre,) made his appearance at Drury Lane, as Shylock, January 26th, 1814. He was

very favourably received by the public; but the critics seemed to pause before they ventured upon a decided opinion on his acting. The Morning Post spoke of him handsomely, but not enthusiastically. The writer in the Times candidly avowed that the many previous unsuccessful first appearances had rendered them at first sceptical as to the success of the new actor. It was not until he played Richard that the general voice pronounced him a phenomenon.

February 1, Mr. Kean repeated the character of Shylock. On this night the writer sate in the dress-circle, near the stage, next to the late Mr. Perry, proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, and an excellent judge of dramatic performances. Mr. Perry quickly discerned Kean's original talent, applauded vehemently, and penned himself some strong articles in his favour. Munden, when his son reached Kentish Town after the performance, inquired what he thought of the new actor (he had not himself seen him), and heard, with a smile, that Mr. Kean would be the founder of a new school of tragic acting.

"When you have seen as many stars rise and set as I have," said the practised comedian, "you will not so hastily pronounce an opinion."

Nothing convinced, with the obstinacy of youth, the son worshipped at the new shrine. On another night of Kean's performance, he was in the manager's (Raymond) box, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Kelly, and Mrs. Billington. After the play Pope retired, but returned in a few minutes with a slight young man, attired in a great coat, lined and cuffed with fur. He stepped carelessly into the box, and Pope introduced him to Mrs. Billington as — Mr. Kean. Mrs. Billington paid him many compliments "in good set phrase," and the youth at the back of the box strained his eyes to observe the object of his idolatry. Mr. Kean's admirer attended at the pit-door from half-past four o'clock to six, wedged in by the multitude that filled Vinegar Yard on every fresh performance, and almost suffocated by heat. With the preconceived notion that Mr. Kean's figure was unsuited for Othello, he stayed away from the theatre the first night that Kean performed the character, forgetting that

" Before true merit all objections fly ;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high."

But he attended the performance of Iago, and was equally occupied in observing the "smiling devil" in Kean's eye, and in watching the observant, and ever-changing countenance of the author of Childe Harold, who sat in the orchestra before him. All criticism on Kean's performances is superfluous here, as the reader will find them ably described in the pages of his accomplished biographer, Barry Cornwall. Munden at a subsequent period paid a willing tribute to Kean's extraordinary excellence.

Happy was it for the proprietors of Drury Lane that this godsend fell in their way; for, notwithstanding the abundance of comic talent which Drury Lane possessed, the season had hitherto been an unprofitable one, as Mr. Whitbread stated at their next annual meeting, remarking, "It is to him," Mr. Kean "that, after

one hundred and thirty-nine nights of continued loss and disappointment, the subscribers are indebted for the success of the season."

The surprising success of Mr. Kean rendered the green-room of Drury Lane a fashionable place of resort. Among the frequent visitors were the Earl of Essex, Lord Byron, Lord Holland, Lord Kinpaird, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, the Hon. George Lambe, Mr. Peter Moore, Mr. Calcraft, Monk Lewis, &c. The room was usually thronged; and the spectacle was rendered more attractive by the performers in character, who, as they descended from their dressing-rooms, advanced towards the long pier-glass at the end, examining the effect of their costume, making a grotesque or frowning face, and muttering some particular phrase in which they judged a point could be made.

During the performance Lord Byron sat in his box, the lower one on the stage at the right hand, and, raising the blind, drank his madeira, and cracked his walnuts. He interfered little with the concerns of the theatre, leaving the management to Mr. Lambe, Mr. Kinnaird, and Mr. Peter Moore, who were very active, and did as much harm as amateur managers generally do. Mr. Kinnaird introduced upon the stage, as a singer, a lady who resided under his protection, and who had been known in *another* part of the theatre, where she was termed, from her waddling gait, the duck. Tom Dibdin, then stage-manager, perpetrated a pun upon this in the inquiry, "What is a duck? ~~Un~~ *Un Canard!*" It should be observed, that Mr. Kean was not fond of mixing in this noble assemblage. He disliked their criticisms, and still more their flattery; and, after playing a new part, when he dreaded the infliction of both, he would wrap his great coat around him, and rapidly make his escape from the house, leaving them, disappointed of his presence, to listen to their congratulations.

The three *active* members of the committee duly attended at the rehearsals. Mr. George Lambe, a polite gentleman, arranged with the sub-managers the general business of the theatre. Mr. Kinnaird ransacked the works of the old dramatists for revivals; and Mr. Peter Moore amused himself with tyrannising over the underlings. His name provoked a pun. One individual, who had probably suffered under his lash, alluding to the arbitrary disposition of the great czar, wished he "could give to St. Petersburgh one Peter *More*;" and Peter Finnerty, the well-known reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*, upon some capricious suspension of the free list, extemporized the following epigram:—

‘What,’ said Dick, with some surprise,
‘Have they sent Peter from the door?
From Drury’s scenes, if they were wise,
They’d send one Peter *More*! ’

Peter Moore, who had shewn much subserviency to Mr. Sheridan’s interests, in getting the bill for rebuilding Drury Lane passed through the House of Commons, resolved to *attach* himself to him in death, and raised a monument which might serve for both of them, the inscription running something in this way.

“ TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED
BY
HIS ATTACHED FRIEND,
PETER MOORE.”

Our actor was on very good terms with the sub-committee, particularly with Lord Byron, Mr. Lambe, and Mr. Calcraft. One day, meeting the latter gentleman in the Strand, they stopped to converse upon the affairs of the theatre, and, to avoid the crowd, turned down Adam Street to the Adelphi Terrace. A door was opened, and an old lady came out. Mr. Calcraft, as she approached, inquired of Munden,

“ Do you know who that is?”

Munden replied in the negative; and the member of Parliament, taking off his hat, said,

“ Mrs. Garrick, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Munden.”

Mrs. Garrick, with great animation, held out both her hands, and grasping the actor's, said,

“ I am most happy at this introduction. I have seen you often in another place, and wished to be known to you.”

Though very aged, she was lively and active, and prided herself on her finely turned ankle, which had been so much admired when she was Mademoiselle Violette.

Munden took for his benefit “The School for Wives,” and “The Farmer.” He did not latterly play Jemmy Jumps, in which he had acquired so much reputation, as his figure had become unsuitable for the part. Mr. Kean had for his benefit “Riches” (Sir James Bland Burgess's alteration from Massinger), and performed Luke in a very different style from Raymond, who, though a sensible and well-informed man, was a moderate actor. With other benefits, in which our comedian played Tipple (“Flitch of Bacon,”) Nipperkin, and Brummagem, the Drury Lane season was brought to a close.

We have recently recorded the departure of the Tragic Muse, and have now to relate the disappearance of the muse of Comedy. Mrs. Jordan did not play on any stage after the termination of the Covent Garden season, 1813-14. She had become so involved as to render it necessary to retire to the Continent. Although in the receipt for years of a large income, she had a numerous family to provide for, and was a most kind mother. Her real name was Bland, and she had never been married. Her embarrassments at this juncture were occasioned by becoming security for a person who espoused one of the daughters she had borne previous to her connection with the Duke of Clarence. She resided, under an assumed name, at St. Cloud, near Paris, where she died, July 3rd, 1816: her death was attended by some distressing circumstances. With all Mrs. Jordan's faults, she was a warm-hearted, charitable woman. As an actress, she had no equal since the time of Mrs. Clive, in her particular line; but she was fond of stepping out of her line; and then she was not great. She played the Country Girl when an old

woman ; and such was the fascination of her manner that the spectators were content to believe that she was what she represented. She was not handsome (her picture by Romney is a flattering resemblance), but her speaking voice was one of the most melodious ever heard ; and she sang pleasingly.

The next season at Drury Lane commenced on the 20th September (1814), with "The Rivals." October 1, "The School for Scandal ;" Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Wroughton ; Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Dowton. The latter was a very fine performance. Mr. Wroughton had been a contemporary of Garrick, and had played with the older actors with credit and success. Although he possessed few natural advantages, he had great judgment, and was a sound, sensible actor ; but, as he could scarcely be called a comedian, the part of Sir Peter would necessarily have fallen to Munden, had not Mr. Wroughton played it at Drury Lane for many years, and remained therefore in possession. This gentleman's powers were at the present period on the wane, and he ceased to act after the close of the season.

25th. Miss Walstein, from Dublin, appeared as Calista in "The Fair Penitent." Miss Walstein had long filled the principal characters in tragedy at the Dublin Theatre, where she was a great favourite, until, happening to be seized with sudden indisposition, Miss O'Neil played her part, and displayed such talent that she took a firm hold of the Dublin audience. Munden had played Sir Peter Teazle to Miss O'Neil's Lady Teazle in Ireland, and spoke everywhere of her acting in strong terms of praise ; but the amateur management engaged Miss Walstein, leaving Miss O'Neil a prize to the rival house. Miss Walstein played Letitia Hardy, Lady Teazle, Lady Restless, ("All in the Wrong"—Wroughton played Sir John Restless very well,) Rosalind, and Lady Townley ; but she was not successful in London, and the committee did not re-engage her. On the contrary, Miss O'Neil, so lately her inferior in rank as an actress, on the other side of the Irish Channel, took possession at once of the chair left vacant by Mrs. Siddons, and divided the town with the other great luminary, Kean.

It should seem as if Fortune, to compensate for a long dearth of excellence in tragedy, had formed at once two new moulds, of Garrick and Siddons. Miss O'Neil, though not Mrs. Siddons's equal, was the nearest approach to her we have seen. In Mrs. Haller she was, perhaps, superior ; for, whilst she possessed the highest qualities of acting, her youth and figure corresponded more with the conception of the part. Her description of watching the sports of the children was delivered in the tones of tenderness and truth.

October 17th, Munden played Captain Bertram to Bannister's Jack Junk. February 1st, "Town and Country" was performed at Drury Lane. Reuben Glenroy, Kean ; Plastic, Wallack ; Trot, Munden ; Cosey, Dowton ; Captain Glenroy, Rae ; Hawbuck, Knight ; Honourable Mrs. Glenroy, Mrs. Glover ; Rosalie Somers, Mrs. Horn. It is impossible to imagine a play better acted. Kean was powerfully effective in Reuben Glenroy. The noble critics in the green-room were prepared to find fault with his dress, a suit of black, with Hessian boots ; but he slipped by the door of the green-

room, and did not wait to hear their opinions. Plastic was played with great spirit and judgment by Wallack. Mrs. Glover was, as she always is, animated and correct in Mrs. Glenroy; and Mrs. Horn looked a very interesting and lovely Rosalie Somers, and spoke the dialogue in a style of great simplicity. The town and country friends, Cosey and Trot, did all that the author would let them do. Hawbuck was written for Emery, and, as the name implies, intended for a heavy, stupid-looking, ungainly lad, with his head so crammed with Greek and Latin as to be fit for nothing. Knight's lively and bustling action was hardly what the author meant; but he made amends by his irresistible drollery, particularly in the scene where he drops the tray. Dowton was very great in that part of Cosey where Rosalie's absence is discovered; and the whole grouping of the scene, with the serious attitude of the actors, formed a fine picture.

16th, Munden played the third Witch in "Macbeth;" and March 11th, Dozey, in a new farce by T. Dibdin, called "Past Ten o'Clock, and a Rainy Night." As this was the last original part on which he conferred celebrity by his acting,—for there was little in the part itself, which, in the hands of an ordinary actor, would have been insignificant,—some account of the piece is subjoined. The characters, are Dozey, (an old sailor, a Greenwich pensioner,) Munden; Sami Squib, (an old soldier, a Chelsea pensioner,) Bannister; Bantam, (servant to Young Punctual,) Knight; Old Snaps, (guardian to Lucy and Nancy,) Penley; Harry Punctual, (in love with Nancy,) Wallack; Charles Wildfire, (in love with Lucy,) Bernard; Young Snaps, Fisher; Sir Peter Punctual, Galtier; Lucy, (in love with Wildfire,) Mrs. Edwin; Nancy, (in love with Young Punctual,) Mrs. Orger; Silence, Mrs. Harlowe. Dozey and Squib are in the service of Old Snaps. He particularly orders them not to admit any person into the house except his own son and Sir Peter. Wildfire pretends that he is pursued by a bailiff. Squib, who had served under Wildfire's father, lets him into the house to avoid the bailiff. He also lets in Young Punctual, who pretends to be Sir Peter. Old Snaps comes home: Nancy and Lucy make their escape in the great-coats of Sir Peter and Dozey; the gentlemen get out by a balcony, and a reconciliation is effected.

It will be seen that there were slender materials to work upon; but Munden took as much pains with his part as if he were a young actor struggling for fame. He dressed and painted the old Greenwich pensioner to the life; (he painted his neck, which was bare,) and laboured to produce a perfect personification. His chief point in the dialogue was the description of a naval engagement, in which he was wonderfully energetic, and was cheered by loud bursts of applause from the audience. Knight was very clever in Bantam; and played up to Munden in the scene just noticed. Bannister had an indifferent part, and, after a night or two, he relinquished it.

May 22nd, Munden played Jabal to Elliston's Sheva, for the benefit of the latter. 31st, he chose for his own benefit "The Road to Ruin," in which a Mr. Gordon, from Liverpool, played Goldfinch with some success. The other characters were Harry Dornton, Elliston; Silky, Dowton; Sulky, R. Palmer; Widow Warren,

Mrs. Sparks ; Sophia, Miss Kelly. This was a strong cast. That excellent actress, Miss Kelly, played Sophia with great archness and humour. The afterpiece was a new musical farce, called "Honesty the best Policy." It opened with a duet between Miss Kelly and Miss L. Kelly, commencing with " Bright descends yon orb of day ;" and the clumsy scene-shifters put the moon in the distance !

June 1st, Jack Bannister took his leave of the stage, making his last appearance in "The Comedy of the World," and the afterpiece of "The Children of the Wood ;" and addressing the audience on his retirement, attended by the principal actors on the stage. His reception was in the highest degree flattering, and his farewell impressive. The powers of mimicry which Mr. Bannister possessed in such an eminent degree were of great service to him in such parts as Colonel Feignwell and the Three Singles ; but the main feature of his acting was what the French term *bonhomic*, which carried the auditor's feelings with him. This quality formed the charm of his performance of Walter in "The Children of the Wood." Unquestionably, the highest quality in an actor is the *ars clare artem* ; but with Bannister, in pathetic parts, all seemed to come from the heart. It was the same with him in private life. He spoke what he thought, and of those who merited commendation with the most kindly feelings ; with harshness of nobody. He was wholly free from envy, that "vaccine virus" of actors. He dwelt with the enthusiasm of a devoted frequenter of the theatres on the perfections of his contemporaries ; of nobody's abilities did he speak higher than of Munden's. The writer, in walking up and down Gower Street with Mr. Bannister, took the liberty of consulting with him on the form of a short address, which he was requested by his father to put together, on the occasion of the latter's retirement from the stage, and was listened to with the most polite attention, and earnest wish to be of service. Garrick had great expectations of Bannister's success in tragedy ; but he wisely relinquished that line as he grew older, and trusted to comedy. He had few equals in the parts he played ; for, besides his powers of pathos, he possessed a vein of genuine humour. As a private gentleman, Mr. Bannister was an honour to the stage. He was respected in every circle, and loved by those who knew him. He lived very happily in his retirement, and died at a good old age.

June 8th, our actor played Mainmast. 9th, Polonius, to Kean's Hamlet ; first Gravedigger, Dowton. July 5th, Davy, in "Bon Ton," for Spring's benefit. 6th, the theatre was closed, in consequence of Mr. Whitbread's death ; a proper tribute of respect to one who had taken so active a part in its concerns, and whose untimely end is supposed to have been hastened by the labour which he had bestowed in arranging its affairs, and the vexation he experienced at its unsuccessful commencement. 11th, Munden played King Arthur. 12th, Crack.

Miss Mellon quitted the stage at the close of this season. The last part she played was Audrey. This lady, though not a first-rate actress, was arch and lively. She played Mrs. Candour very well. After being *supposed* to gain a prize in the lottery, the real prize was discovered to be in the hand of Mr. Coutts, and his enormous

fortune, to which the Duke of St. Albans, subsequently, added a coronet.

In Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Sketches of Performers," which appeared about this time, we find the following notice of Munden:—

"One of the most amusing comedians living, if not the most amusing of all in certain characters, after Liston, is Mr. Munden. He is not so great a one, perhaps, as the lovers of broad farce may think him; but, on the other hand, he is much greater than the indiscriminating objectors to grimace may allow. Certainly the work he makes with his face is equally alarming as well as droll. He has a sort of complicated grin, which may be thus described: he begins by throwing aside his mouth at the corner, with as little remorse as a boy putting it down with his fingers; then he jerks up his eyebrows; then he brings his mouth a little back again, with a show of his teeth; then he pulls down the upper lip over the top row, as a knight might his vizor; and finally consummates the joke with a general stir round, and grind of the whole lower part of the face. This, accompanied with some dry phrase, or sometimes with a single word, the spectators always find irresistible, and the roar springs forth accordingly. But he is a genuine comedian, nevertheless, with a considerable insight into character as well as surface, and with a great power of filling up the paltriest sketches. We have known him entertain the audience with a real as well as sophisticated humour for five or six minutes together, scarcely speaking a word the whole time, as in the part of the Sailor, in 'The English Fleet,' and in one, we think, in an afterpiece called 'The Turnpike Gate,' where he comes in and hovers about a pot of ale which he sees standing on a table, looking about him with ludicrous caution as he makes his advances, half afraid, and half simpering, when he has got near it, and then, after circumventing it with his eyes, and feeling over and over again, with some more cautions, looks into it in the most ludicrous manner imaginable, and exclaiming, in an under voice of affected indifference and real chuckling, 'Some gentleman has left his ale!' Mr. Munden is remarkable for dressing as well as acting old age, and is equally good in the two extremes of generous old men and mercenary,—the warm-hearted admiral, and the close-fisted city hunk. His cordiality would be still better, if his propensity to grimace did not interfere, — a propensity always dangerous from the success it has."

Drury Lane, season, 1815-16. September 9th, "John Bull." 12th, "The Magpie, or The Maid of Palaisean." This was an adaptation from the French, by T. Dibdin, and the subject was so popular, that two other versions appeared. This piece owed its success to the powerful acting of Miss Kelly. It was performed thirty-nine times. Munden was induced to play a very indifferent part, (the Baillie,) to add strength to the cast. 14th. He played Don Jerome, in "The Duenna." 16th. That very amusing actor, Mr. Harley, made his first appearance at this theatre in Lissardo; and on the 26th, Mrs. Mardyn, from Dublin, came out in Amelia, in "Lovers' Vows." She acted with great spirit; and her beauty was an additional attraction. Munden played Verdun. 28th. "The Beggar's Opera." Macheath, Mr. T. Cooke; Peachum, Munden; Lockit, Dowton; Filch, Knight; Polly, Mrs. Dickons; Lucy, Miss

Kelly ; Mrs. Peachum, Mrs. Sparks. October 19th. Skirmish, in "The Deserter," Munden. November 3rd. "The Birth Day." Captain Bertram, Munden ; Jack Junk, Downton. 15th. A new farce, by Poole, called "Who's Who, or the Double Imposture." Sam Dabbs, an apothecary's man, Munden. This was a comic extravaganza, and told well. December 14th, was performed "The Merchant of Bruges," an alteration from Beaumont and Fletcher, by the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird. Principal characters: Garwin, or Florey, Kean ; Clause, or Gerrard, Holland ; Hubert, Rae ; Vandunk, Munden, Wolfort, S. Penley ; Hemskinke, Raymond ; Beggars, Higgin, Oxberry ; Prigg, Harley ; Gertrude, or Bertha, Mrs. Horn ; Jaculin, Miss L. Kelly. Kean played an indifferent part with great effect. In the scene with Goswin and Gertrude, when he exclaimed, pointing to Mrs. Horn, who performed Gertrude, "Is she not beautiful!" the audience acknowledged the justness of the allusion by a round of applause. After the play, the writer, in conversation in the green-room with Lord Byron, was asked how he liked the alteration, which, his lordship said, had cost Mr. Kinnaird a great deal of trouble. He remarked that it was trouble ill bestowed, as there were many other old plays (of Massinger especially) which might be revived with greater advantage. "What plays?" said his lordship. "The Duke of Milan" was mentioned. "I never read 'The Duke of Milan,'" was the unexpected reply.* "The Duke of Milan" was, however, revived, altered by Tom Dibdin, and somebody else ; and the catastrophe, which is forced and unnatural in the original, was not much mended in the adaptation. Though Kean played Sforza very finely, he was badly supported, and the play had not a run. Munden performed successively Marrall, Foresight, Corton Pearmain, Sir Robert Bramble, for his own benefit, and Brainworm, for Mr. Kean's. On the last night of the season he performed (by particular desire, and for that night only — Russert was his part) Sir Harry Beagle, in "The Jealous Wife."

* It was a startling declaration of Lord Byron's, that, if by some great convulsion of nature English should become a dead language, "an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British epic and tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton ; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people." Sheridan also was supposed not to hold the earlier dramatists in great reverence. From the time when his connection with Drury Lane was dissolved, he had never entered the theatre. One night he was prevailed upon by Lord Essex to sit with his lordship in his box to witness the performance of Kean in Sir Giles Overreach. At the conclusion of the play, Lord Essex begged of him to go into the green-room. The actors flocked around the modern Congreve. In the scene of his former glory he was low and dejected. When Kean was introduced to him, every ear was awake, as it was supposed that Mr. Sheridan would pay him a compliment. The only remark he made was, "Mr. Kean, I am sorry to see you in so bad a part."

ORLANDO GRIFFIN.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," "DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX," ETC.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

THERE is a small town called Greystoke, a few miles to the west of the ancient borough of St. Alban's; and in this town many excellent, and, what is more, and, perhaps, better, many opulent people reside. Of this latter class was Mr. Orlando Griffin, a young gentleman whose whole course of life had hitherto flowed in so unruffled a stream, that he had been compelled to resort to the circulating library for that amount of mental excitement, without which, he devoutly believed, the heart cannot be continued in a healthy state of vibration. Indeed, so sincerely did Mr. Griffin sympathise with, and so entirely did he enter into, the well-imagined woes of the Julia Walsinghams and the Adelyn Montresors, and in the highly-wrought perplexities and deeply-conceived miseries of their heroic counterparts, the Lord Mortimers, and the Honourable Augustus Waldegraves, that he could not precisely see, he could not very well understand, he could not be made to feel the real distresses of people about him, who chanced to possess English, and not Grecian outlines, and whose names opposed a stumbling-block to every description of sentiment to be met with in the beaten paths of fiction.

It will be readily surmised, that a young gentleman of Mr. Griffin's disposition, and appetite for polite literature, could hardly love anybody better than himself, unless that individual came in the shape of a young lady, beautiful as an angel, graceful as a fawn, fascinating as a *houri*, and sentimental as himself. Such an one a propitious fortune provided in the person of Miss Amelia Wickham, a fair, unearthly-looking being, possessing all those indispensable requisites which the rigorous *beau idéal* established in Griffin's bosom, led him to desiderate.

Amelia Wickham had been for no great length of time a resident at Greystoke. She had been wafted thither by the London coach, and was accompanied by her mother, a tall lady, of highly-cultivated manners and complexion, the latter predominating in her nose, and with a voice of singular monotony and depth, such, for instance, as we may imagine to have proceeded from Lady Macbeth with a very bad cold.

Through the instrumentality of the obsequious Rooke, Mr. Griffin obtained an introduction to the interesting strangers, and was invited to partake of those social amenities which ladies, polished by the friction of metropolitan intercourse, are so well qualified to dispense. In the small, but elegant drawing-room, twelve feet by nine, of Mr. Wickham, our young gentleman found that courtesy and candour are the characteristics of the truly genteel; and a sense of deep abasement sometimes crawled over him when he reflected upon his own utter unworthiness, considered as a candidate for the hand of that fair being who would prove—he was sure of it—in any man's lottery of life, definitely "*the ticket*."

But this sense of self-humiliation seldom lasts long, and would seem to have left Orlando Griffin altogether shortly afterwards; for, one evening, when his Amelia had retired to rest, he took the mother to

the window, and with a tremor proper to the circumstances, figuratively and quietly laid his person and fortune at the feet of her daughter. It was upon this occasion that Mrs. Wickham's discretion was made signally manifest. She was highly and deeply honoured by his preference. She really did not know ; she could not possibly say ; her only treasure's heart might not be engaged ; there certainly had been a young gentleman, Mr. Charles Nincombe, but that was not likely, after all. • Would he give her till to-morrow evening ? She bade him hope in the meantime.

“ I must tell *you*,” said the high-souled matron, in conclusion, “ that I have no fortune to give Miss Wickham ; but that is, of course, no object with you. She is herself a jewel beyond all price. You have heard of Mr. Livermore—*the Livermore* ? ”

“ Oh, yes ; often.”

Here Griffin made a venial trespass upon the fields of fiction.

“ Mr. Livermore is her uncle,” pursued Mrs. Wickham, “ and is immensely rich—in fact, high sheriff of Surrey, and lord of the manor of Teddington. He has often said he didn’t know what he mightn’t do for Amy one of these days, which clearly means that he *does* know what he *may* do. Money *is* an object, dear sir, although we have not been accustomed to regard it. Congenial souls, domestic bliss, two hearts in unison ; these are the real, the only blessings, Orlando.”

How sweetly, how touchingly confidential and familiar, this recognition of him as a valued friend by the name he had received at the baptismal font ! The taste, the feeling of it ! Griffin could scarce contain himself till he got outside the house, when he bethought him whether he should not vent his rapture in a flood of tears, which, however, like many other serviceable things, will not always come when they are wanted. “ The only blessing ! ” What a sensible woman was this ! They *were* the only blessings. She was a truly superior character ; and if she had a little less of the carnation in her countenance, and not quite so much of the violincello in her voice, would be one of the most desirable mothers-in-law a man could possess.

To describe the sensation of Mr. Griffin as he bent his way to the cottage in which his Amelia was enshrined, for the purpose of resolving the important query whether he was to be beyond expression happy, or a raving maniac for the rest of his days,—to do this is quite out of the question. Hope and fear see-sawed away in his bosom with considerable vehemence and vigour ; and by the time he arrived at the gate, and when he beheld the mother at one window, and the daughter at the other, he would have given a trifle for a new pair of knee-joints, and a tongue warranted to wag if required.

Mrs. Wickham flew to the door, and greeting him on the threshold, seized both his hands between his own, and drew him into the parlour. Griffin could not but remark that the nose was considerably redder, and that the voice was rather more subterraneous than usual, as she hurriedly paid him the compliments of the evening. He accounted for the voice on the score of intense emotion ; and the pressure of the nasal promontory against a window-pane, it is well known, causes a portion of the vital fluid to establish itself in that region.

“ Orlando Griffin, you have vanquished, you have conquered ! ” was all she could in the first instance utter.

Griffin looked more like a captive than a conqueror as she lugged him (how plaguy strong the old lady must be ! but no, it was “ enthu-

siasm,'') to an arm-chair. Releasing her "hold, and drawing another chair towards her, she resumed his hands, riveted her gaze upon him, and said, her lips quivering with excitement,

"She is yours!—wholly, entirely yours!—yours for ever! and hereafter I must look upon you in the light of a son."

Griffin inwardly wished that she would not look quite so much at him in any light; and attempted a reply, which died away in an inarticulate mumble.

"Young man," resumed Mrs. Wickham, solemnly, "when a mother bestows the sole blessing of her existence upon another, what has she not a right to expect? Oh! give me a solemn assurance that when she becomes yours you will cherish and protect her."

Her future son-in-law raised his eyes slowly to a fly-cage immediately over his head, and silently surveyed the corpulent physical proportions of a blue-bottle. (We may mention that orbs in the ascendant are invariably held, in the court of love, equivalent to an affidavit. The Lord Chancellor Hymen would cry, "Take a rule," upon less satisfactory testimony.)

"But, where is the dear child?" cried Mrs. Wickham with vivacity; and she arose. "Why should I longer keep asunder two beings so formed for each other?"

Griffin would fain have asked her to stay a few minutes till he got his heart under, which began to hammer away at his ribs with paviour-like pertinacity, but his tongue was as dry on a sudden as an old card-case. The five minutes that preceded a kind of affectionate scuffle in the passage between the mother and daughter, were indeed fearful; but when his own Amelia appeared, led in by her dignified and deservedly happy parent, a dizziness possessed him; all the voluminous precedents for his conduct upon such occasions, which Rooke's library afforded, faded from his memory; and, if he did stagger forward, and fall upon one knee, the action must, in justice, be imputed not so much to personal gallantry as to physical weakness.

I leave it to the lovers of sentiment of a high and ennobling character to conceive the feelings of this young and sentimental couple; and I invite such as have no taste for such scenes, while they imagine the intensely gratifying sensations of the delighted Mrs. Wickham, to accompany her as she proceeds to the kitchen, to follow her as she carries a small jug up to her own chamber, and to sympathise with her as she concocts a glass of brandy-and-water, rather stiff than otherwise.

"When a man," said Griffin, as he lighted his chamber-candle, and walked up to bed,—"when a man succeeds in securing the affection of one who is bent upon making herself a blessing to him, how happy he may consider himself! Such a woman is indeed a gem!"

It might be tedious to the reader, as to me it would be troublesome, to relate how often, and with what feelings Orlando thenceforth took himself to *Eden Cottage* (so called by Mrs. Wickham), there to "speed the soft intercourse" towards the matrimonial goal, which, alas! is not always the winning-post. He, however, knows little of human nature who supposes that because love is blind, the bystanders are not in active possession of their optics,—who believes that, while doves are billing and cooing, magpies are not busy with sidelong eyes and nimble chatter; in a word, who imagines that to every absorbed Romeo and Juliet there are not scores of vigilant Paul Prys and Miss Pratts. Scarce had Griffin whispered the blissful sanction given to his

hopes—whispered it even to his own beating heart, ere it was loudly and openly discussed by cool and callous calculators, who made it a subject of ribald levity and personal jest.

Mysterious Providence! The sensitive soul of Orlando Griffin revolted at the precocious publicity given to his passion. To think that every female in the place, from the tender age of fourteen to the tough period of fourscore, had been canvassing, sifting, weighing every throb, sigh, feeling of his bosom; and that the requisites, whether personal or pecuniary, of his mistress, had been debated in the very ~~in~~ place, mingled, perhaps, with the price of pigs, of geese! "Ha! mad-dening!"

Griffin pressed for an early day on which his happiness might be completed, but was encountered by both ladies with scruples such as delicacy alone can start, such as a mind of the most exquisite refinement only can appreciate. And now Mrs. Wickham, with a finely painted oratorical crayon (if the expression may be permitted) chalked out the outline of a course of proceeding she ventured to suggest it might be as well if he pursued, which discomposed him not a little. Indeed, the skeleton heads of this design scared him as completely as though certain *bonâ fide* craniums from the Wickham vault had been presented to him by way of chimney-ornaments. To some men the highwayman's alternative, "your money or your life," would be very much the same, as to its influence upon their choice, as if they were asked which they would rather yield, an apple-pudding, or a given number of apple-dumplings. Orlando was one of these. Strange to say (for to the children of sensibility and disinterestedness it must indeed seem strange,) he was by no means satisfied that Mrs. Wickham was in the right when she asserted that "it would be so like himself," that it would be "only worthy of a Griffin," that it would be "such a tender instance of his confidence and regard, if he presented his affianced bride with a bank-note,"—a few hundreds merely, no more,— "as a marriage present." "Oh, sir!" concluded the venerable relative of Livermore, the august high sheriff and lord of the manor, "without the most unlimited confidence in each other, the hope of happiness in the married state,"—here she waved her hand, her reticule streaming to the troubled air,—"is a dream—a dream!"

She afterwards condescended to quote precedents, drawn from sources with which they were alike familiar, chronicles of passion, records of the beautiful and true, volumes of the heart. Griffin was at length convinced; but for the life of him, when he offered to his Amelia's acceptance a handsome pocket-book, with a costly tissue-paper lining, he could not help thinking upon a certain adage, which plainly intimates that a gentleman not reputed wise and the commodity which is better than wisdom are liable to a speedy separation; in other words, that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Thenceforward matters went on smoothly. Amelia, as a reward, it is to be presumed, of his generosity, charmingly consented to a proposition he had heretofore fruitlessly urged, that they should go to London. Griffin was led to believe that he had interest sufficient to secure a stool in a government office, and had suspected for a long time past that by secluding himself in the country, he was neither doing justice to his pretensions nor performing his duty as a good citizen. This acquiescence to his wishes on the part of his betrothed and her mother, though late, pleased him excessively. The health of his adored one

was, of course, a grave consideration ; and that of her parent was, no doubt, of no slight collateral consequence ; but still he was led to hope they had undesignedly magnified the blighting effects of the metropolitan atmosphere ; the more that, when he dropt in upon the ladies, which he now did with all the frequency, the freedom, and the casualty of a dog at a fair, they not only ceased to dwell upon the topics of London smoke, epidemics and noise, but positively appeared desirous of returning to them.

At length Orlando was blest with the hand of his Amelia. They were married with the strictest privacy at a distant village-church, and banqueted upon lamb-chops and liquids, at a roadside public-house. On such a day a man is, of course, in a disposition to pardon even the foe who may have attempted his jugular. Still, Griffin could not but shudder when he beheld the sinuous course towards the post-chaise made by his exceedingly lively mother-in-law ; nor, although he acknowledged the truth of the observation, could he admire its mode of delivery when, the vehicle in motion towards home, that lady remarked,

“ Well, now,—it appearsh to me, my beloved and affec—tionate son,—hiccup,—“ Orlando Griffin, we ‘ve shpent a most delightful—” (here the maternal nose lodged upon his breastpin,) “ and r-r-romantic day.” These last words were somewhat entangled in his frill.

Heavens ! she was very much the worse for liquor !

“ I hope your mother is not often thus, dearest ? ” whispered Orlando to his bride.

“ Not very often—oh, no ! her spirits have been over-excited. See ! she is going to sleep.”

Griffin was heartily glad of it, glancing at intervals during the ride at the inebriated one, who appeared agitated by the motion of the chaise, like a resemblance of the human figure made by one of art’s journeymen, and formed, for the most part, of straw.

The happy couple and their excitable adjunct, whose unequivocal condition in the post-chaise had well-nigh lost her that respectful esteem with which Griffin had heretofore regarded her, started on the following morning for London, and were in due time set down at the Three Cups, in Aldersgate Street. Here Mrs. Wickham proposed an adjournment to the coffee-room, and insinuated two glasses of brandy-and-water. Griffin sighed, and consented, inwardly resolving to put in for a lion’s share of the alcoholic preparation. He dreaded a repetition of the immoral exhibition of the previous day. Unhallowed destiny ! to see his connection by the sacred tie of marriage, the mother of his soul’s idol, bundled neck and crop into a hackney-coach by the wondering waiters of a respectable tavern, and jogged and jolted off to a strange lodging, looking like the resuscitated mummy of the wife of Cheops, or one of the Ptolemies,—*that* must not be. The thought almost lifted his hat off his head. The elderly lady, however, fore-stalled his design upon the goblets, tossing off one of the glasses with much satisfaction, and little ceremony. This done, she set down the empty vessel, and prepared to sally forth in quest of apartments. Her knowledge of town made this a most desirable measure, and away she hurried, proposing to return “ ere the Leviathan could swim a league,” or, to use her own words, which were to the same effect, “ before he could say Jack Robinson,”—a phrase Griffin thought neither elegant in taste nor true as to the fact.

At the end of what the apathetic clock proclaimed to be an hour and a half, but the lovers deemed five or six minutes, Mrs. Wickham returned, and in a state of perturbation and flurry not easily to be accounted for, when the business upon which she had gone forth was considered.

"Well, my dear madam," observed Griffin, "I hope you have succeeded in obtaining for us a temporary home?"

"Oh yes, I've done that," replied Mrs. Wickham, "flopping" down by the side of her daughter, and fanning her face with her handkerchief; "nice rooms in Charterhouse Square, over the way. We can go in at once! But, oh! my dear," turning to Amelia, "only guess whom I have seen?"

"Whom, in mercy's name?" cried Amelia, turning white, and then red, and then permanently white.

"Compose yourself, my dearest life," said Orlando.

"Who is it?" urged the bride.

"Why,"—and Mrs. Wickham turned a dubious eye upon Griffin,— "I have seen your father."

"My father!—papa!" exclaimed Amelia.

"Her papa!" echoed Griffin. "'Till this day I never heard she had a papa. This is extraordinary!"

"Why didn't you avoid him?" demanded the daughter, in a tone of vexation.

"My love, I couldn't. He came full butt upon me just when I was leaving the lodgings."

"Why should he be avoided, love?" inquired Griffin. "The father of my wife must always be—extraordinary! Why had you not told me of his existence?"

"That may well be thought peculiar, my dear Orlando," said Mrs. Wickham; "but the truth is, he is such a strange man—so very strange!"

Griffin glanced towards his bride. "So very strange a man!" she murmured sweetly, veiling her dove-like eyes with her silken lashes.

"But you will soon see him," cried Mrs. Wickham, abruptly. "He swears he'll call, and that before the week's out."

"I shall be very happy, I'm sure," stammered Griffin; but he could get no further.

As they walked, followed by their luggage, to Charterhouse Square,—a square, by the by, whose only claims to cheerfulness is derived from the fact of its looking very like an evacuated churchyard,—Griffin could not help pondering upon the unlooked-for papa. "So very strange a man!" It began to strike him that strangeness was a family failing. And he never to have been told of this eccentric parent before! Undoubtedly, had he been at any time asked whether Miss Wickham had ever had a father, he should, without hesitation, have replied in the affirmative. Had he ever thought about him at all, he would have concluded that he had long ago played his little part, with applause or otherwise, and left this breathing stage to less evanescent and more youthful performers. He must be some moody misanthrope,—some selfish, fashionable sensualist,—a military man, probably,—Colonel Wickham, (he had read of such,) who had abandoned his wife, whose happiness he had sacrificed, and his daughter, to whose welfare he was utterly indifferent, and was now squandering his half-pay in gambling and riotous dissipation.

He had an early opportunity of ascertaining how far conjecture may, in most cases, be relied upon. Not many days had elapsed since their quiet instalment in Charterhouse Square ere a tremendous single rap, that must have reverberated through all the cloisters of the Chartreuse, made Griffin drop "The Mysterious Orphan" upon the floor, and caused the two ladies to start from their chairs like balls from a trap.

"His knock!" cried Mrs. Wickham, seizing two bottles by their respective necks, and hurrying away with them to a cupboard.

"So it is," coincided Amelia, briskly. "Dear Griffin, papa is come. Stay, Ma, leave the gin."

Griffin arose for the purpose of meeting half way his new, and, as he concluded, from certain painful gruntings that proceeded from him as he ascended the stairs, his asthmatic connexion. Orlando's preconceit of Mr. Wickham's appearance was, he found, anything but just; nor, as he learnt afterwards, and guessed at the time, was he more accurate in his conjecture as to his profession. Mr. Wickham, to do him justice, had paid particular attention to his toilet; but being attired in a blue coat, for which somebody else must have been measured several years before; in a waistcoat of an iron-mould pattern; in smalls, upon each leg of which knives had apparently been sharpened; and in boots, the tops of which were of a Spanish mahogany colour, it must be admitted that he could not readily be mistaken for a military man. When I add that he had chosen a Belcher handkerchief as the ornament of his neck on this his first appearance, that his shirt-frill had been battened upon by moths, and that he wore an enormous brooch in his bosom, which looked like a piece of petrified brawn, his *tout ensemble*, as the likeness of a member of the military profession, will not, perhaps, appear more striking. In truth, as he stood in the doorway, his hat in his hand, motionless for a moment, he resembled very nearly a Bow-Street officer.

Salutations having been exchanged, Mr. Wickham, after staring about the room with much seeming complaisance, and eyeing Griffin once more with a grave regard, pulled a chair towards him with the hook of his stick, crying, "Come here, you dog," and took a seat. The ladies had retired on his entrance, but presently appeared. Mr. Wickham thought it by no means necessary to be ceremonious with such near and dear relations.

"Well, old girl, you're here, are you?" was his speech to his consort; and, nodding to his daughter, "So, Slyboots, you've got a husband, have you? Mind, I didn't tell you to."

Griffin, and bursting into a laugh not commonly heard at court, or even in the mansions of the nobility, he added, "It's only my way; don't mind me. I'm a rum un—ain't I, old 'un?" winking at the august matron behind Griffin's chair.

Mr. Wickham presently made public a wish on his part to be provided with "a yard of clay," and entered upon a discourse, having for its object an eulogium upon the virtues and sanative properties of half-and-half, when compounded of Barclay's double stout and Charrington's treble X. He would take a glass or so of "max" in its neat state, he was pleased to remark, as a "wind up."

"Holy St. Agatha!" thought Orlando, "what a truly vulgar monster! And can this terrific vulgarian be the author of Amelia's being?"

Yes—it must be so. It was not to be concealed ; there was a strong family-likeness. That it *might* be so, he was compelled to confess with an inward groan, a few days' familiar intercourse with Amelia and her mother having sufficed to convince him that human perfection, however ardently sought, is not easily found ; at all events, that *he* had not found it.

An observation which escaped Mr. Wickham during the evening posed Griffin prodigiously. He could make neither head nor tail of it. What an extraordinary domestic circle had he entered !—a circle, he began to suspect, not unlike a magician's, terrible to stay in, ruinous to spring out of. He sincerely wished he had been confined in the most damp and rheumatic cell at the *very* extremity of the countless corridors of a castle, rather than have met and mingled with these unfathomable Wickhams.

The gauger—for such was the male representative of the family—had been smoking his pipe in philosophical silence for a considerable time, when he suddenly withdrew it from his mouth, and began to move his shoulders about in that hugging manner, which implies that the operator is possessed with some highly agreeable fancy, or under the influence of a quaint conceit.

“Never trust me,” cried he, “if this isn't the queerest start I ever came across. You're a deep old touch, Liz, *you* are !” shaking his fist jocularly at his wife. “Go out of town—do the genteel—get ‘my daughter’ married—married—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ho ! ho ! ho ! Now, I wonder what Bob would think of all this—poor Bob !”

“Father !” cried Amelia, aghast.

“Mr. Wickham !” remonstrated the mother, shaking her front at him with agitating earnestness.

Mr. Wickham was, as he said, “pulled up” in time.

“Well,” he remarked, “it's no concern of mine—only mark, my girls, my finger's out of the pie. Sir,” turning to Griffin, with a bow of deep respect, “your *very* good health. If you're not a Noble Grand, I hope you will be. May the present moment be the worst of our lives !”

“Amen !” thought Griffin. The subject then dropped.

But who was this Bob, whose very name, brief diminutive though it were, had something alarming in it,—a kind of abrupt, pistol-shot sound ? Bob !—and “poor Bob,” too ! Wherefore poor ? Wickham's sympathies were evidently interested in his behalf. Not a day passed but Griffin ruminated upon the invisible Robert. He could obtain no information respecting him from his wife, who said it was all stuff and nonsense, and bade him not be a fool. No explanation could be wrung from Mrs. Wickham, who shook her head, and warned him against the indulgence of a morbid curiosity ; and the gauger, when he applied to him, cried “mum,” with his hand to his mouth, adding, that he was not going to get his head combed by the old un, and that he didn't fancy clapper-clawing. “My girl's a dabster at it ; but I dare say you've found out that before this.”

Orlando *had* done so ; but this was not his sole discovery. The ladies had thrown off all restraint long go. Griffin was a meek man ; and whenever anything particularly vexed him he retired to his chamber, and grinned against the wainscot to settle his nerves, or draw out a tuft or two of his hair. That, in fact, was the only “pluck” belonging to him, and that he did not exhibit.

The life he was now leading was indeed pitiable. A little woman had been added to the family, who sat all day long making new dresses for his lady and her mother. Friends of all sizes, of both sexes, and unanimous in their devotion to ardent spirits, were constantly dropping in and staggering out. Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Hay-market were pronounced bores,—dull and tiresome,—and the Eagle and the Albert Saloon divided their patronage of the drama. Mrs. Griffin had her faults of temper, her “human frailties,” and outraged Orlando’s sensitive spirit at every turn. The tall and impressive Mrs. Wickham spurned the vile rules that slavish decorum has absurdly framed, and plied the bottle nightly with bacchanalian perseverance. Sometimes she embraced her dear son, her own Orlando, with an affection quite stifling, and wept on him with a mother’s fervour; anon she would invite and call him forth to a boxing-match, being herself her own bottle-holder.

To add, if anything could add, to the misery of the sentimentalist, he became at length convinced that it was by no means within the range of probability that he would ever be called upon to serve his Queen and country, by performing the duties of a clerk in a government office. This last hope strangled, Griffin—child of woe!—wandered about disconsolate, almost heartbroken. The creature, in happier days to be derided and despised, was now become a wretch to move pity and compassion. And thus a twelvemonth wore away.

“Two more years under the same system,” cried Orlando, “and, by the beard of holy Anselmo, the hermit, I shall be a bankrupt and a bedlamite!”

A month at Ramsgate, the journey to be accomplished per steamer, had been projected by the ladies, now several weeks since. Griffin would rather have been carried to his native meadows of Greystoke,

“Where the nibbling flocks do stray;”

but that “poking hole” was not to be thought of for an instant. Compliance was a matter of course. He yielded without solicitation, since to that it must come whether solicited or not. Mrs. Wickham was rapturous in her praise of the romantic cliffs, the wide vast ocean, the comfortable bathing-rooms, and the delicious shrimps.

Touching the cliffs—Orlando drew a mental scene that shot a momentary thrill of ecstasy through his attenuated frame. There were the cliffs, the ocean bathing their chalky feet far, far beneath. The time was evening—dim twilight. There were two figures—two of the fair sex—to wit, Mrs. Wickham and her daughter—the former groggy, the latter flustered. Lost in talk respecting him—how they had duped him—how delightfully brown he had been done—(Griffin had learned this slang)—they ramble on—on. The old lady reels—the young lady wrestles—in vain. Too late—hurrah! He rushes forward. Too late also, of course. But ah! no. This was but a vision.

Truth, after all, is strange, stranger than fiction, as shall now be shown. The morning of their departure arrived, and they proceeded to a wharf in Lower Thames Street. They arrived in excellent time. As they stood on the quay by the water side, gazing towards the majestic steamers, and wondering which was “The Magnet,” lo! their attention was drawn to a head, the hair whereof was cut with classical closeness, which emerged, as it were, almost from beneath their feet.

The owner of that head had, in fact, got out of a boat, and was climbing up one of those serviceable steps which are placed perpendicularly against the platform of the quay. The stranger, having made *terra firma*, gave himself a smart shake, and disclosed his features to the projected voyagers.

A shriek burst from the lips of Amelia, and Mrs. Wickham, falling backward against a bale of rags, uttered a profane ejaculation, which, it is to be hoped, nothing but a surprising *rencontre* could have induced her to employ.

And who could be this terror-striking alluvial deposit? Why, "mother of my sainted Amelia!" if he wasn't rapturously hugging Mrs. Griffin in his arms.

"Why, mother," cried this apparently naval character, skipping from Amelia towards the once majestic Mrs. Wickham, now, alas! languishing upon a couch of rags, and giving her shoulder a dislocating shake, while he seized her hand with an iron gripe,—"why, mother, you don't seem glad so see me? How did you know I was coming up to-day? But never mind,—give us your fin, old girl. I dare say the sight of me has upset you both. My wigs! how gaily you're both togged out! Who's this ugly-mugged swell?" pointing towards Griffin.

"The man must be mad," said Orlando. "You don't know him, Amelia?"

"Oliver, she does, sir," said a man, coming up and touching his hat; "he's his wife, and that's her mother. I know 'em both well. I've come up with him from Chatham." Then drawing Griffin, the emancipated, but pallid Griffin, aside, he added, "His name's Robert Smasher, and he was connected with a gang of coiners, and got ten years; but they let him off half way, because o' good conduct."

Robert Smasher! the mysterious Bob disclosed in full at last! Griffin indulged in a gradually lessening view of that worthy, as he walked off with his wife and mother-in-law,—both casting many a rueful look behind.

Orlando at that moment would have tipped a fiddler a crown, and any competent artist a guinea,—the one for playing, the other for dancing a hornpipe.

A few nights afterwards, Mr. Griffin attended an appointment at the Goat, in the vicinity of Smithfield, and met the crest-fallen Mrs. Wickham, and the disconsolate Mrs. Smasher. Grateful for his release, he was not unwilling to pay for his liberty. They separated on the best terms in the world.

Mr. Griffin is still a bachelor, and resides at Greystoke. There has been a rumour—but I know not how true it is—of a certain farmer's daughter, with a very red face, and arms of the satne colour. Rooke, the librarian, thinks it likely, averring, that since Griffin's return from London, he is fool enough for anything. I am not sure of that. I am rather in favour of the farmer's daughter.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER;

OR, THE PEDLAR'S PANIC.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

Les ombres quelquefois font paroître des substance.

THINK not, kind reader, here to find

A tissue of poetic fancies;

If such will satisfy your mind,

You 'll find enough in stale romances :

Where, 'twixt the time-gnawn, mouldering walls

Of man-deserted gothic halls ;

Witches and devils

Join in revels,

And ghosts and fairies hold their midnight balls.

Where bleeding nuns, with gory vests,

And daggers sticking in their breasts,

Through drear churchyards their algid airing take,

In doleful dumps:

Where errant elves, and spell-driv'n sprites

Flit through the air like northern lights,

And armour'd *armless* heroes groan and shake

Their bloody stumps.

Where shade of murder'd miser, knight, or prince,

Deserts his tomb,

To visit cut-throats' beds ; and, when they wince

And almost stare their eyeballs out,

Gives them a gentle hint about

Their future doom.

Or calls, *en passant*, at his old château,

To see if spouse's tears have ceased to flow :

Or, silently and slyly as a dun,

Through well-known passages and chambers stealing,

Peeps o'er the shoulder of his spendthrift son,

As drunk to bed the scape-grace rogue is reeling.

Where letters, traced with sulphury flame,

Glare on the floor, or tapestry, or ceiling ;

Shewing some vile assassin's name,

Or other dreadful mystery revealing ;

Which, in true novel-weaving guise,

Is hidden from the reader's eyes ;

Nor by the cautious author e'er unravell'd,

Till through three long, dark volumes he has travell'd.

Where flickering flambeaux flash and flare,

(By powers supernal borne and lighted)

In gambols through the murky air,

To guide the errant chief, benighted,

Into some lonely haunted tower,

To break some fell enchanter's power.

Where mingled noises, harsh and risible,

Seem to proceed from things invisible :

Where sorcerers' cauldrons bubbling boil,

And goblins flock from cave and flood :

Where rusty hinges creak for oil,

And poniards, dripping victims' blood,

Dance, jig, and hay,

In grim array,

And scare the plodding peasant on his way.

Where the adventurous knight approaches
 Some castle's dragon-guarded door :
 Draws his all-conquering sword, and broaches
 The monster's heart ; and with the gore,
 Which flows in torrents from the hideous wound,
 Inscribes his mistress' name upon the ground ;
 Then ventures in, and finds the hall
 Full of fierce griffins, slays them all ;
 Rushes resistless on from room to room,
 While dwarfs and griffins fall beneath his sword,
 As spiders fall beneath the housemaid's broom,
 Meets with the mighty mansion's giant lord,
 Whose steeple stature and ferocity,
 Repress not his impetuosity,
 Pierced his heart, spite of his brazen mail,
 As south-sea mariners harpoon a whale ;
 Explores each subterranean maze,
 By moans directed,
 Till a fair damsel meets his gaze,
 Pale and dejected ;
 Kneels, prays, and wins ; then back to daylight gropes,
 And with the grateful franchised maid elopes.

I say, if *fables* such as these
 Suffice your appetite to please,
 Stop here ; or, haply, I may miss
 The target of your taste ; for this,
 For which your patience now I crave, is
 A literary *rara avis* ;
 A something new :
 A story of an apparition,
 Yet strictly true,
 As grave, historical tradition :
 A ghostly tale, yet fact, I dare engage,
 As ghostly text e'er breath'd by ghostly sage.
 As some usurper of a gay domain
 Thrusts from his native seat some milder lord ;
 Employs rude arms his conquest to maintain,
 And bids the hall's late hospitable board
 No more be spread to greet the welcome guest ;
 Its couch no more afford the traveller rest :
 Strips from his vassals, while they quake with dread,
 The livery worn through many a happy day,
 And on each sighing churl bestows, instead,
 The sombre symbol of his iron sway ;
 Killing, with merciless severity,
 Such as would shrink from his austerity :
 So tyrant Winter, with his chilly blast,
 Had rudely driv'n rich Autumn from her throne ;
 His sable, storm-fraught clouds around had cast,
 And made the empire of the plain his own :
 Had seen before his withering breeze
 Each flower expire ;
 Had shaken from the sturdier trees
 Their green attire ;
 And now began to clothe their boughs
 In the white mantle of his snows.
 When, o'er a bleak and barren moor,
 A travelling pedlar, near threescore,

At close of day,
Toil'd on his way :
A weighty pack
Strapp'd on his back,
Seem'd to require his utmost strength ;
A crabstick of enormous length
He held, whereon his weary limbs he propt,
As ever and anon for breath he stopt.

Keen blew the loudly-whistling northern wind,
Driving apace,
Plump in his face,
Huge flakes of snow, which almost made him blind.

His hands, benumb'd, he blew and flapp'd ;
His tatter'd cloak around him wrapp'd ;
And, like a tether'd donkey, oft-times turn'd
His rump, to bide the pelting of the storm ;
Sigh'd o'er the cheerless trade by which he earn'd
His daily bread ; and, writhing like a worm,
As on the crackling frozen snow
He fell, and rose again to go,
And fell again, and, patient as a lamb,
Drew forth his little flask to take a dram.

A tawney, tailless terrier, cowering, crept
On his lee-side : the pedlar almost wept
The little trembling brute to see,
Whimpering and fawning on his knee ;
And, patting the fond creature, thus he spake :—
“ Poor faithful Crop !
Twould glad my heart if thou couldst also take
A little drop
Of this exhilarating stuff !”
The grateful animal cried “ Whuff !”
And shook his hide, and bark'd ; as if to say
“ Courage, my generous patron ! let's away !”
At least 'twas thus the partial pedlar judged ;
So rose, and for the timely hint caress'd
His four-legg'd monitor, whom, as they trudg'd,
In social mood he in these terms address'd :—
“ Well, if I 'm spared to reach some hut,
And get an ounce of food to put
Within my famish'd lips, I swear it,
My good old dog shall fairly share it ;
And, if I find a smiling fire,
(Which both of us, Heaven knows, require,)
I vow that thou, poor quaking elf,
Shall sit as near it as myself.”
Crop frisk'd about, and wagg'd his tail ;
But, fearing this alone might fail
To shew his gratitude's extent,
Close to the pedlar's side he went,
And lick'd his hand, and gave a squall
About the key A *natural*,
(Tail wagging faster)
Which persons learned canine chat in,
Affirm is excellent *dog latin*
For “ Thank ye, master.”

Darker and darker grew the sky :
No hospitable roof was nigh :

No moon, that night,
Display'd her light :
No evening star with friendly radiance twinkled,
The blackthorn bushes shew'd their snow-clad tops,
Like May-day sweeps bewig'd with new thrum mops,
Or negro-lackeys heads, with flour besprinkled.
Mile after mile the drooping pair
In silence paced
The trackless waste,
And almost yielded to despair :
When, seized with pleasure and surprise,
The hope-cheer'd pedlar strain'd his eyes,
And, still half doubting, dimly spied
A glimmering light :
With all his might
He rallied his frail limbs, and onward hied.
At length a lonely mansion met his view,
Through the few half-opaque remains
Of whose bepatch'd and shatter'd panes,
The taper gleam'd which his attention drew.
The fabric was an antique tower,
Which, when the exercise of power
Was unrestrain'd by wholesome laws,
And lords cut throats for hairs and straws,
Had weather'd many a fierce attack,
Without a crack,
And many a bold intrusive force driv'n back .
But an old knight,
Sir Tempus hight,
Had since besieged it with his battering balls,
And made some woeful breaches in its walls.

The glare of the surrounding snow
Sufficed our traveller to show
The tumbling tenement's extent,
And guide him to the door : he went,
And with his trusty crab-stick knock'd,
And strove to open it ; 'twas lock'd !
He would have whistled, but the frost
Had made so stiff
His lips, that if
The failure had existence cost,
He ne'er had overcome the puzzle
Of screwing up his mournful muzzle.
At length, within, the landlord cried,
" Who's there ? " The pedlar straight replied,
" A frozen friend !
For Heaven's sake, lend
Attention to my piteous plight,
And give me lodging for the night."

The landlord ope'd the door, 'tis true,
But just sufficiently to view
The would-be guest
Who broke his rest.
This, when the anxious pedlar saw,
He thought he'd best adopt club-law ;
So raised his tough crab-staff, and put it
Between the threshold and the door,
A further parley to secure,
In case the churl should strive to shut it.

“ Hark ye, mine host,” the pedlar said,
 “ Give me but shelter, fire, and food,
 And, by the mass, you shall be amply paid ! ”
 “ Good ! ” quoth the landlord, “ very good !
 But, on my soul,
 There’s not a hole
 As large as would receive a mouse
 In this old weather-beaten house,
 But what contains some snoring wight,
 Driven in by this tempestuous night.
 I mean in all the *habitable part* ;
 For (‘twen ourselves) there is a spacious room,
 Which many a year hath seen nor guest nor broom,
 But heaven forbid that I should have the heart
 To such a dismal place to invite ye ;
 For, by the saints, I tell no lie t’ ye,
 ‘Tis by a *hideous spectre* haunted,
 Which many a valiant heart hath daunted.
 However, if you think you dare
 Take, for the night, your lodging *there*,
 I’ll make you up a blazing fire ;
 As good a bed and supper, too,
 As any traveller need desire.”

An owl i’ th’ ivy cried—“ Whoo, whoo ! ”
 The pedlar started at the voice :
 The landlord said, “ Come, make your choice !
 Hunger and thirst, wind, snow, and frost ;
 Or bed, fire, liquor, food, and GHOST ! ”

Cold as he was, when the last word prophetic
 Struck on his ear,
 It acted like a dose diaphoretic.
 Sweating with fear,
 He started like a Bedlamite,
 And almost bade the host good night ;
 But, as the snow-fraught blast blew fiercer still,
 Anxious the proffer’d cheer to share,
 He faintly mumbled half a prayer,
 And ponder’d which might be the minor ill.

“ If I proceed,” thought he, “ I’m lost,
 On such an awful night ;
 And, if I stay and meet the ghost,
 I shall expire with fright !
 Which shall I do?—go on or stop ? ”
 The answer was supplied by Crop,
 Who, setting up a piteous yell,
 Reproach’d him with his late pledged oath,
 Beseeching him his fears to quell,
 And keep his word, however loth.

The pedlar own’d the dog’s ap—
 Craving the promised fire and meal,
 Was strictly just.
 A sudden gust,
 Replete with hail, that moment caught him,
 And nearer to decision brought him ;
 That is, the smiling cherub, Hope,
 Came peeping through the cloud of doubts and fears,
 Just as the hailstones rattled in his ears,
 And for his prudence gave more scope.

“ Wherefore,” quoth he, “ should *I* so dread
 This apparition of the dead ?
 I have *no motive* for alarm :
 I ne’er did human being harm :
 My conscience bears no murder’s stains :
 I ne’er have been in vice a meddler ;
 Then why should spectres take the pains
 To scare a poor benighted pedlar ?
 Nay, should they in the room appear, I
 Am so cold, and wet, and weary,
 That, if I once to bed could creep,
 And get myself fast lock’d in sleep,
 Deuce take me
 If I believe that all the ghosts
 That any moderate churchyard boasts
 Could wake me !”

This said, our hero boldly ~~ventured~~,
 And, calling Crop to follow, enter’d.
 The shivering landlord led the way,
 Through many a passage dark, and lone, and long,
 Where foot had never trod for many a day,
 Stumbling the fallen fractured stones among,
 Which strew’d their dreary path, they reach’d
 A rude stone stair, where many an owlet screech’d,
 And many a toad, and many a mouse and rat,
 Stared, wond’ring what the deuce the men were at,
 And seem’d displeased that their asylum
 Remain’d not undisturb’d, as whilom.

Onward the tristful trio went,
 And enter’d on the stair’s ascent,
 O’er whose disjointed steps they needs must clamber
 Ere they could reach the pedlar’s destined chamber.
 At length, the rugged steep ascended,
 The host pronounced their task was ended,
 And, striding o’er the creaking floor,
 Show’d the appointed room, whose door
 To many a million hungry worms had lent
 Their fill,
 Till nearly all its *substance* it had spent ;
 But still
 It held its form and power of motion,
 And almost seem’d to inspire the notion
 That ’twas the spectre of a door,
 Which had been once, but was no more.

The *story* where this chamber lay
 Was lofty ; though I cannot say
 It either taste or elegance could boast ;
 ’Twas big, black, broken, barbarous, and bare,
 Peculiarities by no means rare
 In *stories* which contain a *Ghost*.
 They enter’d, and the host essay’d to raise
 An ample fire : forthwith the genial blaze,
 Spreading its influence round the room,
 Began to dissipate the gloom.
 Crop wagg’d his tail, crept to the hearth,
 Seem’d quite contented with his berth,
 Turn’d himself round, and cosily reclined,
 Nor thought of ghost or snow, or frost or wind

Meanwhile the landlord was not still;
 But, by a generous impulse speeded,
 Began his promise to fulfil,
 And with such vigilance proceeded,
 That e'er a full half hour his guest
 Before the fire his seat had taken,
 And gain'd a little warmth and rest;
 An ample dish of eggs and bacon
 (The best his dwelling could afford)
 Was, smoking, placed upon the board.
 This, with some potent home-brew'd beer
 And household bread,
 The landlord said,
 Must constitute his evening cheer.
 His watering chops the pedlar smack'd,
 And straight the savoury meal attack'd;
 Nor did he stint
 The motion of his nimble jaws,
 Until he felt Crop's two fore-paws,
 By way of hint,
 Placed eagerly upon his knee,
 Seeming to say, "Remember me!"
 When, knowing well what was the matter,
 He instantly gave Crop the platter.

While thus the dog and master fed,
 The busy landlord made the bed,
 Which now he told him was prepared,
 With store of rugs and sheets well air'd,
 Whenever he might deem 't expedient
 'To go to rest. "Your most obedient,"
 Pursued the host, "I'll to my nest,
 And wish you, sir, a good night's rest!"
 "Thank ye," the cheerful pedlar said;
 "Believe me, friend, I'm not afraid."
 In fact the happy man had quaff'd
 Such draughts of courage from the oft-fill'd horn,
 That now, pot valorous, he laugh'd
 The simple landlord's childish fears to scorn.
 However, when the host had fairly left him,
 The cheerless scene
 Brought on the spleen,
 And almost of his fortitude bereft him.
 So, to protect his mind from dread,
 He stripp'd, and hasten'd into bed;
 And, that he might forget the place,
 Pull'd up the bed-clothes o'er his face.

That fleeting shades of murder'd wights
 Should rise and prowl this world o' nights,
 Their various injuries to avouch,
 And scare the assassin on his couch,
 Making him blab, by terror's dint,
 May have some show of justice in 't;
 But, by my bardship,
 'Tis a great hardship
 That a poor simple snoring elf,
 Who would not hurt Old Nick himself,
 Should be disturb'd. The crazy floor
 Shook like an aspen leaf: the door

Upon its rusty hinges creak'd :
 The pedlar raised his head, and shriek'd :
 The roaring thunder peal'd around,
 And seem'd to move the very ground :
 The waken'd dog set up a hideous yell,
 And cower'd beneath the bed ; when, strange to tell,
 The fire, which scarce had shewn its light,
 Was kindled up with flames most bright,
 As if to add more terror to the sight ;
 The horrid sight ; for, with a hollow groan,
 Which almost turn'd the pedlar's heart to stone,
 A grizzly *Ghost*, with solemn stately pace,
 And glaring eyeballs, stalk'd along the place.
 Its vest was streak'd and clotted o'er
 With purple stains of human gore :
 A ghastly wound yawn'd on its brow,
 Whence sanguine streams appear'd to flow ;
 And thrice, with heavy step, pass'd the bed ;
 And thrice it groan'd, and shook its bloody head.

The pallid pedlar nearly swoon'd with fright .
 He thought the very devil possess'd him :
 His blood ran cold ; his hair stood bolt upright :
 At length the gory apparition
 (Seeming to pity his condition)
 The awful silence broke, and thus address'd him :—
 “ Six twelvemonths since I chanced to be
 Benighted, driv'n in here, like thee.
 Far from my home (that home, alas !
 Whose threshhold I no more might pass),
 Laden with treasure, all my own ;
 Too dearly won ; for, not alone
 By honest industry 'twas gain'd,
 But by deceit and fraud obtain'd.
 I craved for wealth. Let every knave
 Receive a lesson from my grave ;
 And, turning from his dangerous folly, see
 That honesty 's the safest policy.
 Just when I 'gan myself to hug,
 Quite sure I held my treasure snug,
 Mark how it ended ! On that very bed
 I laid my weary limbs and anxious head ;
 When, at the hour of midnight, e'en when most
 I thought myself secure ; my treacherous host
 Came to my chamber, clad in spectre's guise,
 Flashing a flaming torch before my eyes ;
 And, as I lay transfixed with fear and wonder,
 Remorseless, plunder'd me of all my plunder ;
 Then, that my murder ne'er might come to light,
 Dash'd out my brains, and thrust me out of sight.
 Behold this gash ! yet let it not alarm thee !
 I come for thine advantage, not to harm thee !
 The barbarous villain ne'er enjoy'd the spoil,
 For, every night, his quietude to foil,
 I came to haunt him ; till, o'ercome with dread,
 He left his house, and from the country fled.
 His blood-stain'd booty still lies buried near :
 'T will make you rich. Arise ! dismiss your fear,
 And follow me ! I 'll shew you where 'tis hidden !”
 The listening pedlar rose as soon as bidden,
 Such magic power did hope of wealth impart,
 To brace his limbs, spite of his fluttering heart.

“ Hold !” said the *Ghost*, “ ere we one step proceed,
 Swear to perform for me one pious deed ;
 “Tis all that I demand. Beneath the stones
 Which form yon hearth, repose my mouldering bones.
 Remove them thence, and see them safe convey’d
 To holy ground, and there in burial laid :
 So shall my wandering spirit be at rest,
 And you with ease and opulence be blest !”
 The pedlar pledged his oath, and onward hied,
 At humble distance following his grim guide.
 With perfect ease they pass’d the broken stair,
 And speedily arrived i’ th’ open air.

The northern blast, which erst had blown so keenly,
 Was now quite hush’d ; the moon had risen serenely
 And on the snow-spread earth diffus’d her light
 So brightly, yet so palely, that the night
 Seem’d like the ghost of day. Silent they pass’d
 O’er many a spacious field, until, at last,
 The *Ghost* stopp’d short, and pointing to the earth,
 Said, “ Here lies buried all that I was worth
 Of worldly wealth : I give it all to you—
Mark well the spot—be to your promise true—
 So shall your fears of future want be banish’d !
 Farewell ! remember me !” —this said, it vanish’d.

The pedlar’s hair stood bristling still on end,
 And, when deserted by his ghostly friend,
 Shuddering with mingled fright, and cold, and joy,
 He look’d around
 For something which, *as mark*, he might employ ;
 But all the ground
 Was clothed with snow, and neither bush, nor tree,
 Nor stick, nor stone, was near the spot, that he
 Could use to be his beacon for the morrow.
 I’ll not attempt to paint the poor man’s sorrow,
 When he perceived no chance, but there to stay,
 And wait th’ arrival of the following day.

No month of darkness to the mariner,
 Whose ship lies frost-lock’d in a northern sea :
 No voyage to a sea-sick passenger,
 Sighing from waves and puking to be free :
 No livelong route, which pious pilgrims take,
 Famish’d and sick, o’er Afric’s burning sands :
 No father’s lifetime, to the spendthrift rake,
 Eager to squander his paternal lands :
 No lingering week, with Christmas at its end,
 To longing urchin, daily flogg’d at school :
 No period which th’ offender’s doom’d to spend,
 With sheet enrobed, on the repentant stool :
 No sleepless night to the expectant wench,
 Whom next day’s noon is to behold a bride :
 No space by culprit pass’d before the bench,
 While judge and jury on his fate decide :
 No day to galley-slave, when labouring hard,
 Unfeeling knaves with stripes his toil requite :
 No last rehearsal to a starving bard,
 Whose firstling play’s to be produced at night,
 E’er seem’d more tedious, long, and wearisome,
 Than to the pedlar’s mind the sluggish hours :

He thought the wish'd-for dawn would never come :
 Nay, almost thought Sol had withdrawn his powers,
 And that he did not think it worth
 His while to shine upon the earth,
 Whilst the bright moon, that beauteous doxy,
 Served him so well by way of proxy.
 At length a sudden gleam of thought
 His stran'd-*imagination* caught :
 'Twas this—to breathe some little vein,
 Or slightly-wound a thumb or finger,
 And thence a crimson stream obtain,
 To sprinkle o'er the virgin snow,
 The spot whereon he stood to show,
 So that he need no longer linger ;
 But neither pin nor needle, thorn nor knife,
 Had he, or could he gain, to save his life.
 Long time he ponder'd how to act,
 His mind with various projects rack'd :
 At length, again,
 A novel train
 Of fancy flash'd across his brain,
 And eased his breast of many a thro'e :
 This was to give his nose a blow,
 And, with the blood it would give vent to,
 To form the long-desired memento.
 He clench'd his fist, strung every nerve
 To bear the self-inflicted shock ;
 Nor did he from his purpose swerve,
 But gave himself a *thundring knock* !
 His eyes flash'd fire—moon, trees, and snow
 Like lightning vanish'd with the blow,
 And now such objects met his view,
 That, yawning, he had much ado
 To understand 'em :
 His nose was swoln as big as two !
 With blood his pillow was wet through !
 In short, all night he'd soundly slept,
 And all had been a *dream*,—except
 His **MEMORANDUM !!!**

SONG.

BY THE HON. ALEX. M'DOUGALL.

NAY ! take take back the wreath, which you only bestow'd
 When the reign of its beauty and splendour was o'er,
 When its fragrance was gone, and no longer it flow'd
 With the lustre that dazzled and charm'd us before.
 The rose,—ere the fierce beams of morning had cast
 Their glance on the dew-drops that linger'd so fair,
 Like pearls on the leaves,—kiss'd thy cheek as she pass'd,
 And left the last hues of her loveliness there.
 And the lily, which still is so beauteous a wreck,
 Rear'd unblushing its head in the hour of its pride,
 And deem'd itself pure, till it glanced at thy neck,
 When, sighing with envy, it droop'd and it died.
 Then take back the wreath, love ! in sorrow I part ;
 The flow'r's a'e all dead, and neglected they lie ;
 Nought is left but the thorn which now pierces my heart,
 While the dew-drop is changed to the tear in my eye.

IRISH SONGS.

THE happy union of poetry and music in those fine "Irish Melodies" with which the names of Moore and Stephenson are so well associated, has procured a welcome for Irish songs wherever a taste for poetry and music exists. These melodies have found their way all over the world. Moore has done his country good service by showing that there was at least something national in Ireland worthy of admiration; indeed, no one has so pleasingly exhibited the finer shades of sentiment and feeling which are mingled, like "threads of gold in cloth of frieze," in the eccentric national character of his countrymen. There is, truly, something of the old spirit of chivalry still in the Irish character; in its gallantry and dashing courage; in its ardent patriotism and overflowing hospitality; and something even romantic in its strange combinations of wit and pathos, exuberant animal spirits with deep melancholy, which could not, perhaps, find a more appropriate voice than in the melodies. This may be one of the causes why the "ould music" finds an echo in every Irish heart; while the associations connected with every melody, the lively air, as well as the mournful strain, link them inseparably to the green isle. They are in every sense *national*.

Long before the production of "Moore's Melodies," the airs to which he has written the words were familiar household strains in Ireland. "Bunting's Collection," which appeared before that of Moore and Stephenson's, merely contained a portion of those fine melodies, but which had been for ages the delight and solace of the poor peasant and the discontented patriot; who had alike found in them congenial strains to console and to inspire. The very names by which these airs were commonly known before dressed in the gorgeous drapery with which Moore has now adorned them, sufficiently express their popular character. Thus we have "*The pretty girl milking her cow*," (arranged by Moore as "The valley lay smiling before me"); "*The young man's dream*" ("As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow"); "*Dennis, don't be threat'ning*" ("Nay, tell me not"); "*John O'Reilly, the active*" ("Oh! think not my spirits are always as light"); "*Molly, my dear!*" (the beautiful air of "At the mid hour of night"); "*Cushla ma Crée*," the favourite Irish expression of fondness, "pulse of my heart" ("Come o'er the sea!"); These, with "*The bunch of green rushes*"; "*Garry Owen*"; "*The summer is coming*"; "*The brown Irish girl*"; "*The song of sorrow*"; and many others, may be referred to as indicating by their titles alone the simple character of the events with which they were connected in the minds of the peasantry.

Songs in Ireland have long been the only *popular literature*. The peasantry, even down to the very moment we are now writing, have really no other kind of literature. From the time of Spenser, and before his time, to this day, songs and ballads have formed the only literature by which events of local or national importance have been recorded by the people, and their own minds and passions brought under the influence of anything partaking of the attributes

of fancy and imagination. Nothing affecting the condition of the peasantry is allowed to pass without becoming the burthen of some rough ballad ; which, being in due course chanted on market-day in the country town, soon finds its way to the shebeen-shop and the cabin. It may surprise our English reader to learn that there is a class of persons in Ireland, who live in a state of comparative luxury, and exercise no inconsiderable influence as "wandering minstrels," the vocal publishers of such new songs, at all the wakes, fairs, pattons, and marriages in the country ; and who, preserving, by their fiddles, or their bagpipes, the "ould music" procure for themselves a welcome wherever they please to go. The poetry ! of these popular songs is altogether below criticism, or even description ; and yet, occasionally—particularly before the Union—some pens of no little celebrity condescended to throw off a few verses. Who does not remember the story of poor Goldsmith, in his extremity, while living in Dublin, and when "a handful of peas, given to him by a servant-girl, was a luxury to him, sitting down, and writing street-ballads, for which he obtained five shillings each from the printer of the dying speeches !"

Moore, in his beautiful melodies, has followed the practice of all Irish bards in making his verses the memorials of interesting, though often mournful events in his country's history. Thus, "*Rich and rare were the gems she wore*," is a poetic version of the fable which tells us of the domestic tranquillity of the country, when a young lady of surpassing loveliness could travel through every part unattended and alone, without insult or injury, even though, in addition to the gems she wore, she carried with her "a pure gold ring on a snow-white wand." It is a pity such a story should be fabulous ; but, as Moore himself remarks, in his elaborate history, some legend of this kind is current in every country ; and of our own Alfred it is said, poetically, that he caused such veneration to be felt for law and justice, that a pilgrim (like the maiden with the snow-white wand,) traversed the country with gold and jewels, without protection, and without molestation. Another melody, "*The valley lay smiling before me*," refers to an event having, unfortunately, a better foundation in fact. It records the sorrows of King O'Rourke, when he discovered that his wife had proved unfaithful—an event that led to the memorable first invasion of Ireland by the English, as allies of the seducer, who sought their aid when justly expelled his country. "*The harp that once through Tara's halls*" (set to the beautiful air of "Molly Astore"); "*The Minstrel Boy*;" and "*The Legacy*," are songs of the days when poetry and music ruled the country ; when the bards were almost worshiped, and when they led on and inspired the troops in battle, and recorded their achievements and praises if they fell. Those exquisite songs, "*Oh ! breathe not his name !*" and "*She is far from the land where her loved hero sleeps*," record afflicting stories of Irish patriotism and affection ; the first referring to the well-known history of the unfortunate Emmett, the young and enthusiastic, but fatally mistaken, patriot, who died on the scaffold for his unsuccessful attempt at rebellion in 1803 ; and the second recording the melancholy fate of the young lady who loved, and died for him, a short time after his execution, *broken-hearted*. Washington Irving has made this touching incident the subject of one of his most beautiful and affecting tales. Of the first melody

it has been truly observed, that perhaps such another song is not to be found in the language.

We have given this cursory notice of one or two of Moore's delightful melodies for the purpose of showing what a fund of interesting associations is connected merely with this single portion of Irish song ; but, if we extend our inquiries to the circumstances attending the composition of the *music*, we meet with incidents still more interesting. Ireland has always possessed a fund of national music. If we can rely on the authority of national antiquaries, the art was cultivated, and reached a very high degree of perfection there, long before its rudiments were known to the other nations of Europe, and even before the invention of musical notes. At that early period a race of men, called "*The Bards*," existed in the country, similar to the Druids in our own. They were a distinct and highly-privileged class, superior to the nobility, and possessing greater influence than even the petty kings of the various provinces. Like the Druids, they were poets and historians, as well as priests, of the idolatry which then prevailed ; and their skill in music was unrivaled. On the introduction of Christianity, and the destruction of the Pagan form of worship, the bards, of course, lost their power and importance as priests ; but they appear to have retained considerable influence with the people as poets and minstrels ; and, till even comparatively modern times, every old Irish family maintained its "*minstrel*," who was always regarded as one of the most important persons of the household. To these bards, and their descendants, Ireland is said to be indebted for all those beautiful melodies of which we have spoken, and which, according to Mr. Walker (in his essay on the Irish bards), must have been preserved for centuries by the ear alone, before the introduction of musical notes.

The legends referring to the composition of many of the airs are extremely interesting, and afford us a good insight into the state of manners in Ireland in former days. There is one air, of which the words have also been preserved, which deserves particular notice. It is the love-song called "*Eilecn-a-Roon*," the original of Moore's melody, "*Erin, the smile and the tear in thine eye*" ; but, in changing altogether the subject of the song, we do not think he has acted with his usual good taste, the original story being, perhaps, one of the most touching and beautiful of its kind, and so simple and unaffected that it carries with it almost a conviction of its truth. The story is as follows :—

Carol O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain, named Cavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who warmly returned his affection ; but, her friends disapproving of the connexion, O'Daly was obliged to leave the country to avoid personal injury ; and they availed themselves of his absence to impress on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another. After some time, they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly, and the day was fixed for the nuptials ; but on the evening preceding her lover returned, and, being informed of the intended marriage, under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered

spot on the sea shore, where, inspired by love, he composed the melody, which remains to this day an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access the next day amongst the crowd that thronged to the wedding ; and it happened that he was called upon by Ellen, who did not recognise him under his disguise, to exhibit his skill in music, and perform something appropriate for the occasion. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and addressed his mistress in the melody since familiarly known as

"

" EILEEN-A-ROON !*

" I 'll love thee evermore, ' Eileen-a-Roon !
 ' I 'll bless thee o'er and o'er, Eileen-a-Roon !
 Oh ! for thy sake I 'll tread
 Where the plains of Mayo spread,
 By Hope still fondly led, Eileen-a-Roon !

" Oh ! how may I gain thee? Eileen-a-Roon !
 Shall feasting entertain thee? Eileen-a-Roon !
 I would range the world wide,
 With love alone to guide,
 To win thee for my bride, Eileen-a-Roon !

" Then, wilt thou come away? Eileen-a-Roon !
 Oh ! wilt thou come or stay? Eileen-a-Roon !
 Oh, yes ! oh, yes ! with *thee*
 I will wander far and free,
 And thy only love shall be, Eileen-a-Roon !

" A hundred thousand welcomes, • Eileen-a-Roon !
Ceade mille failte, Eileen-a-Roon !
 Oh ! welcome evermore !
 With welcomes yet in store,
 Till love and life are o'er, Eileen-a-Roon !"

The song produced all the effect the minstrel hoped for. His mistress soon felt that she was personally addressed in the opening verses ; and, in answer to his inquiry if she would escape with him, or, in the sweet idiom of the old song, " Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen-a-Roon ?" she answered at once in the affirmative ; on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he burst forth with "*Cead mille failte !*" (a hundred thousand welcomes !) — the now familiar expression of Irish hospitality, which is taken from this song. The

* The term " *Eileen-a-Roon* " is one of those endearing expressions of fondness with which the Irish language abounds. The above version of the song is by Mr. Thomas Furlong. There is another translation by a bard of the seventeenth century, but it is not equal to the above, although there are a few lines in it very pleasingly expressed.

" To valleys green I 'll stray with thee,
 By murmur'ring rill and whisp'ring tree ;
 The birds will our wild minstrels be.
 Heaven beams in all thine eye, Eileen-a-Roon !
 Spotless star of modesty,
 Ere I deceive thee may I die, Eileen-a-Roon !

story concludes with the assurance that such love was well rewarded, and that Ellen escaped with her lover that very night.

The air of the song is more commonly known as "*Robin Adair*," and it is generally spoken of as a Scotch melody, though there is internal evidence of its Irish origin. Robin Adair himself was an Irish gentleman, the ancestor of Viscount Molesworth, residing at Holly Park, in the county of Wicklow, and, early in the last century, was a member of the Irish parliament. Handel said "he would rather have been the composer of *Eileen-a-Roon* than of many of his most admired productions;" and Burns, the poet, writing to his publisher, Thompson, who requested him to give it "a Scotch dress," says, "I have met with a musical Highlander, who assures me that he well remembers his mother singing Gaelic songs to the airs of both *Eilcen-a-Roon* and *Molly Astore*!" But the wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers used to go frequently errant through the wilds of both Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both." Such of our fair readers as are not ashamed to sing an *old* song, will find "*Eileen-a-Roon*," played with its accompaniment, as arranged for "*Robin Adair*," an agreeable novelty.

After "*Eileen-a-Roon*," one of the prettiest Irish love-songs we remember to have met with is the following, in which, if the imagery is warmly coloured, it is only in keeping with the national gallantry, —and we dare say the "*girleen*" to whom it was addressed found no fault with it on this account. We met with it in a tourist's collection, and have taken the liberty of calling it, after its author,

"PATRICK LINDEN'S VALENTINE.

"Oh! fairer than the mountain snow,
When o'er it North's pure breezes blow!
In all its dazzling lustre drest,
Far purer, softer is thy breast.

"With soften'd fire, imperial blood
Pours through thy frame its generous flood;
Rich in thy azure veins it flows,
Bright in thy blushing cheek it glows!

"See how the swan, presumptuous, strives
Where glowing majesty revives,
With proud contention to bespeak
The soft dominion of that cheek.

"Beneath it, sure, with subtle heed,
Some rose by stealth its leaf conveyed;
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,
And still the varying bloom supply.

"The tresses of thy silken hair,
As *curling mists*, are soft and fair;
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
Its pure and tender snow to deck.

"Pulse of my heart! dear source of care,
Stolen sighs, and love-breathed vows!
Sweeter than when, through scented air,
Gay bloom the apple-boughs!

“ With thee no days can winter seem,
 Nor frost nor blast can chill ;
 Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam,
 That keeps it summer still ! ”

Irish songs are always characteristic. If you want love-songs, where will you find such touching melodies as those where the “ minor third ” is so invariably employed to produce its pleasing melancholy? If you want wit and humour, call to remembrance the way in which poor Power used to sing “ The Groves of Blarney ; ” and, for convivial, real Bacchanalian, songs, it would be contrary to all experience, if those who understand so well the virtues of the bottle could not celebrate them in becoming strains. Here, indeed, Irish minstrels of every degree are “ each of them a king.” We will give an example of the kind of verse which the older bards —“ the vagabone rhymers,” as they are called by the poet Spenser, —could produce, when inspired by a spirit more potent for many of them than even love itself. It is a good specimen of the dashing spirit, humour, and satire which were frequently united in their Bacchanalian effusions ; and its very title, “ *In praise of Drunkenness*,” shows that, at least, some portion of “ Hibernian modesty ” was mingled with the rest. At a time when the good people of the Sister Isle seem so resolutely determined on altogether extinguishing this ancient *virtue* of their forefathers, it will be amusing to hear what can be said on its behalf by one who was evidently a sincere devotee.

The song, or ode, (for it was most probably sung to the harp,) is very ancient, and, like others of its class, was composed by one of the drunken poets of the middle or latter end of the seventeenth century, at which period Ireland was overrun with a race of “ wandering gentlemen,” as they were termed, whose most prominent qualities are said to have been idleness, intemperance, and “ an ability to make satirical songs.” These persons, known familiarly by the name of “ bucks,” were generally the immediate descendants of the heads of ancient families, whose estates had been confiscated for taking part in the continual rebellions which distracted the country.* Dispossessed of their estates, but not banished, they wandered about from place to place, subsisting on the hospitality of their friends, and the peasantry, by whom they were held in high respect, and

* Mr. Crofton Croker mentions an affecting incident connected with this subject when referring to the misfortunes of the “ old family of the Mac Carthys. The existing proprietor of the forfeited estates of this family, observed one evening in his demesne an aged man stretched at the foot of an old tree, ‘ sobbing as if his heart would break.’ On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive grief, he received this answer, ‘ I am Mac-Carthy ! once the possessor of that castle and these broad lands. This tree I planted, and I have returned to water it with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth, and the home of my ancestors.’ ” We may easily understand, from such instances as this, the cause of the bitter hate which the ancient Irish entertained for the Saxon—“ the Sassenagh ! ” One of the “ bucks ” above referred to has left us the following specimen of his nationality and poetry :—

“ With one of English race all friendship shun ;
 For, if you don’t, you ’ll surely be undone ;
 He ’ll lie in wait, to ruin thee when he can—
 Such is the friendship of an Englishman.”

endeavouring to keep alive the national feelings of animosity for their English despoilers, by writing rebellious and satirical songs, of which numbers have been preserved, and are still sung by the Irish peasantry. These "wandering gentlemen" were considered so formidable by the legislature, that, even during the reign of Charles the First, when there was little time to attend to such matters, an act was passed, by which it was enacted "that any person, not having means of support, who shall walk up and down the country with fosterers, kindred, or retinue, with one greyhound or more, and exact meat and drink, or crave help in such sort as poor people dare not to deny, *for fear of some scandalous rhyme or song to be made upon them*, such a person may be bound to loyalty and allegiance, and committed till bond given with good sureties." (10th and 11th Chas. I. c. 16.) To one of the race thus proscribed we are indebted for the following

"ODE IN PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS!"

"Oh! Drunkenness! spouse beloved, where dost thou stray?

Here, in thy absence, stupidly I pine;

For, since we parted this time yesterday,

Oh! many a black and bitter thought was mine!

I wedded thee all freer, and light-hearted,

Ere I had counted even to my twelfth year;

I liked thee,—for each ugly care departed,

Each big blue-devil flew off when thou wert near.

I vow'd all constancy, and kept my vow;

But oh! sweet spouse, what signifies it now?

"Wide is thy range, but greater still thy power,

A worker of wild wonders, sure, thou art;

Strange are thy freaks in that most merry hour,

When the full cup comes forth to cheer the heart.

Oh! many a miracle hast thou effected,

When jolly ones at table were collected!

"Changed by thy touch, the poor quite rich become,

The low get lofty, and the timid bold;

Cripples get legs! speech bursts upon the dumb!

And youth and vigour bless the weak and old!

The smile of joy steals o'er the face of trouble,

And folks with hardly half an eye see double!

Even old, hell-daring, weather-beaten sinners,

When moved by thee, in grace become beginners!

"Little thou heedest where thy head is laid:

To thee the bog is as the bed of down;

Little thou mindest how thy clothes are made,

Small thought hast thou of cloak, or cap, or gown;

For points of form thou carest not a pin,

But at the chimney wouldest as soon come in,

Ay! just as soon as at the opening door.

The pelting storm may drench thee o'er and o'er,

The storm, the snow, the hail around may fall,—

Still, still, my fearless spouse, thou smilest at them all!" *

* We cannot afford space to quote the whole of this capital address, but those who please to refer to "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy" will find this, with many other excellent Irish compositions, most ably translated by Mr. Furlong, Mr. Dalton, and others.

With one or two illustrations on the subject of the ode, we must conclude. The practice, satirized by the bard, of allowing children to become inured to habits of intemperance "ere they had counted even to their twelfth year," may astonish a sober Englishman, who does not "take his punch after dinner." But, as an Irish gentleman once observed to us, "How would a man ever be able to take his three or four-and-twenty tumblers of punch at a sitting, if he hadn't *made his head in time?*" And we confess the query was too difficult for us to answer. Mr. Croker, in his interesting work on "The political Songs of Ireland," mentions several laughable instances of people "makin' their heads," and we think the following might be included with them:—In the course of the trial, M'Garahan *v.* Maguire, (the celebrated Catholic controversialist,) for seduction, it was stated that the young lady whose honour was in question was extremely fond of "*scalteen*," that is, whiskey *boiled*, (with a taste of water,) and drank screeching hot! One of the witnesses was asked,

"I suppose *you* like *scalteen*?"

"Why, yes; I like it very well."

"How do you like it?"

"Sometimes strong, sometimes *wake*!"

"When do you like it *weak*?"

"After I take a good deal of it strong,—*then* I begin to like it *wake*!"

A person who has never been in Ireland can form but a very faint idea of the height to which intemperance was carried a few years ago. It may, indeed, be truly observed, that "nearly every crime committed in the country might be traced, directly or indirectly, to the influence of "the whiskey." Warburton, in his elaborate "History of Dublin," states that this spirit was not introduced into that city until about the year 1750; but that intemperance was just as common with rum and brandy—the spirits then used. The quantity of claret drunk at the same period was enormous. In the year 1753 the importation from France alone was eight thousand tuns! We have no means of knowing what quantity of whiskey was drunk in Dublin before Father Mathew effected his moral revolution there; but it may astonish some persons to learn, that, in Thomas Street, in that city, containing one hundred and sixty-seven houses, no less than *sixty-two*—we ascertained from personal observation—were spirit-shops, or places where whiskey could be purchased, in 1840! This was in one street only; but certainly all the streets were not like this. After Father Mathew visited Dublin three-fourths of the spirit-dealers became insolvent; and it was to this circumstance, more than any other, that O'Connell's non-election after the last dissolution was to be attributed; most of the shopkeepers having been of his interest, and the spirit-dealers having lost their votes.

J. S. D.

THE CRAMMED TURKEY.

"BURROW SAHIB, *my master*, in him country he great man; great man him fadder."

"My master much more great," replied Lieutenant Smith's *kidmutgar*. "Your master only Ensign Sahib; my master lieutenant. Lootenant sit higher than Ensign Sahib."

"Not care for that; my *massa* fadder, great man in him country; he ride in palanquin with wheels, and dine with old Lady *Bibby** Company. My *massa* sit next Colonel Sahib;" and the irritated servant of Ensign Brown endeavoured to substitute his master's plate for that of Lieutenant Smith's.

In the midst of this scuffle I entered, and desired the same place to be reserved on either side of my table for the rival great men; thus satisfying the angry servants, who had been disputing nearly half an hour about the respective precedence of their masters.

To explain the circumstance, I must inform the reader that it is usual when a bachelor invites a party of friends to dinner, for each guest to bring his servant to attend on him; his own plates, knives, spoons, and forks. The entertainer only provides the room, the furniture, the lights, and meal. In India, as in every place where no decided precedence exists, much more fuss is made about artificial rank than in circles where real and hereditary right of assumption exists. On this head some gentlemen, may, perhaps, be careless; but their servants are sure to stick up for their masters, and quarrel for the consequence and dignity of their employers.

Such were the feelings which gave rise to the quarrel I have just narrated. My decision, however, calmed them, and I then addressed them on another subject. After begging of them each to count the spoons, &c., he brought, I informed them that I had a *chokedar*, or policeman, in attendance, to search for the robber, if any plate should be lost. Not that I doubted any of their honesty, but, as I knew their habits, I was aware that they considered it perfectly justifiable, in case of any of their masters' forks, or other goods, being mislaid, instantly to seize and purloin that of any other person present, to make up their proper number. This had given rise to several severe disputes. So I warned them beforehand, that any one guilty of such a fault should not escape with impunity, from the first *kidmutgar* (butler), to the lowest *mussolgi* (light bearer.)

The shades were put round the candles, the cover to each glass placed on it, and the meal was served. The dinner being one of ceremony, given by me to our colonel, was of the first order; consisting of three or four kinds of fish, innumerable styles of curry, roast kid, a florikin, and snipes in every way, crowned by the most *recherché* of all dishes, a boiled turkey.

It is true we each (that is to say, every officer in cantonment)

* Meaning the East India Company, who are supposed by the natives to be an old lady. *Bibby* means mistress.

kept these birds, and endeavoured to fatten them ; but, somehow or other, we all failed, and our poultry remained thin and miserable. The colonel instantly eyed the splendid bird with keen envy ; for, during several months he had vainly, and at a great expense, endeavoured to produce such a dainty. I confess I was puzzled to know where my *consommer* had got it, for I well knew I had none of the kind.

By and by my delighted but curious guest turned round to my *consommer* and, after praising his talent as a turkey-feeder, begged to kiss him. The man merely shrugged up his shoulders, and began tittering. A look, however, from me, and he again recovered his respectful demeanour, and assured the colonel he only fed his poultry in the usual manner. This, however, seemed scarcely to satisfy the other, who, after a pause, again turned to the servant, and having obtained my permission to do so, offered him a rupee to call the next day on his (the colonel's) *consommer*, and instruct him in the proper manner of fattening turkeys. This handsome proposal, to my great surprise, was received with a roar of laughter by my usually steady servant, who rushed from the room. For a moment I was alarmed ; I thought the man had taken leave of his senses. I said as much to the colonel, and then left the chamber to ascertain the fact. On seeing me enter the verandah with a stern countenance, the still-laughing offender fell down on his knees, and, between sobs and cries, began to roar out for pardon and mercy ; this, however, I refused to grant until I heard a satisfactory explanation of his strange behaviour.

“ Oh ! don’t *chanbuck* me ! ” (horsewhip me) ; “ don’t send me away ! Pardon me ! pardon me, good master ! but I could not help laughing when the colonel told me to teach his feeder how to cram turkeys.”

“ And, what was there so comical in that ? ”

“ Good master, don’t be angry ; don’t look stern ; don’t send me away.”

“ Tell the truth, and I ’ll forgive you.”

“ Oh, sir, pardon me for laughing ; but I bought that turkey this morning from the colonel’s *consommer* ! ”

I confess I could not help smiling too ; but, fearful of telling the truth to my guest, I returned to table, and assured him my poor servant was in strong convulsions, probably the effect of a *coup de soleil*.

